June 15, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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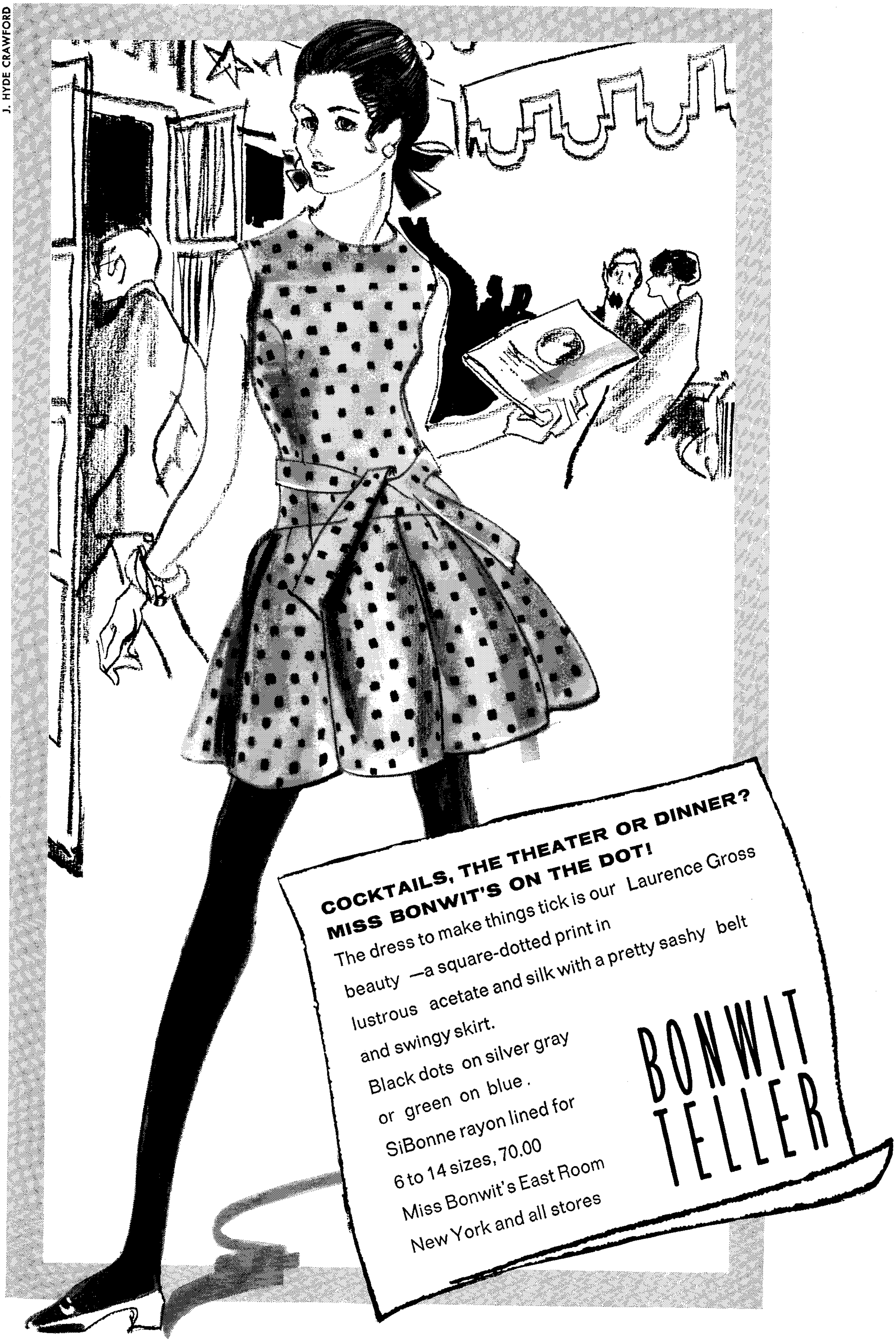
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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Final performances of the season. De Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE**: Thursday and Friday, June 13-14, at 8:30; Saturday, June 15, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Wednesday, June 19, at 2 and 8:30.... ¶ T. S. Eliot's **THE COCKTAIL PARTY**: Monday and Tuesday, June 17-18, at 8:30.... ¶ George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF**: Thursday and Friday, June 20-21, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 22, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Collision Course—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Daddy Goodness—This play, by Louis Sapin and the late Richard Wright, deals in rather shallow fashion with the rise of a religious cult, but it has its moments, and it is well acted. The Negro Ensemble Company, it need hardly be said, makes the most of these moments. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

Futz!—A play by Rochelle Owens, performed by the La Mama troupe under the direction of Tom O'Horgan. Opens Thursday, June 13. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by the extremely gifted young playwright Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A brilliant, corrosive comedy by Peter Nichols about an ill-fated young English family. With Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Memorandum—This satire on bureaucracy by the Czech playwright Václav Havel is shrewd, enlightening, and full of comic invention. It is performed with the requisite spirit and style by all concerned, under Joseph Papp's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. Nicol Williamson (substituting for George C. Scott, who will return on Monday, June 17) and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Red Cross and **Muzeeka**—A pair of one-acters, both of them comprised of monkeyshines and sight gags in the modern manner but with bleak overtones. The first, by Sam Shepard, is a repellent comedy about a symbolically infested young man in a symbolically antiseptic setting. The hero of the second—a sporadically funny and high-spirited play by John Guare—is an employee of a canned-music corporation who lands in Vietnam. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 22.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A tired farce about a middle-aged lecher (Laurence Hugo) entrapped by a nineteen-year-old girl swinger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Venetian Twins—An exuberant recreation of an eighteenth-century comedy by Goldoni. The company putting it on is the Teatro Stabile di Genova, which travels a great deal and has become skilled at making a play written partly in Italian and partly in Venetian dialect understandable to non-Italian-speaking audiences. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at

* * *

	Page
BOOKS	105
THE CURRENT CINEMA	87
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	90
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
JAZZ	97
POPULAR RECORDS	98
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	82
THE RACE TRACK	66
THE THEATRE	65
U.S. JOURNAL: RESURRECTION CITY	71

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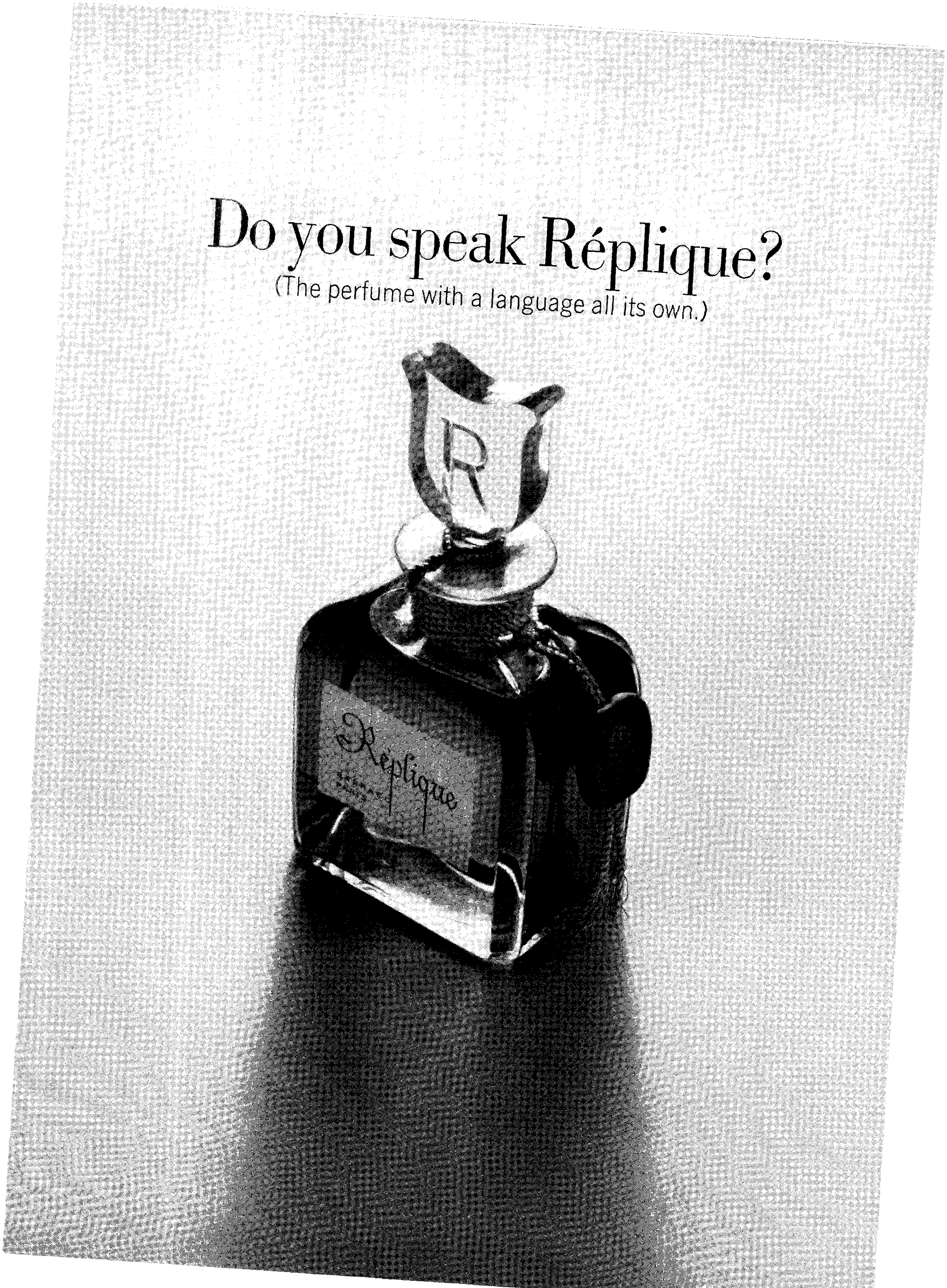
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 23.)

Long Runs—cactus flower: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **you know i can't hear you when the water's running:** A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. They are now acted by Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Linda Selman. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 254-4810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Fritz Weaver, Inga Swenson, and George Rose in **my fair lady.** The second of two musicals by the company. Opens Thursday, June 13, and will run through Sunday, June 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; therafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by many bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. 582-5340. Nightly at 8:30; on Sunday, June 16, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Happy Time—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Antics of the financial set in a musical that isn't overly yeasty but that has fine performances by Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro, among others. George Abbott directed in his most galvanic style. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

New Faces of '68—An unintentional throwback to a simpler time. The performers are pleasant and the material dreary. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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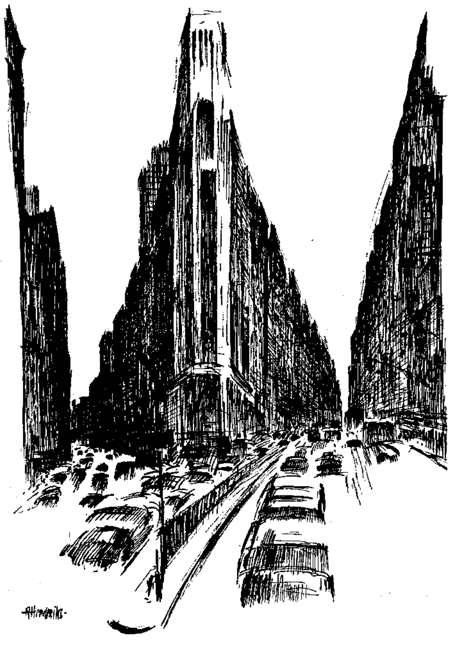
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Now—A pop-rock musical conceived by Marvin Gordon and written by George Haimsohn and John Aman. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 10:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A revue with a book by Norman and Patricia Curtis, music by Mr. Curtis, and lyrics by Mrs. Curtis. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—cabaret: Germany just before the Nazis took control. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the fantasticks:** Among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **i do! i do!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae are now in this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **mame:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **man of la mancha:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **you're a good man, charlie brown:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday, June 13, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Divertimento No. 15," "Allegro Brillante," and "Agon."... ¶ Friday, June 14, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Illuminations," "Meditation," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 2:15: "Dim Lustre," "Concerto Barocco," "Stravinsky: Symphony in C," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Haydn Concerto," "Meditation," and "Raymonda Variations." ... ¶ Sunday, June 16, at 1:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, June 16, at 7:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Allegro Brillante," "Meditation," and "Irish Fantasy." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, June 13, and also Friday, June 14—a benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 4-5010—at 8:30: "Chopiniana" and Highlights I (including "The Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," "The Doves," "Bach Prelude," and "Dying Swan").... ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 2:30 and 8:30: Act II of "Giselle," selections including "Gluck Melody" and "The Doves," and "Ballet School." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **henry iv, part i,** with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, will be given through Sunday, June 16.... **henry iv, part ii,** with the same cast, will be the second in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Tuesday, June 18, and will run through Saturday, June 22, after which the two plays will alternate nightly through Sunday, Aug. 4. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, June 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment—comprising singers, instrumentalists, and comics—sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. Clark Terry, in charge of an able quartet, blows a perceptive, graceful trumpet. Starting Saturday, June 15, Bob Brookmeyer will lead a quartet and Carol Sloane will sing. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—A spacious bluegrass pasture. Stonewall Jackson leads a

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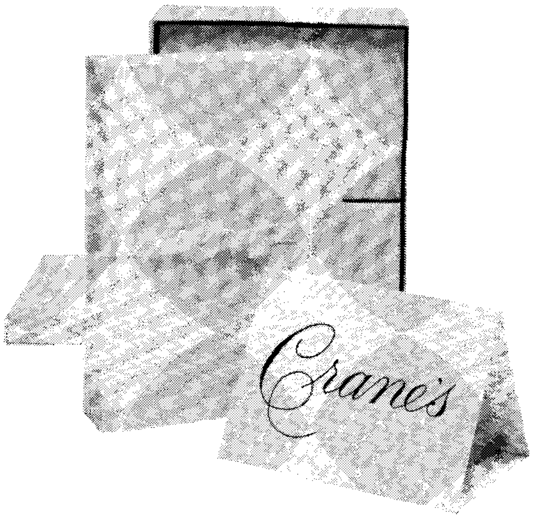

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

country-music show at nine and again at midnight. Starting Tuesday, June 18, Dave Dudley will lead the show. Dancing. Limited dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangement of Petula Clark's latest. Old movies are shown from time to time. On Sunday, June 16, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions will present a quintet led by Eddie Bonnemere. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Bobby Hutcherson quintet plays nightly. On Tuesday, June 18, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will move in. On Saturday, June 15, from five to nine, the Charles Moffett quartet will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, June 16, from five to nine, Weldon Irvine's seventeen-piece band will do the same. Monday nights, from nine to three, are reserved for jazz vocalists.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, where grilled dishes are served, the Billy Taylor trio can be heard, along with the solo piano of Toshiko. On Mondays, those people are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, the Dizzy Gillespie quintet and the Jimmy Smith trio. Monday, June 17, at eight, a benefit for Daytop Village, involving Duke Ellington's septet, Art Farmer's quintet, Jackie McLean, Hugh Masekela, Donald Byrd, Viveca Lindfors, and others. Starting Tuesday, June 18, Mort Sahl will take turns with the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. The Gary Burton quartet, currently including Roy Haynes on drums, plays intricately six nights a week. On Tuesday, June 18, the Bobby Hutcherson quintet will replace the Burton group. Mondays are a different scene, being devoted to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Earl Blake and John Latham play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sounds of the Fuzzy Bunnies. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—It's getting by, with a little help from its friends. The people are there, and so are the props—black lights, fake cheetah fur, and a stainless steel dance floor. On the main floor, the Neon makes big sounds on the big stage. Post-adolescents still await the opening of the upper level, where they can dance and drink alcohol. Meanwhile, the drinks will continue to come from a soft machine. Closed Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the crowd grooves on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. The Smubbs alternate with records over a potent system. On Tuesday, June 18, Group Therapy will start playing. Alcohol is out.

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Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded rock from ten to three or four every night.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy place with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The late-dinner menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—It's steep getting in, and it may be even steeper getting out. You descend to the lower depths, where the stylishly dressed—hoping to be seen by others stylishly dressed—cavort to records played over a sound system whose components may be made of Britannia metal. Things run from ten till closing except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. No one is saved.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral do some singing. On Monday, June 17, the Bobby Hackett quartet will succeed them. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Well, yes, Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The live music of The Epitome alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): At nine every evening but Sunday, jazz meets its master—Duke Ellington. The band that has stuck with him all these years, through thick and thick, carries on until two. Phil Wayne's worthy small group does the other dance music, and as early as seven. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. John Mince's band is the purveyor each Monday and Tuesday; the rest of the week belongs to Stanley Worth's outfit. They are spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. Miss H. has Mondays and Tuesdays off. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, one of the immutable figures of life after dark, stables his crew in the restaurant, where he is on duty from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): If only these walls could speak, what tales they could tell of the time when nighthood was in flower and daytime was for sleeping. As it is, Lester Lanin himself, and not a tape, runs one of the present-day bands. The office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (889-5100): If it's not hot enough for you any of these nights, there is always Lionel Hampton and friends on the quarterdeck. No blowing on Sunday nights, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the foxtrot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the three extensive bands (Argueso's Latin laureates are the best known). Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty, and for Wednesdays, which run from six-thirty until twelve. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, a compulsive conversationalist, lets her subconscious be her guide, and a wild-and-woolly guided tour it is. Not before nine-thirty or so is the scheme. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Somewhere in Israel, most likely on a ranch between Jerusalem and Beersheba, where the ranch hands gather at eventide for spots of song, dance, chatter, and whatnot. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, players and jokers. One dines as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays.

Plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—In the course of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's current revue, all gall is not divided into three parts; instead, it is presented full-blown, and directed at a quantity of circumstances and characters in this world in need of a resounding rebuke. The administrators of the rebuke, all as estimable as can be in their wily ways, are Mary Jo Gillis, Alex Wipf, John Svarr, and Leslie Stewart. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours. Closed Sundays.

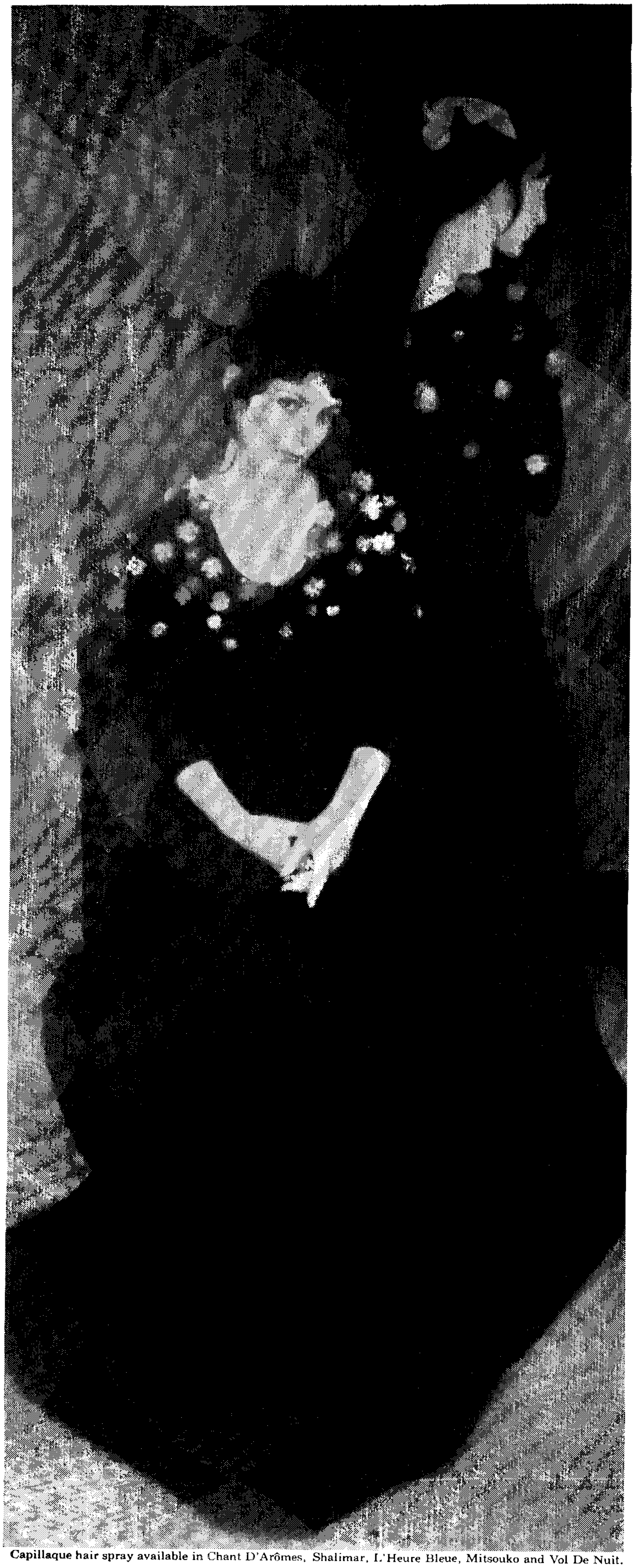
Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish," a new bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Barbara McNair, that jaunty little tulip, is in full and soprano cry during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. Alongside her is Norm Crosby, a wit whose speech pattern is completely predictable. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which has a mind (and a sound one) of its own, carries on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—Spain in broad spectrum (a spectrum almost too broad for viewers in the back row, but nevertheless a tremendous panorama), what with Los Chavales de España and their easy-does-it new-form folklore, and



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But not alone in the silken snare
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For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
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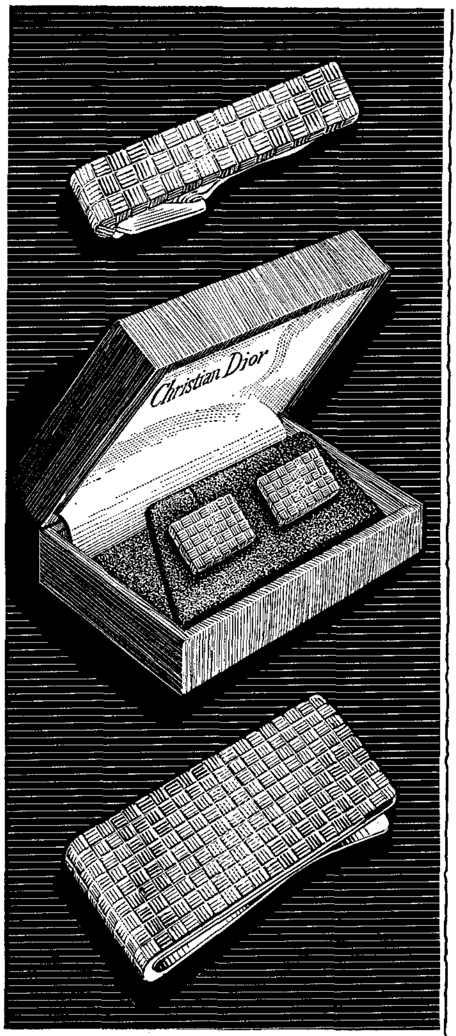

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Rosario Galán ballet troupe (flamencan and flamboyant). Their stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. On Thursday, June 20, the Galáns will be replaced by Yma Sumac, a high wind from the Andes, and her Peruvian mountain music. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty until way past bedtime.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Ah, yes, the Garden of Eden, ladies' division, before the serpent opened his big fat mouth. Twice a night is the rule for the extravaganza, forever and a night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper, the Persian Room is awarded to Eartha Kitt, that small candle so given to burning at both ends and to making such a lovely light. All evening long, the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte proceed at a brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette ends its season on Saturday, June 15, automatically retiring Wynne Miller, girl sprig of the Glenn Miller family tree, and the orchestras of Quintero and George Cort. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, where violin and piano make for a cooler evening, shuts down the same night.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—During dinner and supper Trini Lopez crosses the stage of the Empire Room at a hand gallop—a neat feat of legerdemain, inasmuch as both hands are fully occupied with the guitar that accompanies his jolly songs of sixpence. Charles Turecamo's orchestra fills up the rest of the evening. The season here ends on Saturday, June 15, with an extra show at one-fifteen. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Horace Diaz's triad plays for dancing from eight to one Tuesdays through Saturdays, and there is piano from four-thirty to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A fine how-do-you-do, for everyone appears to know (and be on speaking terms with) everyone. Colonel Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and Wayne Sanders are the permanent party, sometimes singly and sometimes doubly in spades, on the keyboards, and always merry as old King Cole. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): No one sleeps aboard this West Indian cruise ship. Dining and listening to whoever is chanting those Basic English ditties of the region are the basic activities. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Community sing can break out when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano and voice are hard at it from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest's songs and piano cheer this den of propinquity, where he carries on to a late hour every evening but Sunday. On Monday, June 17, Thelma Carpenter, who can do a sad song to a very nice turn, will be added to the scenery.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap and on violin from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, which is all that the phrase Park Avenue implies, a piano runs its leisured course (mostly through nighttime Vienna, because Kurt Maier skips only Sundays) between five-thirty and half past midnight every single evening. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates daily except Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the manner and the piano are visibly grand. George Feyer, who presides over the latter commodity from eight-thirty until two every night but Sunday, applies to this instrument his own sort of serendipity. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park is perpetual serenity enhanced—from six-thirty until one, except on Sundays and Mondays—by the piano of Bob Kail.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who in-

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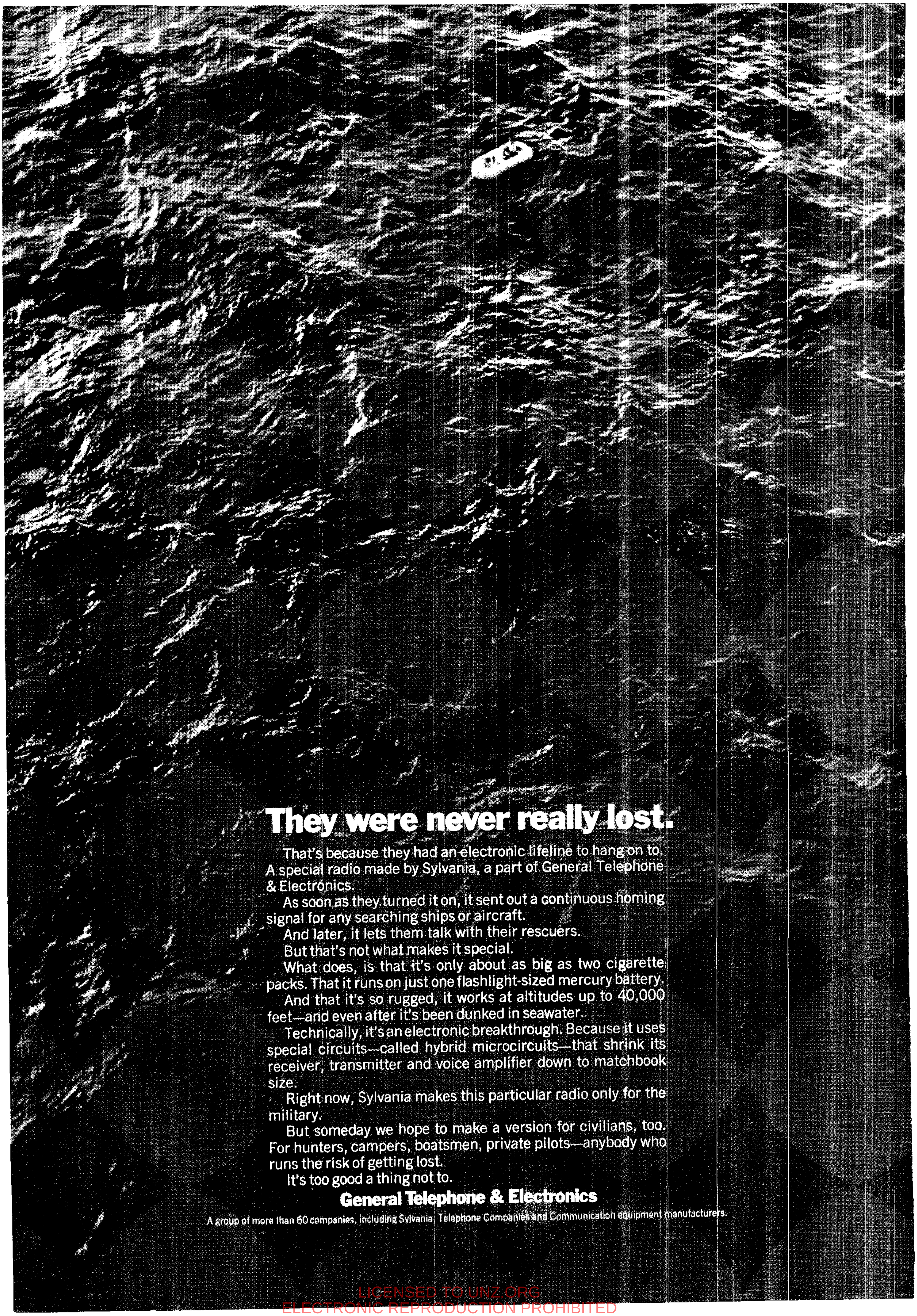

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fluenced American Abstract art: through June 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christo—A display of scale models, photomontages, and drawings that is running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Thursday, June 20. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Edwin Dickinson—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through June 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Sam Gilliam—Four mammoth Abstract oils by a Washington, D.C., artist; through June 28. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel and welded-aluminum sculptures; through June 29. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Four major bronzes by a contemporary Paris artist; through Friday, June 14. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kokoschka, Pascin, and Toulouse-Lautrec—Prints; through June 29. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through June 28. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ed McGowin—Plastic sculptures in three shapes used as multiples and sprayed with dots of paint; through Friday, June 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

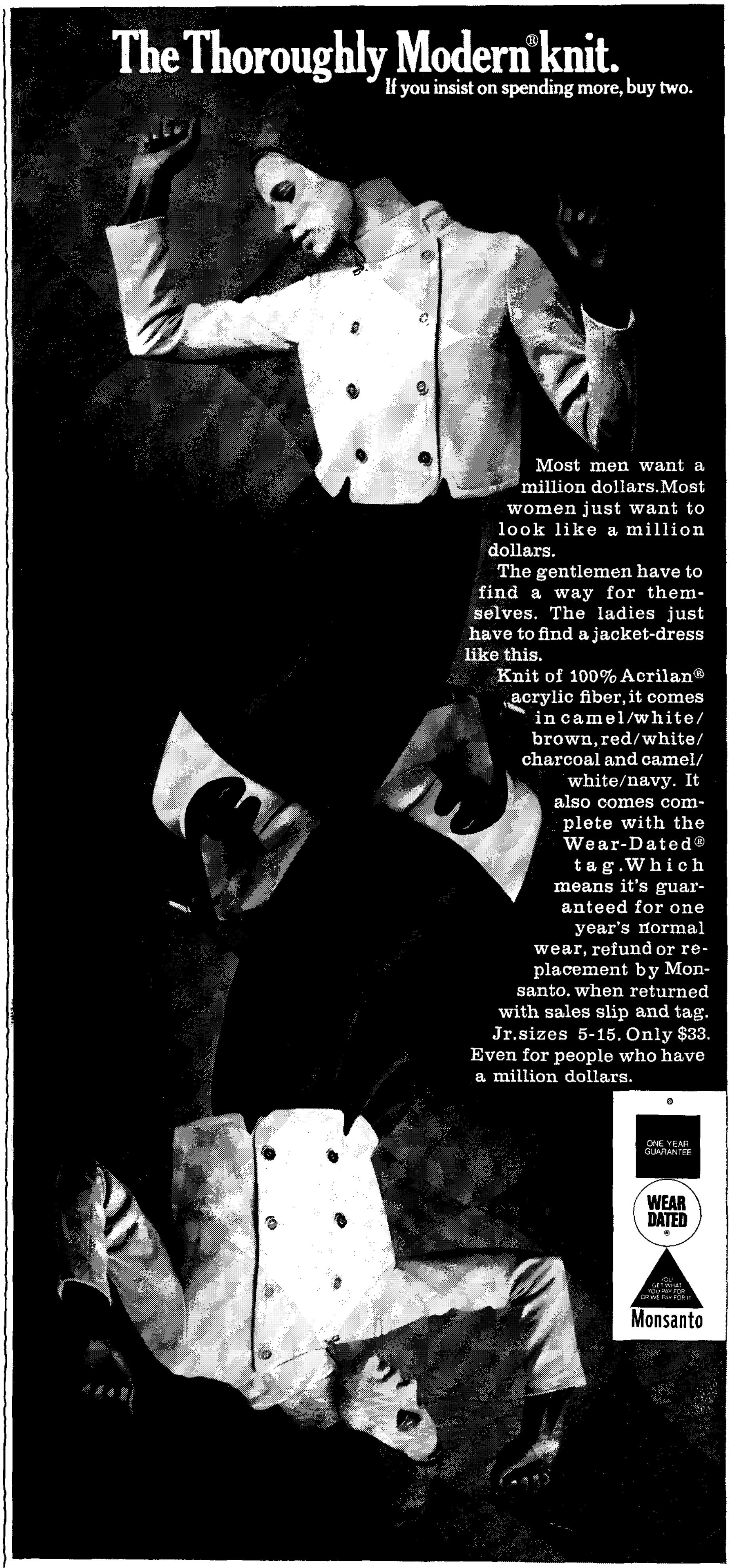
Ernst Neizvestny—The first exhibition in the United States by an artist of the U.S.S.R. who deviates to a degree from official Soviet art; through Saturday, June 15. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Frederic Remington (1861-1909) and Charles M. Russell (1864-1926)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by two leading American artists of the West; through Saturday, June 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Saturdays.)

Henry Ossawa Tanner—A hundred and fifty drawings, etchings, lithographs, and watercolors by an Afro-American artist born two years before the Civil War; through June 25. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Brett Whiteley and David Smith—Paintings reflecting a passionate response to New York by Mr. Whiteley, an Australian artist who lives in London, and small sculptures of the mid-forties by Mr. Smith, a prominent American sculptor who died in 1965; through Friday, June 14. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **banfer**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Aaron Bohrod, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through June 27. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.) . . . **emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oil paintings by Hans Hofmann, Morris Louis, Al Held, John Graham, and other gallery artists; through June 28 . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by David Budd and Dan Christensen and sculptures by Neil Jenny and Keith Sonnier; through June 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of American folk art, mainly of the early nineteenth century and comprising a sampler, paintings on velvet, Pennsylvania Dutch fraktur paintings, and portraits; through July 12. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the West and paintings of sports; through July 3. . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, Leon Goldin, Robert Laurent, John Koch, and others; also drawings by artists of the early twentieth century, including Sloan, Myers, Hart, and Glackens. Through June 28. . . . **landau-alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Marcia Marcus, Jack Levine, Joe Brainard, and Jack Zajac are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings chiefly, by (for instance) Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through June 28. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alice Baber, Warren Brandt, Nora Jaffe, Ludwig Sander, and Ursula Meyer (to mention several); through June 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **STABLE**, 33 E. 74th St.: Costumes designed for the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture by such artists as Robert Indiana, Alex Katz, William King, Alfred Leslie, Ben Shahn, Marisol, and Richard Lindner; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BYKERT**, 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bill Bollinger, Gordon Hart, Brice Marden, Alan Saret, Richard Tuttle, and Ian Wilson; through Saturday, June 22. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Collages, paintings, and drawings using words, by Arakawa, Andre, LeWitt, and others; through Saturday, June 22. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and watercolors by such painters as Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka; through July 12. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: Forty drawings of figures and faces by leading draftsmen from Delacroix and Daumier to Giacometti and Balthus; through June 28. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RIZZOLI**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and lithographs by a group of Italian artists whose works are currently being shown at the Jewish Museum; through June 25. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Two hundred French nineteenth-century paintings, bronzes, and drawings, from David through Puvis de Chavannes, chosen with emphasis on the academic. Included are Ingres, Delacroix, Géricault, and Degas. Through Saturday, June 15. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nearly fifty drawings, pastels, and watercolors from sixteenth- to twentieth-century France; through June 28.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Dutch Drawings and Prints Before 1800," a showing of works by Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, Bloemaert, and many others less well known; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of objects and models of buildings (including one of the Museum) wrapped and tied by Christo, who has made a specialty of packaging things in canvas instead of painting them on it; through June 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is his show at John Gibson, 27 E. 67th St.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Sculptures (some of them expressing conceptions of the condition of modern man) and related and portrait drawings by Harold Tovish; through June 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty sculptures, among them "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through Sunday, June 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, W. H. Auden and John Cage. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Louise Nevelson, Josef Albers, Saul Steinberg, Buckminster Fuller, and others. Through June 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER UNION MUSEUM, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Destruction Art" by a group of post-Dadaists—Arman, Yves Klein, Tinguely, Ortiz, and de Saint-Phalle (to name a few); through Thursday, June 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A small selection of pastels, etchings, and paintings by James A. McNeill Whistler (1834-1903); through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show of drawings, watercolors, and lithographs by the same artists at the Rizzoli Gallery, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early and later printed books, bookbindings, and drawings, plus autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A flock of decoys made by several carvers, along with wood fantasies (a peacock fountain, no less) whittled by John Scholl in the late nineteenth century; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The galleries occupying the fourth floor have recently been reopened and offer a polished exhibit of nineteenth-century landscapes and an abundance of American portraits from the Colonial period to mid-nineteenth century. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

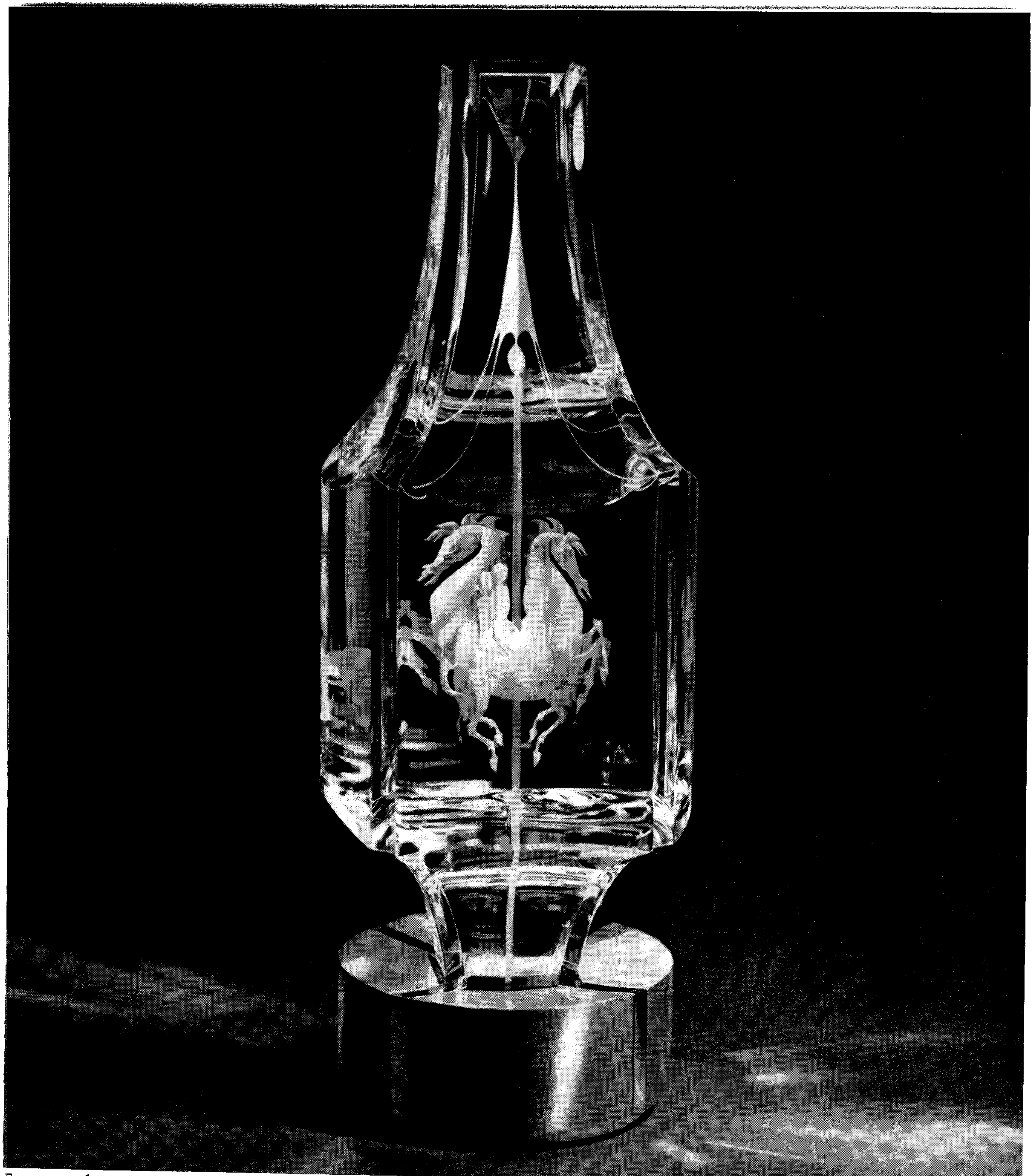
(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

ROME OPERA—Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Tito Gobbi, the first in a series of eleven performances of three operas by this company appearing here for the first time. (Metropolitan Opera House. Saturday, June 22, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final performances of the season. Thursday, June 13, at 8:30—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TR 9-8415—and also on Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, at 8:30 (with Amalia Rodrigues, mezzo-soprano); Tuesday and Wednesday, June 18-19, at 8:30 (with Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano); and a program of American music Thursday through Saturday, June 20-22, at 8:30 (with Mary Costa, soprano).

RECITALS

Edgardo Sosa—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, June 14, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert—The first in a series of three programs performed by Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Leslie Parnas and Robert Sylvester, cello; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, June 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Grateful Dead, Jeff Beck Group, and Seventh Sons—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass and Checkmates, Ltd.—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 15, at 8:30.

Earth Opera—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. Thursday, June 20, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx: Friday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Jean Fenn, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**: Saturday, June 15, at 8 (rain date, June 16), "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, Jerome Hines, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 18, at 8 (rain date, June 20), "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Jean Fenn, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill. . . . **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Ron Bottcher, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Barry Morell, and Frank Guarrera. . . . **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: Saturday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, Jan Peerce, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ron Bottcher.

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7; first concert Wednesday, June 19—in the event of rain, next evening—and everyone is invited to attend in Old New York costume.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, June 14, at 8:05; Saturday, June 15, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 16, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Tuesday, June 18, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, June 19, at 8:05; and Thursday, June 20, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday and Saturday, June 21-22, at 8:05.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 13-15.) . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 15; varsity race at 7.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 29. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 15; the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Wednesday, June 19; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 22.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Generals vs. Cleveland, Sunday, June 16, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Generals vs. San Diego, Wednesday, June 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Santos of Brazil vs. Napoli of Italy, Friday, June 21, at 8:30.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, June 22, at 2:45, and Sunday, June 23, at 2.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Morristown Field Club, Morristown. Through Sunday, June 16.) . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 15, through Sunday, June 23.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 22.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Outdoor Poetry Readings—Saturday, June 15, at 1:30: Louis Simpson and Raymond Patterson. . . . ¶ Monday, June 17, at 2:30: James Wright and Sandra Hochman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 19, at 1: Mayor John V. Lindsay and Marianne Moore. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 22, at 1:30: David Shapiro and Victor Fernandez Fragoso. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. In the event of rain, the readings will be given on the following day at the same time.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, June 14, at 1:45: Continental and other furniture and decorations, from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 18, at 10:30 and 1:45: Part III of the sale of items from the library of Charles E. Feinberg. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 20, at 1:45: English and Continental silver, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, June 14. . . . ¶ Friday, June 21, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture and decorations, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 14.

Commencement Dates—Harvard, Thursday, June 13, and Dartmouth, Sunday, June 16.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—June 13 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Jozef Katus's Not Too Fortunate Return to the Land of Rembrandt" (1967), in Dutch. . . . ¶ June 14 at 2 and 5:30: "The Spitting Image" (1963), in Dutch. . . . ¶ June 15 at 11:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922), the Robert Flaherty film. . . . ¶ June 15 at 3 and 5:30: "The Gangster-girl" (1966), in Dutch. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2 and 5:30: "The Whipping Cream Hero" (1967), in Dutch. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The House" (1961) and "The Human Dutch" (1964), both in Dutch. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2 and 5:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 18.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves St. Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Camelot—Vanessa Redgrave is very pretty and Richard Harris very handsome in this mindless dinosaur of a musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; through June 18. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Doctor Dolittle—In which Rex Harrison is no more frightened of his many animal friends than he was of Eliza in "My Fair Lady." The switch is, *they* teach *him* how to speak properly, in pig, duck, and heaven knows what. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—In which a beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—Written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, this is a startling and masterly Czech film about a Jewish doctor's fight to retain his sense of himself in a neo-Nazi occupied Prague. Like Kafka, but only because this is Kafka's century, Brynych creates a world of slammed doors, eavesdroppers, stress secreted, words that aren't what people mean. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis as the weak one and Anne Heywood as the strong one. Keir Dullea makes a handsome fox. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, attractively written by William Rose, directed by Stanley Kramer, and with a superb cast including Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 18.)

Hour of the Wolf—Carries forward Ingmar Bergman's moving technical achievements in "Persona." He has mastered a quiet, attentive, fluid form to observe inner life, free of the brutish jolts of schemes that depend on narrative. In his direction of Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann he observes the minute details of a relationship between two people without dramatics or pretense of omniscience. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 18.)

The Long Day's Dying—Charles Wood is underestimated even in England, where he comes from. He is one of the most muscular and substantial playwrights there. This is an original film script about soldiering, shot in color and with a cast including David Hemmings, Alan Dobie, and Tom Bell. Technically fascinating and totally hard-minded; you come out shaking. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot. Gene Saks directs. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Petulia—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. A very eloquent film, deeply alive to modern kinds of distress, with Lester's best direction yet of actors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

ARTS
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Planet of the Apes—The tall hero, Charlton Heston, and the wide screen are wittily used in this good black entertainment about the future. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Portrait of Jason—A documentary account, in interview form, of a Negro homosexual prostitute who is, in his way, something of a hero. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Rosemary's Baby—A Gothic-gynecological horror film about a nice birdbrain—played by Mia Farrow—who lives in the Dakota with John Cassavetes and gets pregnant by Satan under the eye of Ruth Gordon as a witch neighbor. Ruth Gordon is very funny, but the film wastes its director, Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Sebastian—A thriller about decoding that tries too hard to be romantic and clever and Mod. John Gielgud shows a fine flair for self-parody in a cast that includes Dirk Bogarde, Susannah York, and Lilli Palmer. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 18.)

The Stranger—Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina in an ambitious, if finally unsuccessful, rendering by Luchino Visconti of the Camus novel. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 18. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 19.)

The Two of Us—The Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own novel and screenplay (both in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy, in two parts, made with every resource of detail and dramatic intelligence, and with battle scenes that look like Goya's. Dubbed, by some apish decision. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 13.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 17.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy, in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 17.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting June 19.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Miloš Forman. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Luv (1967)—Clive Donner's version of Murray Schisgal's Broadway play, with Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 18.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 17.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 13.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 19.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. With Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 15.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 16.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 17.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 16.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 18: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).
From June 19: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 18: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER**; and **LUV**, revival.
From June 19: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE FOX.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 16: "Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.
From June 17: "The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Prudence and the Pill," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Boom!," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"What's So Bad About Feeling Good," George Peppard, Mary Tyler Moore.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through June 17: **THE BANK DICK**, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.
From June 18: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE FOX.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
"No More Excuses," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 18: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.
From June 19: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th (GR 7-7874)
Through June 18: "I'll Never Forget What's'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.
From June 19: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 18: "Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," a Yugoslavian film.
From June 19: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 18: "Speedway," Elvis Presley, Nancy Sinatra; and "Sol Madrid," David McCallum, Stella Stevens.
From June 19: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 18: **BEDAZZLED.**
From June 19: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE FOX.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through June 18: **CAMELOT.**
From June 19: "The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Happy End," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Survival 1967," Jules Dassin's film on the Israeli war.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Fist in His Pocket" (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE LONG DAY'S DYING.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

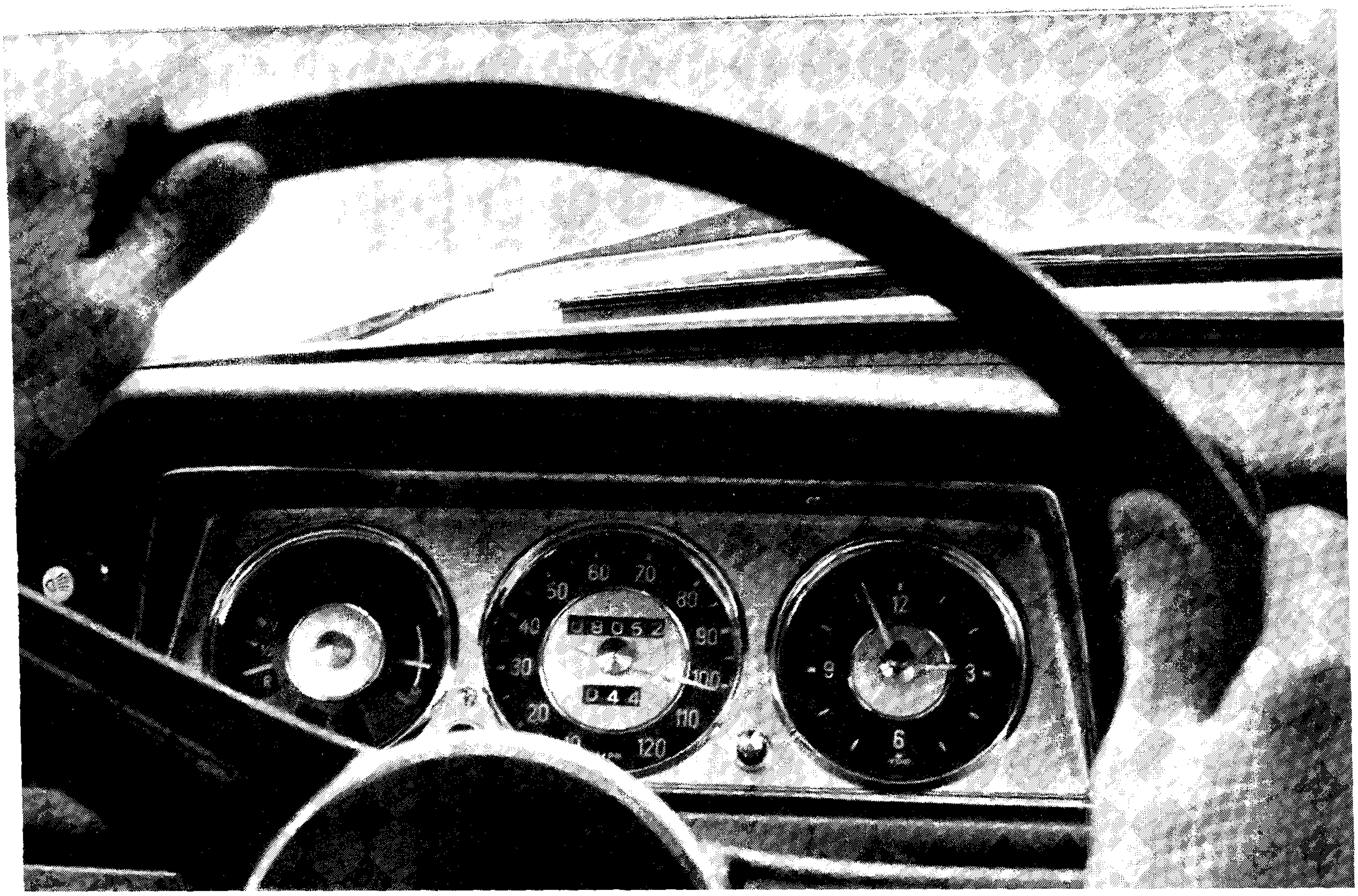
Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
BEDAZZLED.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
PORTRAIT OF JASON; and **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, revival, a Czechoslovakian film.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 18: **SEBASTIAN**; and "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.
From June 19: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 13: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
June 14: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," revival, Roland Young.
June 15: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
June 16: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
June 17: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival; and **BILLY LIAR**, revival.
June 18: **TUNES OF GLORY**, revival; and **THAT MAN FROM RIO** (in French), revival.
June 19: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 18: "The Uninhibited," Melina Mercouri, James Mason.
From June 19: To be announced.



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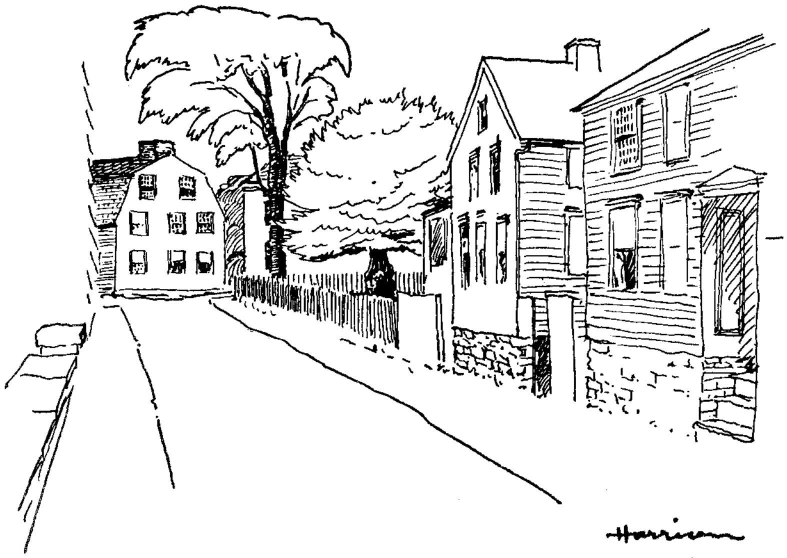
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

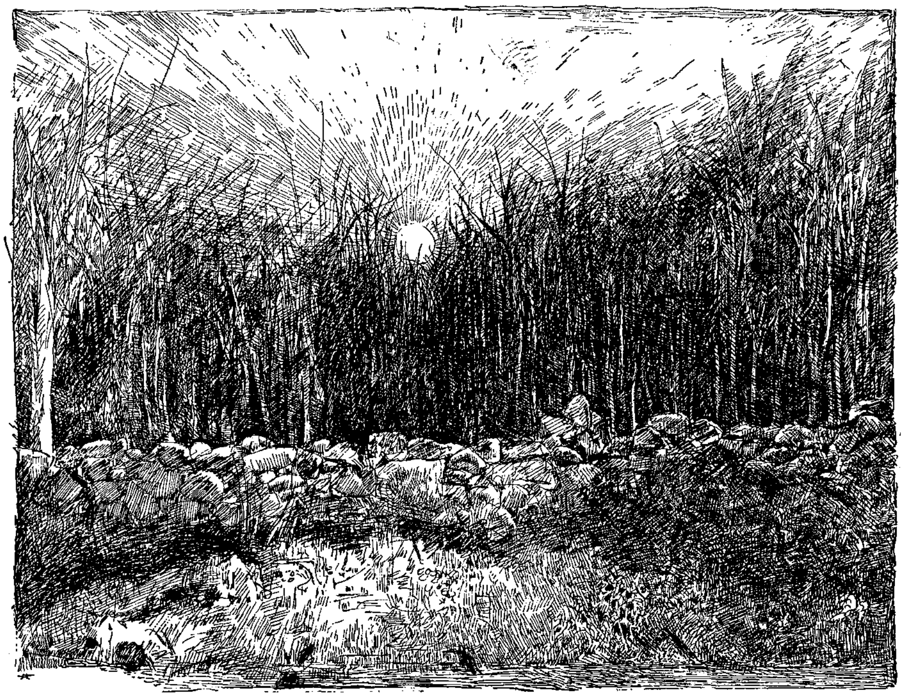
SHORTLY before five o'clock Friday morning, a gray light slipped into the city. The air was warm, the sky was hazy, and everything beneath seemed still. Two flags flanking the Fifth Avenue entrance to St. Patrick's Cathedral hung motionless at half-staff. On the south side of Fifty-first Street, a long line of people who had gathered during the dark of night emerged in ghostly fashion from the gloom of the cathedral's granite façade. Fatigue and sorrow could be seen on the faces. The line stretched back along Fifty-first Street to Park Avenue, and with the first glimmer of sunrise reflecting pink against the eastern sky it began to build, as, from all directions, and with almost no other sound than that of footsteps scraping softly upon pavement, the people of New York arrived to mourn the death of Robert Kennedy. Within a few minutes, the line doubled and redoubled itself until it reached Park Avenue, turned south, and began to fill up six-deep behind police barricades that had been set out on the sidewalks. Then, at five-thirty, the line began to move slowly toward the side entrance to the cathedral on Fifty-first Street near Fifth Avenue. People whose heads had been nodding in sleep awakened, straightened, and took stiff, mechanical steps ahead. An elderly Negro woman who had been sitting in a folding chair got heavily to her feet and, assisted by a young man with shoulder-length hair, started forward with a halting gait. Behind her, a man in a wheelchair propelled himself as far as the steps to the entranceway, where two policemen came to his aid and lifted him inside. On the other side of the street, a busboy in a white mess jacket sat on an ashcan before a restaurant and watched the mourners with tears streaming down his cheeks. Inside the cathedral, the line moved through the gloomy nave, down the long center aisle toward a maroon-draped catafalque that stood before the altar. The catafalque bore a plain mahogany casket that was flanked by six tall candelabras with amber tapers, and by six men who had been close to Robert Kennedy, who formed an honor guard. During the night, television crewmen had erected several large scaffolds for their equipment, and a battery of powerful floodlights illuminated the bier with a harsh and unreal glare. The mourners approached the catafalque two by two and then separated to pass it on either side. Some people crossed themselves as they went by the coffin; others reached out and touched its lid; a few bent down to brush it with their lips. At six o'clock, a priest in red vestments began to intone the words of the Mass, and many of the mourners took seats in the pews and stayed on to listen and to pray. Very few appeared to notice that Edward Kennedy, who had stayed near the bier of his brother throughout the night, was sitting on the aisle in the eleventh row, looking straight ahead. Half blinded as they emerged from the darkness of the nave and into the merciless brilliance of the television lights, the mourners seemed to pass numbly through a corridor of total exposure. They included—white and black—nuns, girls in slacks and miniskirts, workmen in shirtsleeves, matrons and children, and businessmen wearing three-button suits and carrying briefcases. The words of the priest continued to echo through the vast cathedral: "Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy . . ." At quarter to seven, Edward Kennedy stood, drew himself erect, and, as if relinquishing himself to a river, joined the line of mourners, walking slowly into the searing light, looking at the casket containing the body of his brother. Then, following the others, he walked through the south transept of the ca-



thedral and out onto Fiftieth Street, where, in the rising sun, the tall buildings, trees, awnings, and other gnomons of this perpendicular city were beginning to cast the shadows that would mark the passage of the day.

IT was seven years ago this month that we first saw Robert Kennedy close up, to talk to, and travel with around New York. In the last few years, and especially in recent months, he often moved in a hostile landscape; *Bobby*, he was called by those who didn't know him, and some of them said it with contempt. We occasionally experienced a shock when we encountered the man himself. Lindsay always turned out to be Lindsay, Rockefeller turned out to be Rockefeller, McCarthy turned out to be McCarthy, but Kennedy bore little resemblance to most of what we read or heard about him. He was not "Bobby." We used to see him from time to time, and then, in March, we began to follow him quite closely—to California, to Washington, to Indiana, back to New York. He was, of course, an extraordinary man, a complex one; each time we saw him there was more to see. He could never be accurately measured, especially in terms of the past; he was always in the process of becoming. He was responsive to change, and changed himself. These changes were always attributed to his driving desire to win—except by those who knew him, who were aware of his great capacity for growth, his dedication, the widening of his concern. The people around him, we found, adored him—there is no other word. They would do anything for him, go any distance—and part of it was because they were convinced he would do the same for them. We, too, grew very fond of him. Beyond his associates and friends, however, was the public, part of which mistrusted him; he could not make a move without having his motives questioned. Some weeks ago, Joseph Alsop, an old friend of his, said to us, "So many people have him absolutely wrong. They think he is cold, calculating, ruthless. Actually, he is hot-blooded, romantic, compassionate." He was at once aggressive and reserved—a combination that was bound to lead to misunderstanding. And in Kennedy there was another rare juxtaposition of qualities: sensitivity and imagination together with a strong drive to accomplish things. He was both the reflective, perceptive man and the doer.

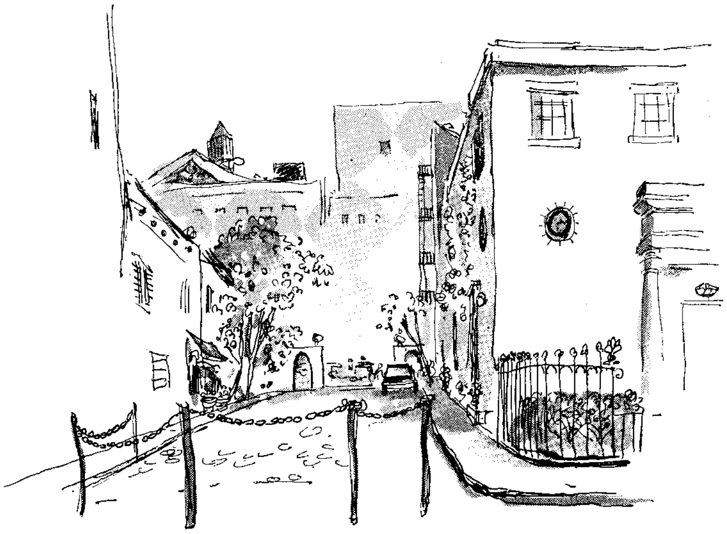
While we were on a ride with Robert Kennedy a couple of months ago, we made some notes. The night before, President Johnson had announced he would not run. There was a press conference in the morning, a lunch with a newspaper publisher, and then Kennedy got into his car to go to the Granada Hotel in downtown Brooklyn, where a hundred-million-dollar mortgage pool was to be announced for residents of Bedford-Stuyvesant. (He had worked hard on Bedford-Stuyvesant; one of his major projects had been to change that community, to save it.) Our notes read:



"On leaving the restaurant, Kennedy had a cigar in his hand. He still has it, but as he goes across town he rarely puffs it; it's just there. Kennedy scans the front sections of several magazines and the New York *Post*, turns and exchanges a few remarks, laughs, turns back, and then stares ahead, silent. When a traffic light changes to green, Kennedy's fingers twitch an instant before Frank Bilotti can accelerate the car. Bill Barry's eyes close; he is exhausted. He dozes. Kennedy was up until three o'clock. Carter Burden asks, 'Are you tired?' Kennedy shakes his head, murmurs no, no—brushing it off as if the question is not worth consideration. On the East River Drive, a taxi-driver recognizes Kennedy and yells, 'Give it to 'em, Bobby!' Kennedy waves, then stares ahead again. He is deeply preoccupied now, at his most private. (When Barry wakes and offers everyone chewing gum, Kennedy does not hear him.) He abandons, piece by piece, the outside world—he puts away the magazines, the cigar is forgotten, the offer of gum is unheard, and he is utterly alone. His silence is not passive; it is intense. His face, close up, is structurally hard: there is no waste, nothing left over and not put to use; everything has been enlisted in the cause, whatever it may be. His features look dug out, jammed together, scraped away. There is an impression of almost too much going on in too many directions in too little space: the nose hooks outward, the teeth protrude, the lower lip sticks forward, the hair hangs down, the ears go up and out, the chin juts, the eyelids push down, slanting toward the cheekbones, almost covering the eyes (a surprising blue). His expression is tough, but the toughness seems largely directed toward himself, inward—a contempt for self-indulgence, for weakness. The sadness in his face, by the same token, is not sentimental sadness, which would imply self-pity, but rather, at some level, a resident, melancholy bleakness. For a public figure, Kennedy is a remarkably contained and solitary person, somewhat hesitant with intruders and, according to those who feel they know him well, shy. Silence appears to be his natural habitat. But he will suddenly break out of himself, and then he is very responsive—quick to laugh; funny in a spontaneous, understated way; generous to people who don't 'matter;' considerate, sensitive to others, and direct. He is unusually direct, in both good ways and bad—directness can be a major defect for a politician. Artificial situations make him uncomfortable; he is poor at masking his reactions. He does not indulge in much public self-analysis or explanation; he is inclined to keep quiet until he has made up his mind. This makes him appear cautious, or even devious—and makes his actions, when he does move, seem at times abrupt, 'political,' or contradictory. Missing from his makeup is the bland protective coloration of a popular politician; when Kennedy feels something, he is apt to speak out—or to remain totally silent, looking sombre or glum—rather than to display indifference or gloss it over with pleasing chatter. There is not much change in the way he talks to one person or to a thousand, except for the formality. When he speaks of right and wrong, in either setting, he does not shift gears."

We watched him campaign. His energy was limitless. A day of relentless travel by car and plane, speeches, rallies, interviews might end toward midnight, when he and Mrs. Kennedy would stand on a high-school auditorium stage and shake hands with three or four thousand people. (Mrs. Kennedy's stamina, cheerfulness, and quiet patience, under difficult circumstances, were extraordinary.) Then, the next day, more of the same. He was, after each primary, exhausted—but he barely paused. Time was always against him. We saw him at his apartment the day he returned from Indiana:

"Kennedy spoke to his prospective New York State delegates in a restaurant early in the afternoon, giving an informal account of what he felt had been accomplished in Indiana and promising an intensive campaign in New York prior to the June 18th primary. Then he met with New York political leaders and others in his apartment. The apartment is still full of people: Ted Sorensen is writing in a back bedroom; another bedroom holds a small gathering; others are in the living room, others in the kitchen. Kennedy moves from one room to another, then sits for a moment in the hall as people stream back and forth past him. He is deeply worn, but nearly a month of intensive campaigning still lies ahead—Nebraska next week, then Oregon, then South Dakota and California. He rubs his face. He has pushed himself to the limit, but he does not mention his weariness. His face is gaunt, weathered; his eyes are sunken and red. He rubs his hand over his face again, as if to tear away the exhaustion. It is not something he has sympathy with, his hand is not consoling as it drags across his face—he is simply trying to get rid of an encumbrance. He responds to questions from a reporter slowly, haltingly, trying to think; the questions seem to goad him painfully to one more effort. In the wake of his success, he admits there are great areas of loss—primarily for his family, and in his privacy. 'I think . . . I think . . . I would make this one effort . . . and if it fails I would go back to my children. . . . If you bring children into the world, you should stay with them, see them through. . . .' He had once thought of teaching, or of starting a new kind of project in the Mississippi Delta, or of working with the Indians, but now he doesn't know. 'I think about it,' he says slowly. 'I think about it. . . . I'm not sure.' The hand drags across the face again, his eyes closed. He mentions privacy. 'It would be nice taking a walk sometime without someone taking a picture of you taking a walk. . . .' More people come through the door. Kennedy looks up, gets quickly to his feet, and greets them, alert again, moving."



We remember an April afternoon at Hickory Hill, in McLean, Virginia, just before Indiana. He had come home for a few hours with his family. He sat in the dining room, eating a sandwich and discussing the farm problems of Indiana with an agricultural expert. A small child sat at the table with him, gazing silently at his father as the talk revolved around hog prices. Other children flowed through the dining room, and each time one came past he would reach out—still listening, not taking his eyes from the expert—and hold, for a moment, his or her hand. After lunch, he played with each child. There was a gentleness in him, a capacity for love, that was not ordinarily revealed in print or in the pictures people saw of him. "Let us dedicate ourselves to what the Greeks wrote so many years ago," he told a group of Negroes in a parking lot in Indianapolis on the cold, bitter night Martin Luther King was slain. "To tame the savageness of man and make gentle the life of the world."

The world he lived in was changing fast; the past was less than useless as a guide—it was an obstacle. A man was needed who instinctively responded to what was real—a truly compassionate man with a sympathy for people and for people's need for change. As he walked, his head was always bent forward; everything for him was ahead. Now he is dead, and we see the films, over and over: he lies on the floor, his head cupped in the hands of others. He will no longer bring to bear on those forces he took such care to understand—the angry, divisive forces of our time—his vitality, his sympathy, his warm concern. His death is, in a word he used so often, unacceptable.

THE ORCHARD

"THEY all have this prejudice against fruit trees," he keeps saying.

Though no one wishes to remind him, there is some reason for it. Thirty-five years ago, when he was forty-three and a novice to agriculture—philosophy until that time had been his only field—soon after moving to the Tuscan estate his father bought him, with extraordinary energy he set himself to looking for spring water, of which the house was till then deprived, found it ("It was there," he said), ordered two hundred peach trees from a nursery in Pistoia, and had them planted down on a fertile plain below the spring. Peaches, he claimed, would fetch far more than wine, wheat, or olive oil—the produce that the farmers in this, the Chianti, region prized. In the nearby town, he argued, much of the fruit had to be brought in from far away, so that there surely was a market here for perishable fruit like peaches, plums, apricots, and cherries—but especially for peaches. Peach trees grew fast. "In three years, they begin to bear," he said, and started counting, though when not on the subject of fruit trees he was fond of quoting the Latin dictum that he who begins to count begins to err. The figures he came to! Two hundred trees by twenty kilos by two lire. Eight thousand lire from just two hundred trees. Walking the fields, looking at the ground, hands clasped behind his back, he had his sons excited. Only the farmers remained skeptical. They understood vines, olive trees, and wheat. Anything else they rather distrusted. Their attitude didn't daunt him. It only made him bolder.

In the moist soil of the plain, the trees grew well, and in the fall he ordered more—three hundred this time. "Five hundred trees by twenty kilos by two lire," he now said. In the spring of their second year, the little trees had their first blossoms—the most delicate pink, a few to each plant. One or two became peaches—tiny slips of substance with a silvery, soft fuzz ending in a cowlick. At first the faintest green, they swelled, they reddened, they were ripe. And at the same time the price of wine was falling. It cost less than a lira a bottle—hardly a dime. He joked about it. "Please, *please* have another glass and help us drink it." Wheat, too, was low, and so was olive oil. Only the taxes rose.

But in the plain the five hundred trees, growing up and florid, promised harvests that would once and for all solve what he called the "disastrous financial situation." In the house, one heard a lot about it. "The water is level with our throats," he'd say, creating a feeling that made everyone uneasy and drew long sighs from his wife. "But oh, dear me, what can we do?" she'd say, stretching her arms down in a helpless gesture. Any big new purchase was put off till the peach trees would start producing. And in the meantime, to save on electricity, he bought weak light bulbs. The house grew dim. Never mind, his eyes were on the trees.

Every day, over his shoulders the threadbare charcoal-gray mantle he had worn since his young days when he had climbed Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Giant's Tooth, Monte Rosa, and a hundred lesser peaks both of the Alps and of the Apennines, he would go down to the plain to look at his peach trees.

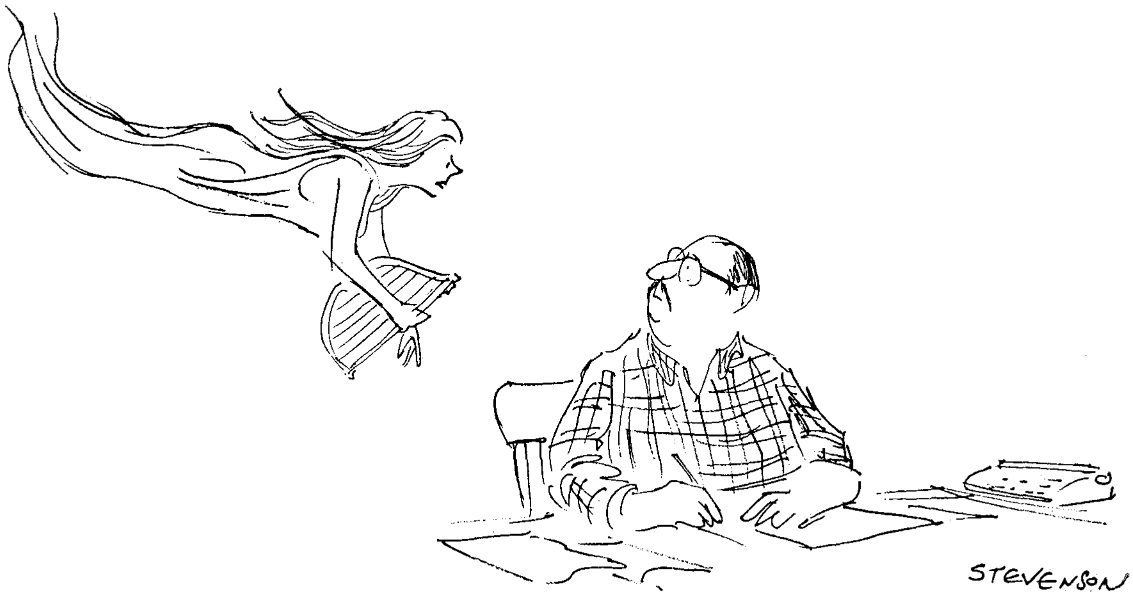
The next March, there weren't just one or two blossoms to each tree but myriads. Each flower a peach. Well, perhaps not quite. Say three to one—three blossoms to one peach. Say even four to one. He counted the blossoms on a branch, and then the branches; he divided by four to be on the safe side; again he divided, to get the weight in kilos; then he started multiplying. It was like coasting on a bicycle down a mountain road and having the horizon at one's feet. He looked at the plain, only a portion of which had trees. "If all goes well," he said, "we'll plant some more."

All *did* go well. When the wind blew away the petals of the blossoms, there remained the greenish-white, tiny, rounded mass. A little bead of fluff it seemed at first, but if you squeezed it you felt it was pulpy even then, and if you squashed it there was a green smear left on your thumb. That downy light green was alive, and it clung hard by its minuscule stem. It was not about to drop or to come off at the least touch. And it seemed as though there was no blossom that did not turn into a fruit. The peaches were so thick that here and there the trees had to be thinned. When the peaches ripened, he hired some help—mainly girls from nearby farms—to pick them. Into the barn came the full baskets and the crates, filling it with fragrance.

"They are as beautiful as flowers," he said, watching the fruit being put in rows and layers inside the boxes.

From town, the buyers came with their wallets bulging, and the trucks left with heavy loads. There were so many peaches they tempted thieves. After some had been stolen, a barbed-wire fence was set up around the orchard, and a big white shepherd dog put there to guard it. Signs claiming the peaches were from his farm appeared on the pushcarts in the squares. He beamed. He saw the world peach-colored. So he ordered more trees—a thousand this time—and since the water of the spring wasn't sufficient to irrigate them all, some workmen who

specialized in building wells dug a trench, spectacularly deep and long. Enough water was found to irrigate three or four thousand trees. To him agriculture was irrigation and fruit trees. Even as a child he had had a passion for water and watercourses. Once, he ran away from home and was found with a bundle on his back, walking along a stream, trying to trace it to its source. And now nothing was nicer than in a summer drought seeing water gushing out and making mud of the dry, the brittle earth—nothing more beautiful than fruit or than girls picking the fruit.



"I'm afraid I won't be available from now on, Mr. Watson. I feel I should devote my time to those who are doing more original and creative work."

• •

The blooming that took place the following spring! The bees seemed driven crazy. They buzzed from one blossom to the other, gathering pollen, bringing it around. Again the blossoms blew away petal after petal, leaving the tiny, almond-shaped, thin, fuzzy peaches that by and by swelled and captured color from the sun, except where the leaves cast their sharp, sleek shadows on them, and, swelling more and more, became so heavy some of the branches had to be sustained. Again the girls came, and the buyers. Again the trucks left laden. Again the farm's name appeared on the pushcarts. And before winter two thousand more peach trees were planted.

That made thirty-five hundred on the plain, and there were other fruit trees near the house—apricot, cherry, plum, persimmon, apple, fig, and pear. The peach trees were of several varieties, from the early kind, which ripened in June, to some that got ripe in November. Foreign-sounding names like Hale, Crawford, and Late Elberta became household words. In the next season, he said, there would be at least fifteen hundred trees producing.

WINTER came. Now the peach trees stood, bare of their foliage, in long, stern rows down in the plain, asleep and silent except when the wind blew strong, and then it whistled through them and they seemed to stir. They stood naked, yet so far from dead: each tiny twig intact, waiting and ready—heedful almost. Then in March a softening of the air, and very quickly, as if they could wait no longer, the first buds, the blossoms, and their petals falling to disclose the velvet of the newborn peach. Still March. Mist and gentle showers, and the sun shining out of speckled clouds; then clouds fringed with silver, followed by skies completely overcast. For days there was no sun, no stars, but under the dim days and the black nights the peach trees were safe, as though under a cover. Then, late one evening, the two flag-shaped, rusty weathervanes over the house were heard distinctly turning on the roof—a grating, creaking sound. Slowly they turned, taking what seemed a long time about it, opposing as they did a fair amount of resistance to the wind and indicating a marked change in its direction. It was the north wind. Quickly it cleared the sky. Over the house now, the stars were shining in all their wintry brightness. One couldn't help but admire them. But to the not so different blossoms on the plain this change of wind, this polished starlit sky was baneful, and all the members of the household knew it. In the morning, when they woke up, the sun was shining, the fields down in the valleys were hoary and stiff with frost. A workman who had got up at dawn reported that in the plain the frost had "burned" all of the peaches.

"All of them?"

"Hardly any left, you'll see. Why, it was like crunching through snow down there this morning," he said, and swore, impressed—no, almost awed by what nature could work when it put its mind to it. A robust frost, no doubt.

In the next few days, its full effect became apparent. The tiny, beadlike peaches, as you could readily see if you cut into them with your thumbnail, were black inside, had lost their firmness, had a shrivelled feel, and they came off at the slightest touch, without a sound, as if they were bits of matter that had got there by chance. On tree after tree, one looked in vain for a whole peach, for one that wasn't black and wizened.

The leaves came out of the buds, deep green and thick, so thick sometimes that you parted them to see if by chance they weren't hiding a peach. But you would never find one.

"Still, the trees are growing," he said, unperturbed. "Without fruit they may develop more, and next spring we'll try and protect them."

In the late fall, he bought an extraordinary number of cane mats, put up tall poles along the rows of peach trees, strung wires from pole to pole, and in March, just before blossomtime, hoisted the mats up. At the same time, he had piles of kindling, brambles, and moist straw placed here and there ready to be burned if a cold night should come. A cold night came—frosty, sparkling with stars. The fires were lit. The smoke rose, hiding the stars. And the mats hung like magic carpets over the three thousand five hundred trees. But in the morning, when the sun rose in the blue sky, the little peaches had fared no better than the previous year.

Another summer without fruit. Though fruitless, the trees still had to be pruned, the ground around them hoed and irrigated. It was discouraging, however; the workmen clipped and dug without believing in their work.

The following March, the mats went up again. They could be seen from the main road—a tented army. Some passersby wondered what they were. And those who knew laughed or made remarks like "The good money he wasted on that place!"

"Two good seasons and two bad ones," he said. "We have an even chance."

In March, there was no frost. No frost in April. The peaches, tens of thousands of them, were fair-sized. "They are out of danger now," everyone confidently said. Then, on May 2nd, the frost. The spectacle this time was worse than it had ever been. The peaches withered, and grew as black as mushrooms rotting, then fell from their branches. The workmen shook their heads. "That plain is lethal," his wife said, but he—he took it in his stride, like the philosopher he was, and continued hoping.

It was clear, though, that those first two good years had been exceptional, for the following spring, too, there came a deadly frost. The land—valuable, fertile land—could not be kept unproductive. The older peach trees were cut down; the younger ones were left in the hope that there might be a crop. There wasn't. Not for two more years was there a good season. By then, however, the Second World War had broken out, and he, being Jewish and alert to what might happen, had taken the family out of Italy to England, leaving the estate in the care of a bailiff. For the duration of the war, the peach trees were forgotten. For so long they had been the subject of so much conversation, and now suddenly they didn't matter anymore.

AFTER the war, in 1946, when the family returned, of the three thousand five hundred peach trees only two trees were left. They stood by the barn, old and barren, many of their branches without leaves. Why they had been spared nobody knew. Perhaps because they weren't in anybody's way, perhaps to stretch a clothesline to—there was a font nearby where women did the washing. Or perhaps just as a souvenir.

But if the trees were gone, his passion for them wasn't. He read an American pamphlet on peach trees, which one of his sons had sent for and given to him. It was one of those booklets that the American government prints and sends out free upon request as a public service—a plainly written, informative thing. The choice of location for an orchard, it said, was crucial; since warm air tends to rise and cold air fall, in hilly country where there's danger of frost peach trees ought never to be planted at the foot of hills or on a plain, no matter how fertile and rich in water that low ground might be. Scarcity of water, it stressed, was far less dangerous than frost, since very little could be done to save the peaches on a frosty night, while in a drought the trees could be irrigated wherever they might be. These remarks were so pertinent that they seemed a comment on what had happened, and read as though they had been written for him. "Not one of those agricultural experts I consulted ever told me," he said.

ENGLISH SWALLOWS

A day of winter-slaked April.
Bobbers on a wire at a wall—
trindles of fire-blued iron
that any wind twitches—twirl
and are lifted into swallows.

Little particles of thirst,
the red of summer brickdust
are those throats among a month
avaricious of its damp; fust
of the whitening lichen,

buffed by delicate bellies,
comes live out of its ice.
Blue is warm of swallows' wings:
rich spillings of their sapphires
glint along the dark, nettled end

of garden. They are my claim—
over half a world they come,
crop-full of Africa, to lodge
in crevices of my home.
In honorance of such plenty,

I make them a plot of hotness
to skim upon: hibiscus,
hyssop, pools of buddleia,
a humming of mulberries.
I fork the brown mulch of one

summer less into my earth
as warm weather falls. Nothing will encourage their coming
again. I leave them be, with
an untouched, vulnerable clutch

of another year's small flesh.
Soon my eyes will relinquish
them. When the hips are redder
than the roses were, they'll brush
my willow a final time,

flying out of their house.
A continent deep in me, I sense
some other self—between us,
paltry, diminishing oceans
and a vanishment of land.

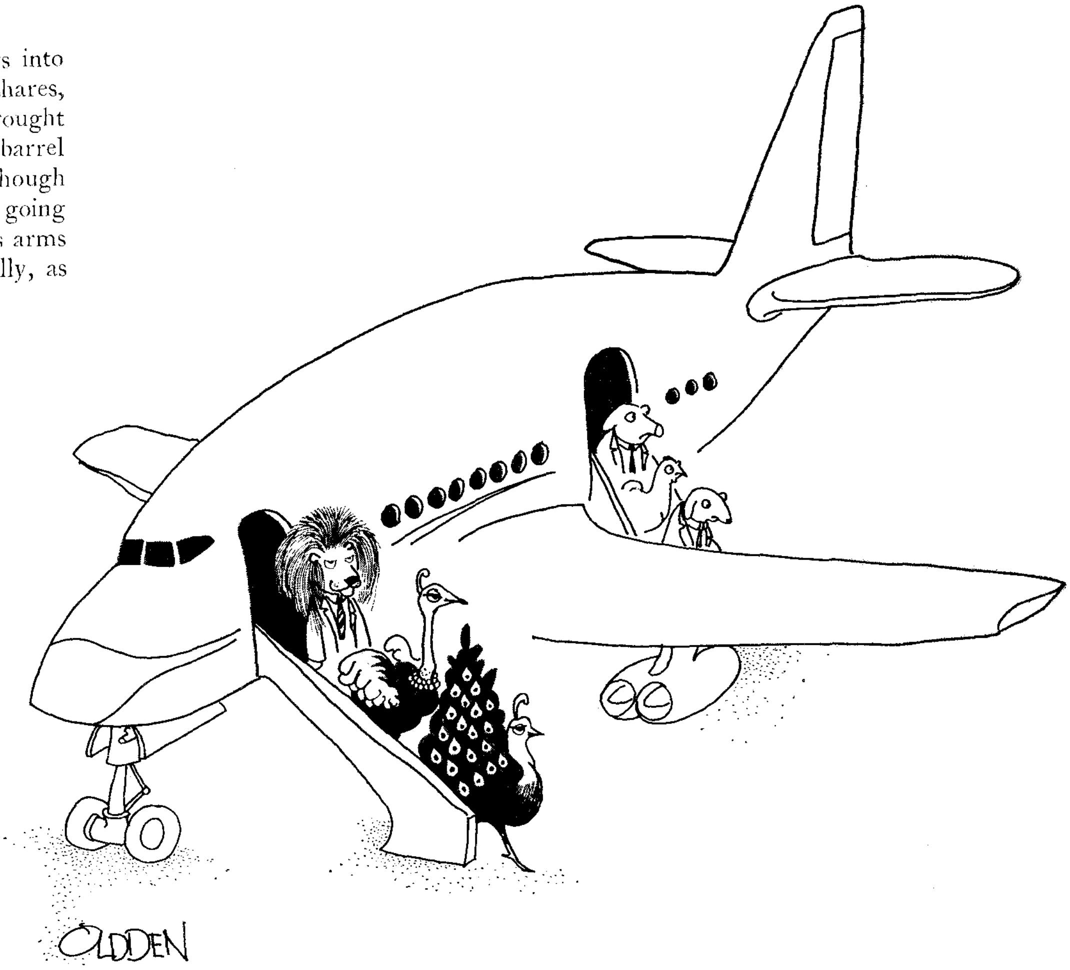
Kraaled in a vast and untreed
veld, his sleep is troubled.
My wall of lichen relapses white.
In the night he lifts his head,
listening for ultimate swallows.

—TED WALKER

• •

He began again, went right ahead and planted a batch of peach trees high on the slope of a hill above the plain. People cautioned him. Irritated, he said, "Everyone is against fruit trees," and he complained about this "hostile attitude" as though it were absurd. If someone mentioned the word "frost" to him, he patiently explained that since warm air rises and cold air falls, up on the hill where the new orchard was frost wasn't a danger anymore. And he repeated his old arguments in favor of peach trees—about the good market for perishable fruit in the hill town, about the low price of wine and wheat. People looked at him. They knew better than to contradict him. They knew that if they did he would come looking for them wherever they were—in their bedrooms, even—and bring up the subject almost as though they were heathens who had to be converted. One knew his step approaching, knew what was on his mind, knew what he would say, and either one didn't answer or was reduced to saying, "Oh, well, maybe you are right."

He certainly planted the trees with conviction; they were a sort of cause. It was as if some future need, hardly surmised or suspected, were directing the course of his actions. And there was no dissuading him. He went



straight on putting all his savings into the new orchard, selling his shares, keeping workmen on it. They brought water to the new plants in a barrel on an oxcart. And he himself, though frail and aging, was often seen going up to the orchard in the heat, his arms stretched by two full pails. Finally, as the trees grew in size and number, he piped the water up to them. To increase its volume, he even repaired an ancient, leaking cistern into which rainwater drained from the roofs of the house.

"Sink money into that hole!" one of his sons said, without considering that his father led a very frugal life indeed and that the money he spent on the orchard was his only outlay of any size.

"What about men who have mistresses, go to Paris, bet on horses, drive expensive cars, drink the best cognacs, or, hypochondriacs, fill the house with drugs?" another of his sons retorted.

"There are those, too."

"He—he smokes Alfas, goes into town by bus, buys a book or takes in a movie once in a while. Why shouldn't he spend money on fruit trees if he wants to?"

"It's all right to say that. But when you see those deep new trenches he has dug—more than three feet deep, you know—"

"After all, the land is his, isn't it?"

Was it his land? Just before the war, in 1938, when the Fascists threatened to confiscate Jewish property, he transferred it to his sons, who, because his wife wasn't Jewish, were exempt from expropriation. In name, at least, the land was theirs. Morally, though, it was still his, for the transfer had been no more than a temporary expedient made necessary by an evil government for an evil reason. Those circumstances were now conveniently forgotten, and when a piece of land was up for sale, as his signature was not required, no one asked for his approval. He became more and more removed from the running of the estate. He cared only for his orchard and his books, went from one to the other, over his shoulders still wearing the cape, as threadbare as an ancient flag darned many times over.

And now the peach trees on the hill were in their third year, the year in which they were supposed to start producing. He waited confidently. No cane mats or piles of straw and kindling up here. No need. The warm air rises from the plain, the cold air sinks. The stars can shine unutterably bright, the north wind blow, the frost fall. It won't affect them. Not up here, unless, of course, it is one of those exceptionally cold years that come once, and maybe not even once, in a decade, and we all hope it won't be one of those.

A frost came that made the plain and all the low ground white. But the hilltops were green, and so was the slope on which the peach trees stood, all clothed in pink. The cold persisted; sometimes the fringe of white—the frost coating with a silver edge the blades of grass—rose almost to the level of the orchard, skirting it like a tide. Each day, a workman, now become a real expert in fruit trees, disclosed the tiny peaches in their blossoms, and assayed them. They were still whole, still firm, still whitish green and pulpy, their skin still fuzzy. "So far it hasn't touched them," he reported.

"If they'd been down in the plain . . . "

"Down there, there wouldn't have been one left; you can be sure of that."

The peaches ripened. The girls came to pick them. Girls picking fruit—the way he watched them, the way he spoke about them, sometimes it seemed he wanted nothing more in return for all his labors. Oh, the peaches weren't as large as they had been down in the fertile plain, but perhaps they had more taste. Nor were there truckfuls of them, but every day a station wagon left, loaded.

EACH summer, there's a crop. Though he has high hopes and keeps planting peaches, cherries, figs, the orchard hasn't solved the estate's heavy financial situation—but it has solved *his*. At a time when, to pay the taxes, the land has to be sold bit after bit and two of his sons have left to go and live elsewhere—one in Milan, the other in America—he, without having to ask anything from anybody, earns from his orchard enough money for his books, the bus fare into town, the cup of coffee, the movie, the Alfas that he smokes, the little gifts he buys once in a while, and new fruit trees. The orchard fills his needs. Year after year, he watches the trees blossom in the spring, the girls gathering the peaches in the summer. —ARTURO VIVANTE

•

Former Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara ordered the Army sold in 1965, estimating the move would save the Government $5.6 million a year.—*Bethlehem (Pa.) Globe-Times.*

And who listened? Nobody.

THE FRIEND OF THE FOURTH DECADE

When I returned with drinks and nuts, my friend
Had moved to the window seat, back to the view.

The clear central pane around which ran
Smaller ones, stained yellow, crimson, blue,

Framed our country's madly whipping flag,
Its white pole above roofs, the sea beyond.

That it was time for the flag to be lowered shed
Light on my friend's tactful disinvolvement—

Or did he feel as punishment somehow
Those angry little stripes upon his shoulders?

A huge red sun flowed positively through
Him in spots, glazing, obscuring his person

To that of Anyman with ears aglow,
On a black cushion, gazing inward, mute.

After dinner he said, "I'm tired of understanding
The light in people's eyes, the smells, the food.

(By the way, those veal birds were delicious.
They're out of Fannie Farmer? I thought so.)

Tired of understanding what I hear,
The tones, the overtones; of knowing

Just what clammy twitchings thrive
Under such cold flat stones

As We-are-profoundly-honored-to-have-with-us
Or This-street-has-been-torn-up-for-your-convenience.

As for what I catch myself saying,
Don't believe me! I *despise* Thoreau.

I mean to learn, in the language of where I am going,
Barely enough to ask for food and love.

"Listen," he went on. "I have this friend—
What's that face for? Did you think I had only one?

You are my oldest friend, remember. Well:
This new friend collects stamps. I now spend mornings

With a bowl of water and my postcard box.
Cards from all over. God! Those were the years

I never used to throw out anything.
Each card then soaks five minutes while its ink

Turns to exactly the slow formal swirls
Through which a phoenix flies on Chinese silk.

These leave the water darker but still clear,
The text unreadable. It's true!

Cards from my mother, my great-uncle, you!
And the used waters deepen the sea's blue.

"I cannot tell you what this does to me.
Scene after scene's immersion and emergence

Rinsed of the word. The Golden Gate, Moroccan
Dancing boys, the Alps from Interlaken,

Fuji, the Andes, Titian's Venus, two
Mandrills from the Cincinnati zoo—

All *that* survives the flood, as does a lighter
Heart than I have had in many a day.

Salt lick big as a fist, heart, hoard
Of self one grew up prizing above rubies—

To feel it even by a grain dissolved,
Absolved I mean, recipient with writer,

By water holy from the tap, by air that dries,
Of having cared and having ceased to care . . ."

I nodded and listened, envious. When my friend
Had gone where he was going, I tried it, too.

The stamp slid off, of course, and the ink woke.
I watched my mother's *Dearest Son* unfurl

In blue ornate brief plungings-up:
Almost a wild iris taking shape.

I heard oblivion's thin siren singing,
And bore it bravely. At the hour's end,

I had my answer. Chances are it was
Some simple matter of what ink she used,

And yet her message remained legible,
The memories it stirred did not elude me.

I put my postcards back upon the shelf.
Certain things die only with oneself.

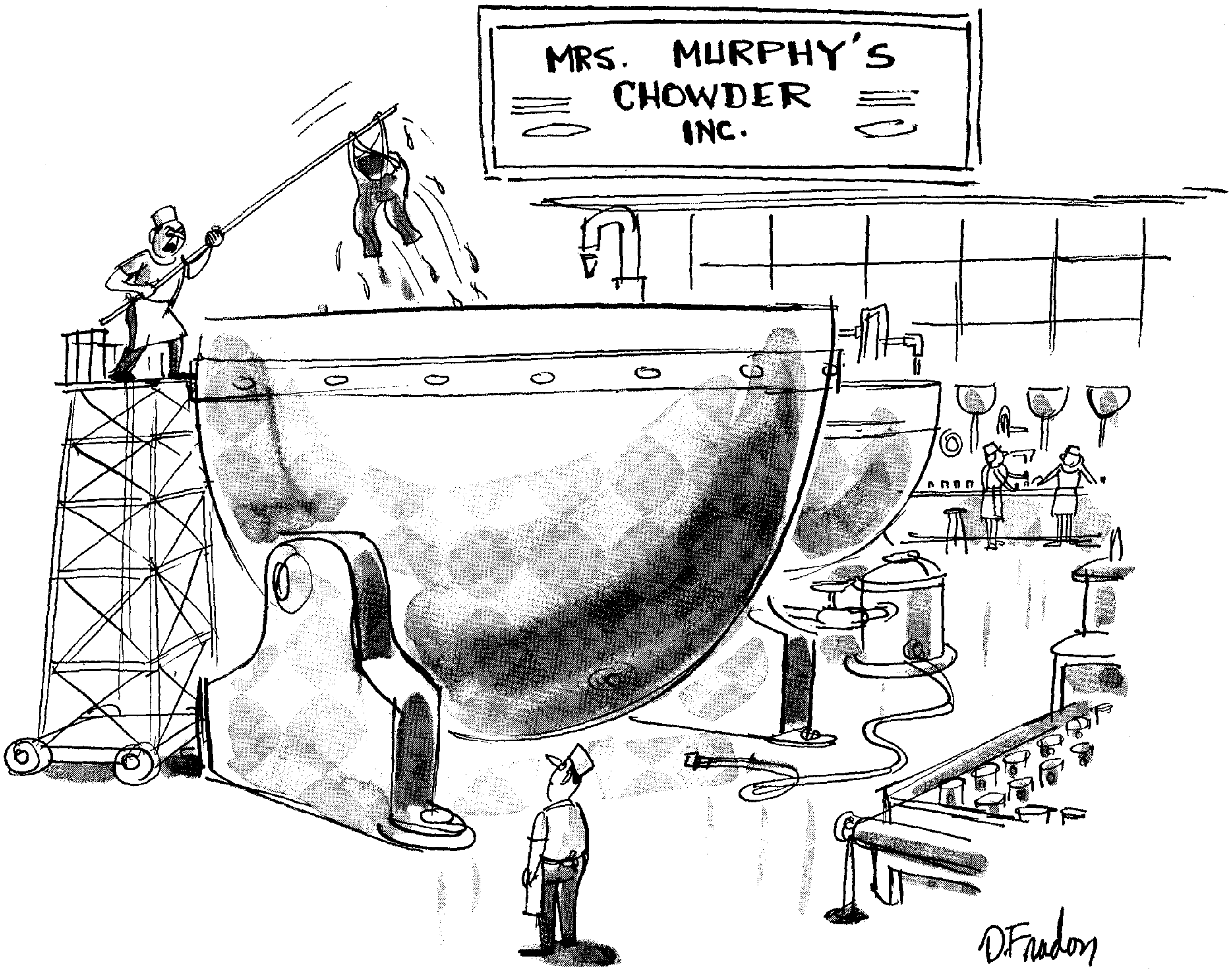
"You should see Muhammed's taxi," wrote my friend.
"Pure junkyard Bauhaus, angular, dented white,

It trails a wedding veil of squawking dust.
Each ride is worth your life—except I'm just

Not afraid. I'm not.
Those chiefly who discern us have the juju

To take our lives. Bouncing beside Muhammed,
I smile and smoke, am indestructible.

Or else I just can't picture dying
On foreign soil. These years are years of grace.



"What's this damn pair of overalls doing in here?"

• •

The way I feel towards home is . . . dim.
Don't worry, I'll go back. Honeymoons end.

Nor does the just man cheat his native earth
Of its inalienable right to cover him."

Finally a dung-and-emerald oasis,
No place I knew of. "Here," he wrote on the back,

"Individual and type are one.
Do as I please, I *am* the simpleton

Whose last exploit is to have been exploited
Neck and crop. In the usual bazaar,

Darker, more crisscrossed than a beggar's palm,
Smell of money draws them after me,

I answer to whatever name they call,
Drink the sweet black condescending dregs,

Try on their hungers like a shirt of flame
(Well, a sports shirt of flame) whereby I've been

Picked clean, reborn each day increasingly
Conspicuous, increasingly unseen."

Behind a door marked DANGER
(This is a dream I have about my friend),

Swaddlings of our whole civilization,
Prayers, accounts, long priceless scroll,

Whip, hawk, prow, queen, down to some last
Lost comedy, all that fine writing

Rigid with rains and suns,
Are being gingerly unwound.

There. Now the mirror. Feel the patient's heart
Pounding—dear God, this once—

Till nothing moves but to a drum.
See his eyes darken in bewilderment—

No, in joy—and his lips part
To greet the perfect stranger.

—JAMES MERRILL

FRED AND ARTHUR

“‘FRIENDS, *Romans, countrymen,*’ ” shouted Fred Stokes at the top of the Forum steps, carrying Arthur Moe in his arms center stage. They wore togas, sandals, and short white socks. Fred was thin, Arthur very fat, and Fred’s head made a pecking movement over the bulk of his friend with the effort of bearing the load.

Arthur felt anxiety in the grip and spoke into the pullet neck on the upstage side. “You’ve got your weight wrong.”

“‘*Lend me your ears,*’ ” Fred orated, altering his hold and guttering at the knees.

“It’s your right foot.”

“‘*I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.*’ ” Fred was still concentrated on his clasp instead of his balance, and getting sworn at for it. Their manager, standing in the wings, wondered what Arthur was yakking about, and at the same time had a moment of seeing them as Gandhi carrying a buffalo.

“I’ll have to do a fall,” Arthur muttered. He gathered his great weight neatly to a point against Fred’s sickly-looking chest, said “Serve you right” in a cheery tone under the roar of the music-hall audience and shoved away, grounding delicately at the foot of the Forum steps and watching his partner with one eye. Fred was thundering on with the speech as though the corpse hadn’t fled, and at the same time bobbing up onto the balls of his feet with relief from the lost burden. Arthur scrutinized the business and thought it makeshift but not bad. He started taking apart the engineering of the scene, keeping count of the timing in his head.

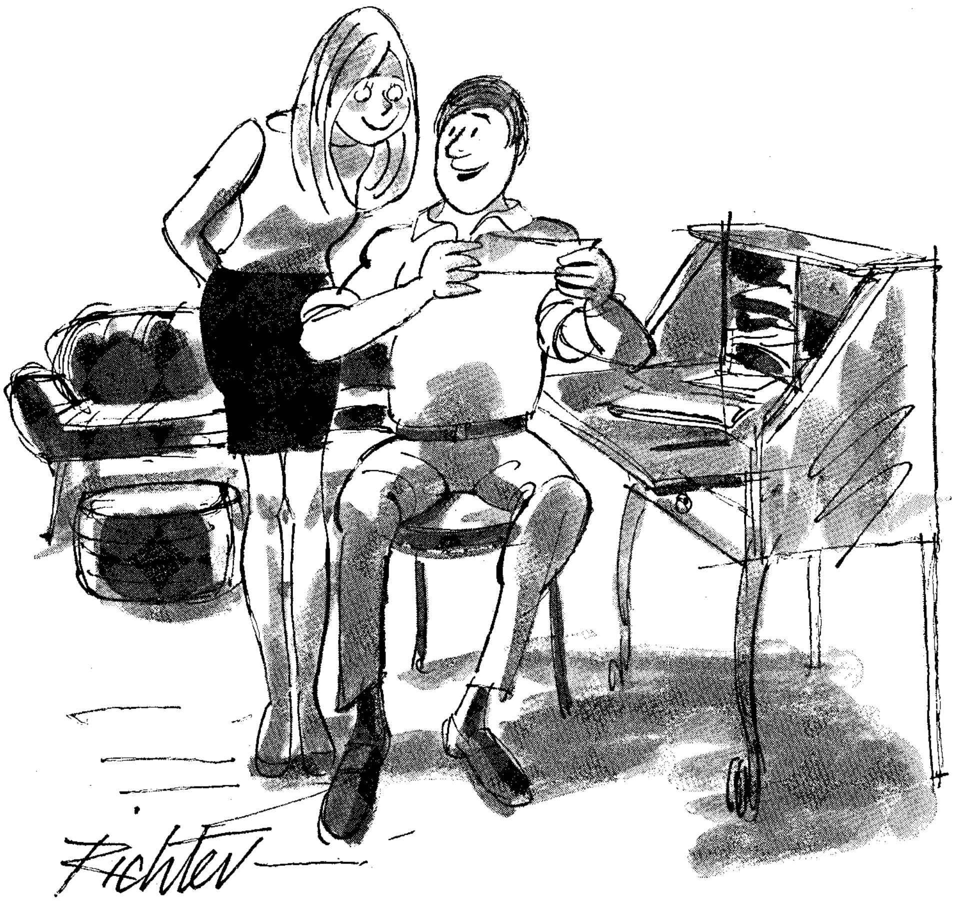
They went back to their dressing room in a hurry as soon as the act was over, and Arthur started a metronome. Fred tucked his toga between his legs like a baby’s nappy and picked his friend up.

“I don’t see what I did different,” he said, facing front to inspect the two of them in the mirror and then turning round to have a look from the side.

“I told you. Your weight was on the wrong foot. It still is. You can’t hardly maneuver.”

“It wasn’t bad, what we did.”

“Best get it straight the old way first. Seventeen, eighteen, ‘*Lend me your ears,*’ then my sneeze on nineteen, and your slap on twenty.”



“There it is, darling! Our very first check written for an amount larger than our balance!”

“I liked the fall better myself,” Fred said. “Let’s keep it. Long time since we did a fall.”

“Bit old-fashioned, isn’t it?” said Arthur.

“What are you talking about? Falls don’t date.”

“Take it from fourteen,” said Arthur.

“‘*Friends, Romans.*’ My shoulders is busting.”

“Fifteen, sixteen. Carry on, I’m counting. You’ve got to ‘*come to.*’ Nineteen, twenty.”

“‘*Bury Caesar, not to.*’ Now I’m on my left foot. Suppose I stay on it. ‘*Praise him.*’ ”

“Twenty-four, twenty-five.”

“Are you going or not? I said ‘*praise him.*’ That’s where you did it before.” Fred watched carefully in the mirror for some muscular indication of what his friend had in mind.

The bulk lay poleaxed. “Twenty-five,” it said again.

“‘*The evil that men do.*’ You’ve gone and left it far too late. ‘*Lives after them, the good is oft interrèd with their bones.*’ You’ll have to go, I’ve run out of words.” But by now Arthur had quit, flying smoothly through the air like a zeppelin and saying “Thirty-one, thirty-two” as he went. “All right,” he said, rolling lightly onto the floor. “Again.”

Their manager came into the room. “If you don’t keep in that fall, I’m stopping your sweets,” he said, and then looked down at the mass of Arthur on the ground. “I haven’t seen you do one like that since your old dad was alive.”

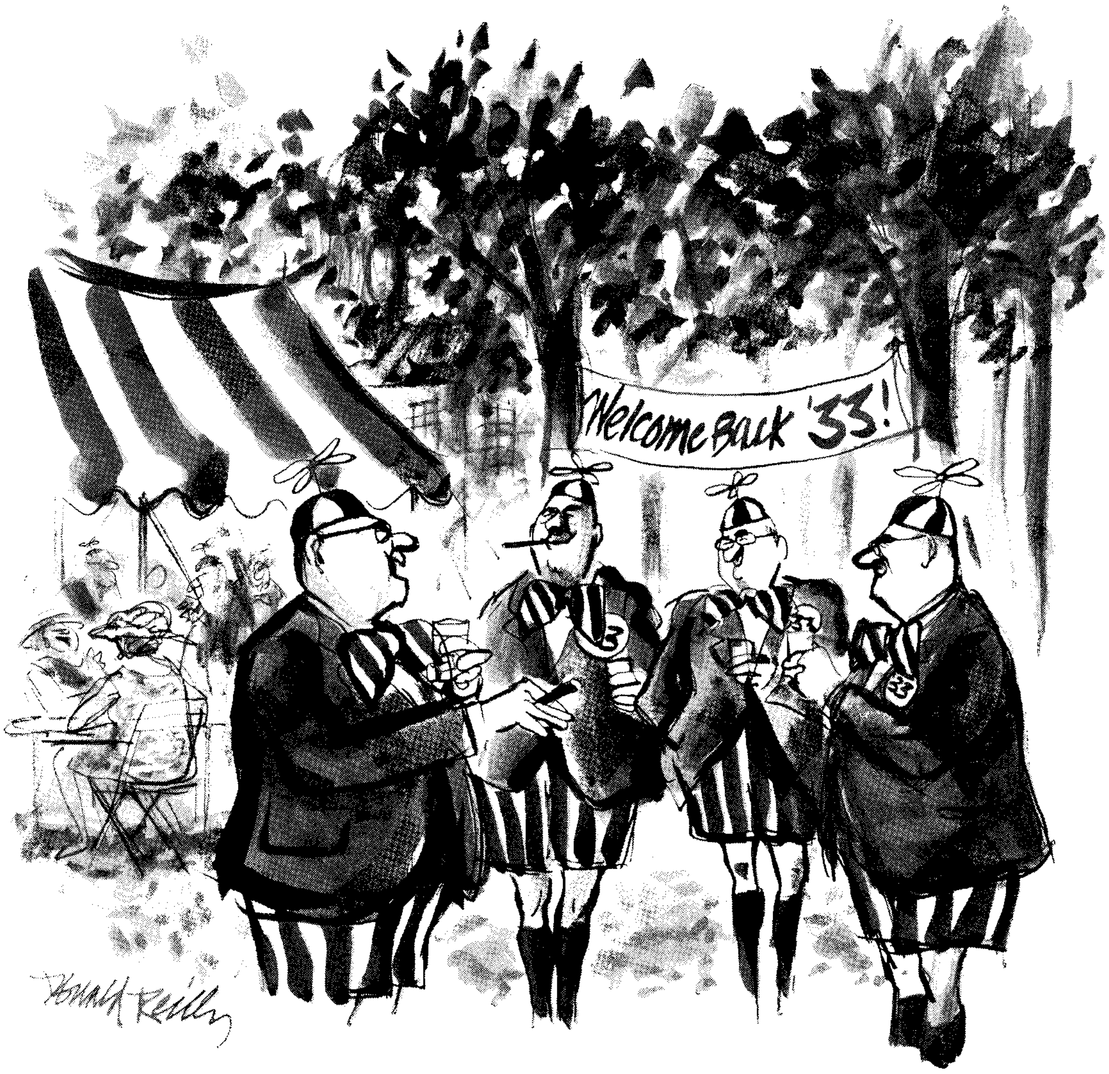
“It’s all in the position of the head,” said Fred, sitting down and having a beer. “I can’t do it. Not like he can. You use the head as the rudder.” He stopped the metronome and put his hands on his bony kneecaps, looking into the mirror at his gloomy Indian-brave’s face.

Arthur watched him, pulled in his stomach, listened to the loudspeaker to hear how the performing dog was doing, and thought seriously enough that he hadn’t seen Fred so exhilarated since last August at Blackpool. “Good date, this. I’ve always liked Huddersfield,” he said.

“You’re putting on weight,” said the manager, picking up Arthur’s belt and looking at the notches.

“No, he’s not,” Fred said loyally. “That’s muscle.”

After the second house the two of them went out to supper. It was their



"I don't worry too much about these campus rebels. We found ourselves, and they will, too."

ninth year together, and they had been top of the bill at the Palladium in the West End six years running. It was a buoyant evening. They had four pints of beer each and a slap-up dinner in one of Huddersfield's new swinging joints.

"Changed a bit," said Arthur, looking at a girl dancing in a miniskirt not much deeper than a belt.

"My old dad used to sing Handel here in the workingmen's choir," Fred said. "Came up from London by coach. They like Handel here. Here and Newcastle."

"Newcastle's a good date, too."

Arthur and Fred had been to school together. Their partnership seemed freakishly fortunate. When they went out on their own with girls, they tended to fix things for the same evening so as not to spend two nights separated where one would do. Fred's father had owned a pub near a music hall where Arthur's father had often played, and before their sons were even born the men had sometimes had Saturday-night booze-ups together. Arthur's father had been a famous comic called Willie Moe, and his mother, Queenie, was the butt in Willie's routine. When he married her, she was a reserved, very plain girl who played the harp in a provincial symphony orchestra. She had learned the harp because she had once been told that she had beautiful elbows, and harp playing seemed to make better use than most careers of the Lord's stingy gift. Her husband admired her serious-mindedness, and at the same time saw that her absence of humor held comic promise for his act. He would plant her downstage and get her to start playing "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and then sabotage her work from the back wall.

As soon as the infant Arthur was old enough to be propped against the proscenium arch, he was included in the turn. There was nothing else to do with him; theatrical landladies didn't offer babysitting with the rent. When he strayed, his mother would shove him back into position with her foot as she harped. Then one night the child fell onto the bass drum, plummeting ten feet into the orchestra pit without seeming to harbor a grudge, and it occurred to his father to try bouncing him. Arthur commanded fame and respect in the profession for several years as "The Living Football," followed by "The Living Boomerang" and "The Living Dart." The characterizations consisted of being rolled up into a sphere by Willie, or swung by one arm, or aimed at a dartboard while wearing a trick suction device on his head. The cap fixed him securely to the board, with his airborne body trembling behind him like the handle of a plunged dagger. Later on, when he was five and too heavy to play a dart satisfactorily, he became "The Living Gladstone Bag." He wore a handle on the back of his costume, stitched there by his hard-driven mother herself because she wasn't going to have some theatrical costumier treating her son as if he were a sequin. His onstage father would unsnap the child's clothes, which were held together at the back by a clasp, pack them with toothbrush, pajamas, and reading matter, and throw the patient luggage at an assistant stage manager dressed as a railway porter. The boy went without a name until he was six. His father dismissed the notion that it was any necessity and called for his son by clearing his throat, like Henry Irving demanding a prompt. His mother felt wretched about the matter and often suggested Roland. She liked this name because it was romantic and well-bred, which were precisely Willie Moe's objections to it. Her alternative was Percy; Willie said it was wet, and she said it was "Henry IV." When she moaned and said, well, what did he suggest instead, Willie would affably juggle the child and two oranges, and reply with the obvious oath. And his wife would flinch at the coarse life that harp playing had brought her to, and go off her kipper, and mash up the remains with some potatoes for the boy's breakfast next morning. If her son hadn't got a name, at least she was going to see that he had a proper lining to his stomach. He went to bed on porridge, got up on potatoes, and did his twice-nightly work on scones, baps, cottage loaves, crumpets, and Yorkshire parkin. The boy adored his father exclusively; his mother's recourse was starch, and his bulk therefore waxed and waxed. The process didn't perturb him for the simple reason that it didn't repel Willie. The jibes of the kids at his scattered schools, which he attended sometimes for a token day or two to throw a sop to the government, struck him as neither here nor there. What he watched for anxiously was any sign that his father found fatness unprofessional. But on the contrary Willie made it seem a prop of the work, like ripe thighs in a chorus girl or the swivel eye of Ben Turpin. Nor was it a disadvantage technically. The child was agile enough to seem filled with helium, as if he had mass without weight.

He was named on his seventh birthday. His mother had hopelessly suggested Cyril. Willie Moe snorted and picked up the boy by the leg and started to whirl him as if winding him up, which was part of a new routine called "The Living Propeller." Then he dropped the weight with a glow on his face and said, "I've got it."

"What?" his wife asked.

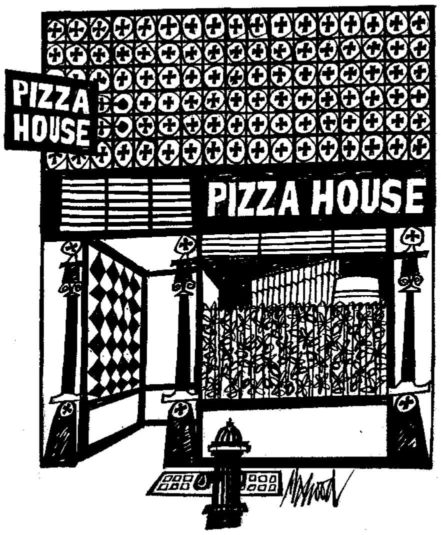
"Arthur," he said, pronouncing it "Arfer" because he was a Cockney of the old generation. "Arfer Moe. 'Alf a mo. We can work it into the act."

His wife felt unspeakably lowered and lit the gas for the baked beans. Everything was grist.

The child's own feelings were split between mortification at a christening that doomed him to live out for good a pun that he could already see to be gruesome and pride that his father had cared for him enough to embed him into his act by the very roots of his name. The ambiguity lasted long after Willie died. So did Arthur's torn attitude to his weight. He could never entirely regret it, because it reminded him of working with Willie, and the passing resolves he made as a grownup to lose some of it always contained a tang of unease about betraying his professional qualifications in the eyes of a man who would have belted him for such a thing.

AFTER Willie's death Queenie packed in the theatre. She gave harp lessons and sent her son firmly to school. It was wartime and the boys called him Barrage Balloon. The normal childhood that other people wished on him struck him as mostly plaguing and tawdry; his own lost norm, a life spent in the company of ribald sopranos and tap-dancers and hard-pressed comedians in fear of the sack, seemed to have more decency and purpose. When Fred Stokes arrived at the school, Arthur had spent a year in hell. But as soon as their friendship was struck the memory faded and the bad time seemed no worse than some null interlude between two boon companions. To be with Fred was as naturally convivial as to be with Willie. At the age of nine Fred was already very much like the man he was going to be at thirty-five or forty. He was tacit, bold, and weedy, with a miraculous sense of humor at work behind the face of a tomahawk. He could make his friend laugh convulsively enough to fall off schoolroom chairs, and once even out of a hammock. Arthur would lie on the floor heaving, dead silent apart from a rusty creak at the moments when he managed to catch a breath. Within himself he would have a sensation of liquefying with giggles and of becoming extremely thin, like a puddle.

The two fitted together even in the way the day took them. Fred woke up lugubriously, and the spectacle of Arthur's capacious morning optimism lifted his spirits. After the last show, or earlier if they weren't working, Arthur would often fall prey to the bite of melancholy, with such sharp dread of all endings that he would greatly fear going to sleep, as if nothing would be left to him unless he kept watch on it. He hated other people's leaving him for bed, and when he saw a hard mood ahead he often took a sleeping pill at supper to stop himself from being clamorous, though at the same time he found his terror about the end of a day daft in a creature who was surely intended by build to signify immortal fun.



While they were walking back from the Huddersfield discothèque, it suddenly dawned on Fred and Arthur that they had eaten three main meals that day instead of two. The usual sausages and spuds had been brought to them between the shows.

"We had lunch. That's what put us out," Arthur said. A producer had fed them silly in an effort to woo them to do a film. Arthur had eaten large helpings of *scampi* and steak-and-kidney pudding, refrained from the damson pie as a gesture, and taken his mind off the others' plates by saying that they would do the film if he and Fred were allowed to write it, direct it, find the props, and put together the sound track. He also said that he would want to do his own stunt work in an escape sequence. The appalled producer took refuge in the unions and his insurance company, and Fred and Arthur composed their faces into the necessary combination of artistic bloody-mindedness and guestly sympathy to scotch the project without actually seeming to throw their good lunch back into the producer's face. Neither of them had liked him at all.

"I've never had a good experience of a boss with a short upper lip," said Fred.

"The *scampi* was O.K.," Arthur said, bumping a penny along the railings in groups of four and muttering "Breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper. . . . Breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper. No more than the Tudors had, I bet."

"You should have had the damson pie," Fred said.

"No, I shouldn't. I'm blowing up again."

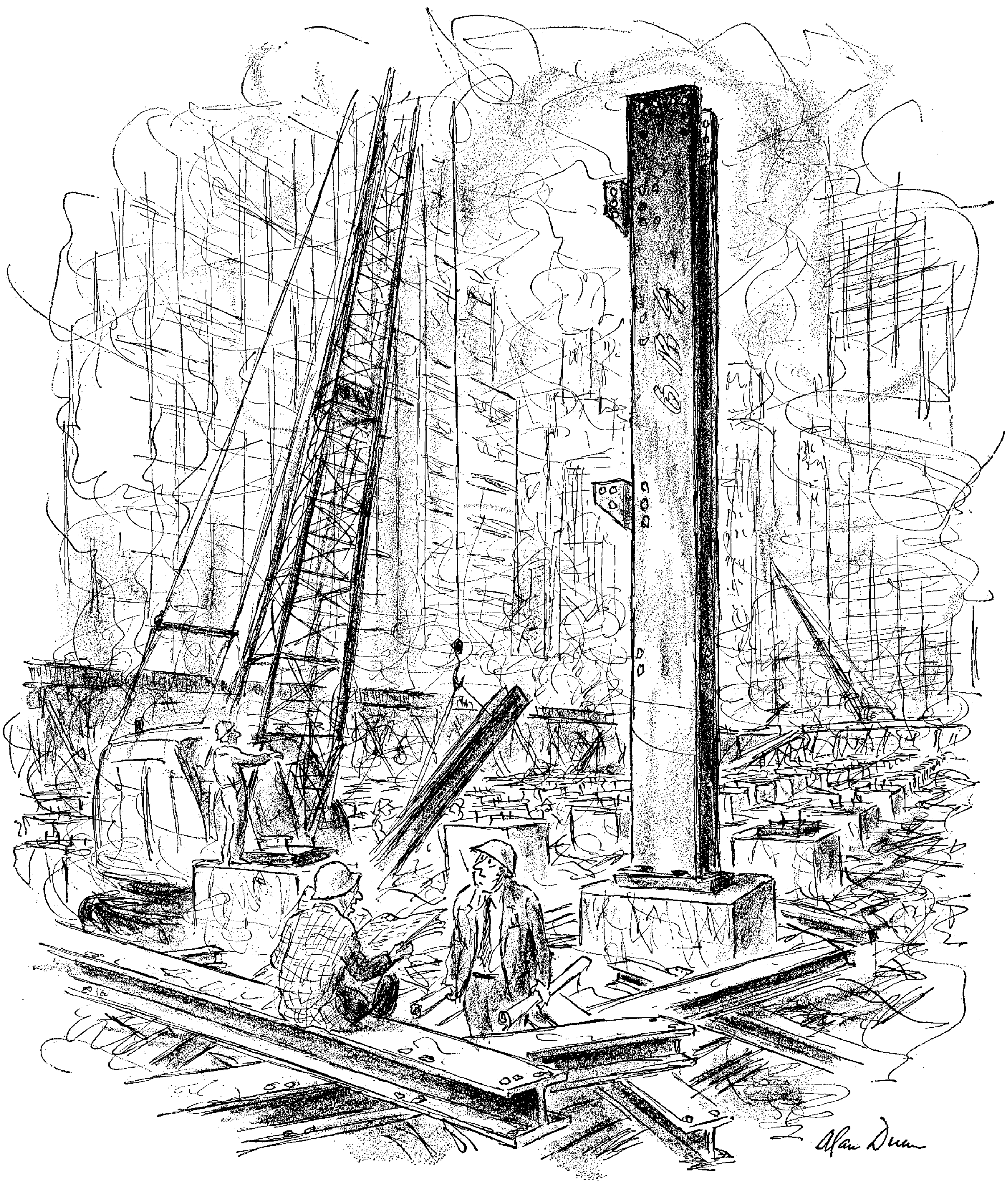
Nearer to their hotel, Fred did an improvisation about the homelife of an air hostess who was taken over in bed by her working phrases and asked her husband if he would care to recline and have a beverage. Arthur leaned against a lamppost and felt thinned.

The mirror in their tatty hotel suite exposed that delusion. "My face looks as if it's going to drop off a fruit tree," he said at himself. "It's like a medlar. *Purple*. It seems to be *running*."

"It's the light," Fred said.

The telephone rang. Arthur left Fred to it and lay on his back in his own bedroom, reading a book about ballistics. He felt himself to be so uneducated that it seemed hopeless even to try to catch up with the ordinary things that people knew.

"Daisy said to give you her love,"



"Ada Louise Huxtable already doesn't like it!"

• •

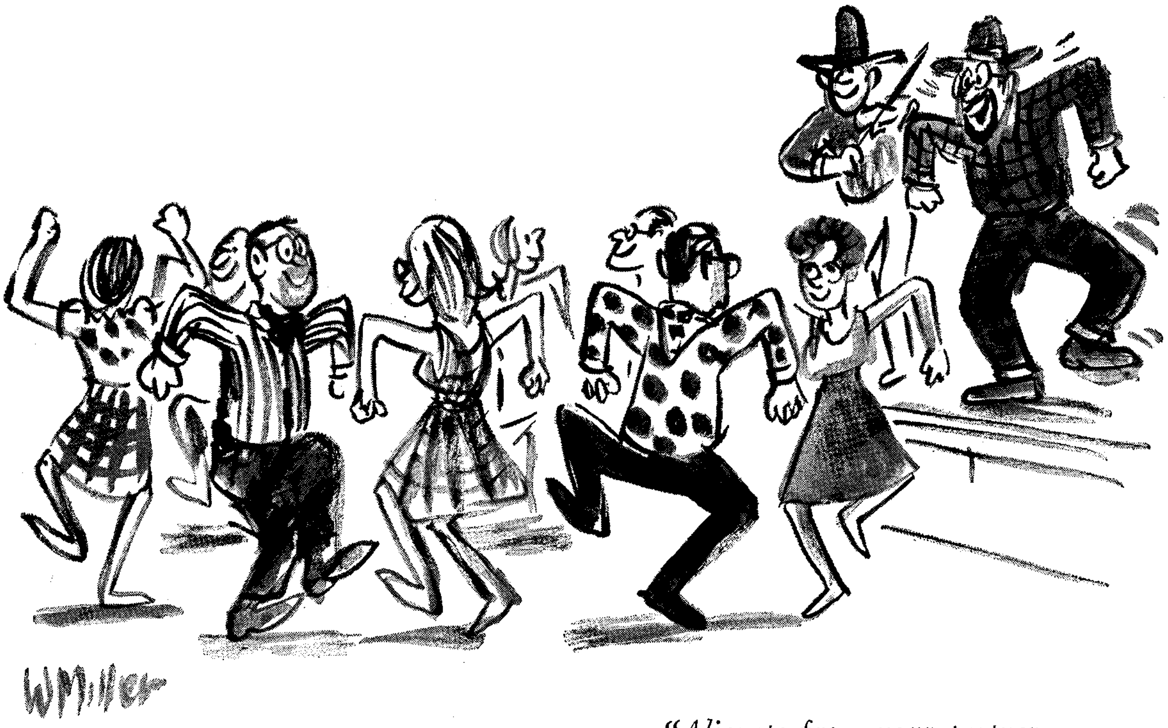
Fred said, coming into the room half an hour later. Daisy was Fred's bird, a freckled teen-ager with red tabby hair whom Arthur had entrusted with a slice of his savings so that she could open a boutique. He often caught himself liking her better than his own girl friend. Perhaps this was because she belonged to Fred, which meant that there was no call to— Oh, all that, he thought, shutting up in his own head. He had a striking decorum even in his thoughts. Fred sat on the end of the bed with his elbows on his knees and his hands hanging down with their knuckles back to back, like a tired football player in a dressing room. He was looking at a beautiful textbook about race horses that Arthur had laid out on the floor.

"She says the shop's raking it in," he said. "She's going to pay you back the loan at the end of the week."

"No hurry."

"You like making people's fortunes for them, don't you?" Fred said.

Arthur immediately started to tell



"Alienate from your partner,
Relate to your neighbor's mate,
Overcome your inhibitions,
And really communicate."

• •

a story about a time in music hall when he had set out to behave less admirably and had cost a theatre manager a packet. After a couple of sentences he went into the present tense, which was a habit he had in speaking of the past, as if it were the plot of some play he was about to do. "So even the performing seals are disgusted with his cheeseparing by now, and that night the lyric soprano breaks one of the hoops of her crinoline in the middle of her best love song because he wouldn't run to proper whalebone, and I take myself aside and say to myself . . ." This was another characteristic that he had: he often talked about himself as if he had custody of someone who needed a lot of upbringing.

"Tell that story to Daisy sometime," Fred said at the end of it.

"You two should get married," said Arthur, scaring himself. His thoughts teetered nastily, and he wondered if he had uttered the possibility in order to ward it off.

"Why don't you marry Peg?" Fred rinsed the old tea out of a cup and poured some Scotch and tap water into it.

"*It mightn't suit the work.*"

"What?"

"We'd be three, and all that." But the same thing was true of Fred's marrying Daisy. "It would be different if it was you and Daisy. I mean, I like her."

"I like Peg."

"Anyway, I'm too fat to get married."

"Don't be so sorry for yourself."

"I'm not sorry. I'm just fat."

"What about King Farouk? He never stopped getting married."

They hadn't spoken like this before. Arthur tightened. Constraint stung his skin like a wave of hornets. The conversation was alien and impossible. At the same time he had the clearest image in his mind of the three of them: Fred, Daisy, and himself, and it was a spectacle of nothing but pleasure. He was hanging his head over the edge of the bed and wondering what to do next when a spring burst in the mattress.

"I still think you should try marrying Peg," Fred said, starting for the door and giving Arthur as sharp a seizure as he had ever had of longing and hatred for an ally who was deserting him to go to sleep. "You could always split up," said his friend. Another ending. A second swarm of enemies attacked Arthur's skin and he swore at them blue murder.

"I've got a new idea for the fall," he said. "I keep the arms still and move off from your downstage shoulder. Your weight's on your back foot, same as before, but now you can brace it better against the step." Peg was all right, but to marry her seemed a deal of foreign new trouble to face for the sake of off-loading the known old pain of loneliness before sleep. He remembered some story about a primitive farmer who discovered roast pork when his house and his pig barn burned down and then imagined that he had to set fire to the place again every time he fancied a bit of crackling. "Hang on to the house," said Arthur, taking himself aside. "Hang on to the house." He lay on his elbow and hip along the top of a bureau, looking more like a Turkish sultan in a harem than he felt. Then he flung himself neatly across to the bed, thinking agreeably of life with Fred and Daisy as he went, and another spring broke. Mankind (me), he thought, mashing up the rest of the mattress because he wasn't going to spend the night braced for a lot of bedsprings to bust in their own time, is idyllic in his intentions, tragic in his fate, and farcical in his functions.

No: *ludicrous*, he thought next morning, when the first thing in his waking head was the image of his sea-lion self with a wife.

FRED and Daisy got married later that year. Arthur was their best man and there were jolly pictures of the wedding in the papers. He took them out on a spree the night before, just the three of them.

"It's a stag night, only with a girl," he said. "You don't want a lot of people, do you?"

Daisy asked Fred privately whether they shouldn't get him to invite Peg. Fred had already thought of it and shook his head.

At the Savoy Grill, Arthur told Daisy that they were going to drink Dom Pérignon. "We've gone off beer since you decided to get spliced," he said, looking at Fred.

"*Fred* hasn't. *We* always drink beer," said Daisy, collaring the "we." Then she regretted it, and touched Arthur's arm and laughed. "I don't know anything about wine. Is Dom Pérignon good?"

"Also very pricey," said Fred.

"That's what money's for," Arthur said.

Fred said, "The only other time he ever ordered it was the night you rang us up in Leeds to say you'd got the house and we could move in by the week we were spliced."

Then Arthur took them to a night club called The Scotch, and made them dance, and thought they looked good together. "Half the room is wearing clothes they've bought from your posh shop," he said to Daisy. "Best investment I ever made was in that place. In fact, the *only* one I ever made."

"Haven't you got any stocks and shares, then?"

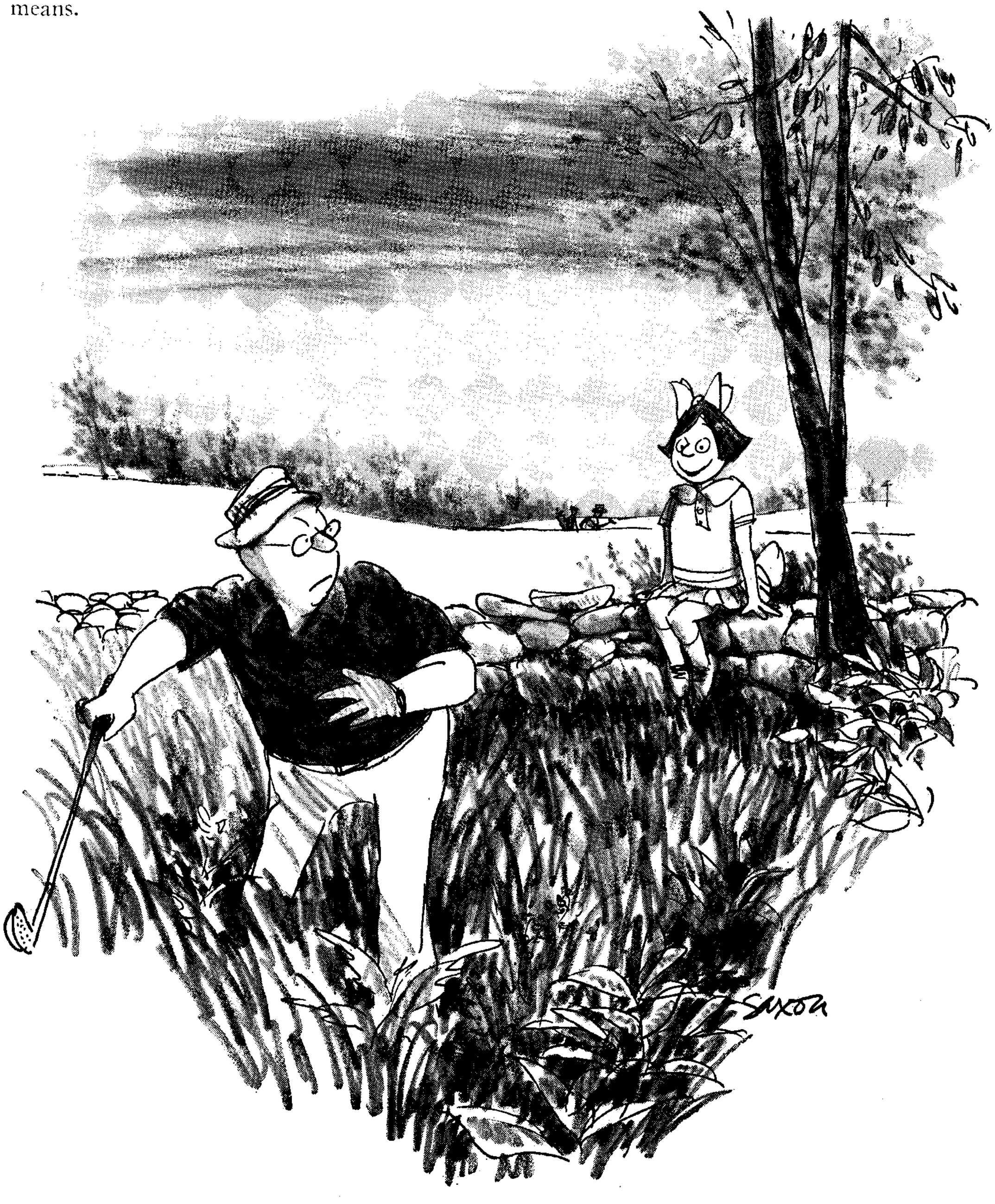
"He hardly even trusts the bank," Fred said. "I know what he means. He'd much sooner keep it in an old pair of tights."

"What you put into the business," Daisy said, "you should have treated it as a loan and let me pay you back the capital. I always thought of it as a loan. Two thousand quid is a lot of loot. You might need it. Or I might go bankrupt."

"I like getting dividends," said Arthur. "The other day I got twenty-two pounds five and six from your accountants. It seems like real money, your dividends. Like getting a wage packet again, instead of voting myself a salary as my own director or whatever it is they make me do."

He saw them off on honeymoon and didn't know what to do with the weeks they were going to be away, until he thought of taking a total-immersion course in Italian. Daisy had once said that the three of them might spend a holiday together next year in San Gimignano. He worked at the course twelve hours a day and found it exhausting but staggeringly easy. Once he was over the edge of extreme fatigue his brain drank up the language by the pint. He thought of startling Fred and Daisy with a flood of Italian when he met them off the boat train at Victoria Station, but at the sight of them his plans fled for excitement. Intruding on a newly married couple sounded a textbook mistake when he surveyed it, but plainly both of them were glad he was there; he could see it in their faces and ran up the platform with joy, not shy at all about the reflection of his hurtling bulk in the glass of a news-agent's stall.

It was a couple of months before he felt in Daisy's way. He tried to find himself a girl to take his mind off it: some new girl, because Peg had gone wrong. He invented engagements when he had nothing to do, and ordered *La Stampa* to keep up his Italian as a surprise for Fred when the present stage was over. Surely it was too predictable that Daisy was going to want to elbow him out; the feelings that existed between the three of them were substantial enough to forbid anything so trite. He started keeping Fred and himself to timetables, so that she knew where she was, and cut out eating with Fred after the show or seeing him in the daytime at weekends. Working together was more enviable than ever, and professionally they seemed infallible. By good luck, they were in the middle of a long stint in London. The next provincial tour was months ahead, and by then Fred would have seen Daisy through whatever was bothering her. Arthur liked her very much, and when he heard from Fred that she was going into hospital overnight to have a minor operation he packed her room with flowers and clownish notes. Fred was jumpy while they were working together the next morning, so Arthur opened a bottle



"You're getting cold."

of Bollinger in their businesslike new office and then took him out to lunch.

"What's she in there for?" he said.

"Children," said Fred.

Arthur changed the champagne to Dom Pérignon. They had two bottles. He looked at his watch. "Is it over yet?"

"I don't know."

"When were they doing it, then?"

"I don't know."

"You don't *know*?"

"She didn't want me to think about it too much. She just went in last night and said she'd be back today as soon as she could. She wouldn't let me take her."

"I understand that," Arthur said. "She knew you'd hate the lousy place. Couldn't she have had it done at home?"

"She doesn't mind hospitals like you do."

They had a brandy, and then another. Arthur saw Fred looking at his watch. "Do you want to go?" he said.

"I don't much want to be at home on my own. She won't be back for ages."

"Let's have a Calvados."

They forgot the hospital and invented a new sketch. The restaurant closed in the end, so Arthur took Fred to Fortnum's and they floated through the food department arm in arm. They ordered chicken breasts in jelly and invalid grapes for Daisy, and grouse in aspic to be sent when she was better. Then they went down the stairs to the wine counter and Arthur bought Fred some port—a lot of port, what the noble-nosed assistant called a *pipe* of port. Arthur told the lordly one that it was to be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, but Fred knew whom it was tacitly meant for, because he had read in newspaper gossip columns about dukes laying down pipes of port when heirs were born.

"Why do you hate hospitals so much?" Fred said when they had dropped into Jacksons of Piccadilly to buy Daisy some out-of-season strawberries that they hadn't thought of in Fortnum's.

"Dunno," Arthur said.

Fred waited and looked at him, knowing that only forbearance might call it out.

"Heart," Arthur said loudly. The morning-coated manager had recognized them and was being proprietary with them in front of a dowager customer. Taking the word—"heart" or "art"?—for a signal of entertainment, he brought his dowager nearer.

CONVERSION

I am already sweeping toward my most
permanent state. "Keith" means "wind," according
to "What to Name the Baby." There is
a paradise promised for those who despise
whatever turns—flesh going sour—and I
have despised it.

But I have been converted. Stock dreams can be
flicked on—the assured voice forming first and
then, slowly, its radiant body—but they fulfill
no wish of mine. All my aerier hopes
have dwindled to a momentary point of light,
disappearing.

Reality is what does not change—i.e., reality
is what does not exist, held desperately.
All my past sins I attribute to a
commerce with angels, someone else's. The
earth brings forth of itself and the rest is only
worth a thought.

Now faces crop out of the most random
inorganic patterns, usually nobody's in particular;
I take them as a less specific, less
beautiful Allegory of Spring. Sometimes,
at night, my head swerves in a rising spiral
of labyrinthine

vertigo, descending only in the arc of sleep.
But I have learned to like the dust I am fed by
winds that shift across an actual world.
I am already what I will be later. And the cycles
shorten. I owe letters to so many, I doubt
that I will ever catch up now.

—Keith Waldrop

• •

Fred, drunk though he was, saw what was happening and pushed Arthur toward the Stiltons. "The old bag's got her ear trumpet out," he said too clearly. "What do you mean, heart? All right, aren't you?"

"You know how it is," Arthur said.

Fred stumbled and steadied himself by putting his hand on a York ham. "Yes," he said. The dowager looked on and smiled and thought courteously about the people. Fred was suddenly felled with booze. "You're all right, though?" he said at last, holding on to a Gorgonzola.

"I always think the old thing's conking out, you see. They keep telling me it isn't, but it's all bluff, isn't it? Doctors. Look at the common cold. They don't even know about that. I mean, obviously I've got it coming. A man of my weight." He focussed on a birthday cake that interested him. "I once saw a film about a girl in love with a man who had a dickey heart," he said. "I think he was a composer. Thin, of course."

"Anton Walbrook."

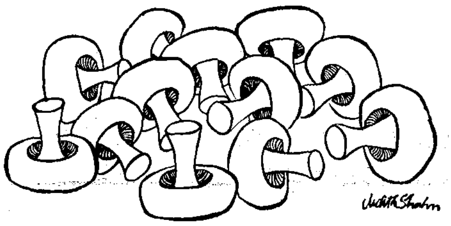
"Can't remember who the girl was. I wish it had been Carole Lombard. . . . I'd like to have married Carole Lombard. Do you remember what we were doing when she was killed?"

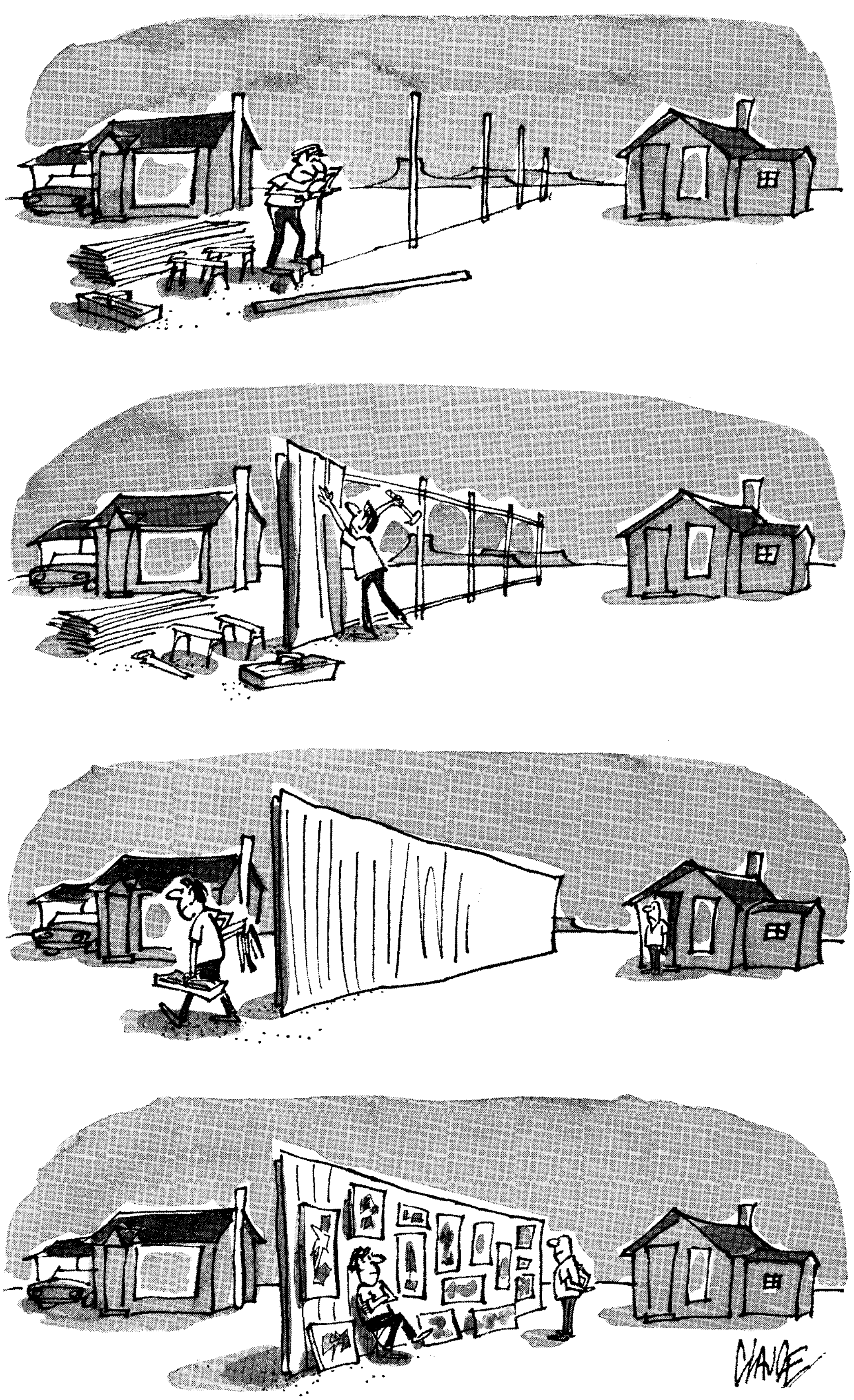
"Bleeding French dictation."

"No we wasn't, it was bleeding basketwork. They was making us make *baskets*, *for the war effort*. Carole Lombard was a nice girl. She had the nicest forehead I ever saw." Arthur thought of her dead, and reacted to a reflection of his own mortal hulk with more sympathy toward it than usual. "Poor child."

"What do you mean, child? She wasn't any younger when she died than we are now."

"But she feels younger, because we've gone on living longer," said Arthur. He glimpsed a fallacy, said





"Longer to *us*, I mean" with a vague interest in nailing it, and then thought the hell with it and bought some very expensive soap. So after that they staggered happily to Hamley's in search of mechanical toys for themselves, and passed a record shop on the way that reminded Arthur of something. "Daft of me not to be able to remember who the girl was," he said, "but I tell you what I do remember. They played the Grieg Concerto every time the composer was going to have an attack."

He hummed and sounded quite at ease, so Fred asked if he would like the record.

"Thanks very much," Arthur said furiously. "I can never hear the damned thing without wanting a cardiogram."

When they got back to Fred's house, it was eight o'clock. They had had tea at the Ritz and drinks at the Café Royal, and then more drinks at Lyons' Corner House in Coventry Street because they were fed up with swish places and Lyons' seemed more like home. They were more than fairly high, merry as grigs, and prepared to go on all night.

Daisy had been back for a long time; she looked white and pinched. "Where have you been?" she said, crying. "I rang everyone. I was out of my mind with worry."

"Shopping," said Fred.

"He didn't think you'd be back for ages," Arthur said protectively.

"You're drunk," she said to Fred, and turned on Arthur. "You've made Fred drunk. How *could* you? When I was in *hospital*." She cried some more. "I came out faster than anyone's ever left before. As soon as I could walk straight, I got out. They said I had to lie down for two hours because I was going to be groggy, but I thought Fred would be worried. I had to get back."

"You shouldn't have done that," Fred said.

"He's only drunk because he *was* worried," Arthur said.

"People should do what doctors say." Fred's voice was acid. "After operations."

"It wasn't an operation. How can you call it an *operation*? It was for a *baby*."

"You're being a soppy date," Arthur said. "Funny, you're not usually."

"Perhaps it's the anesthetic," Fred said.

"Anesthetics can upset people for hours," Arthur said.

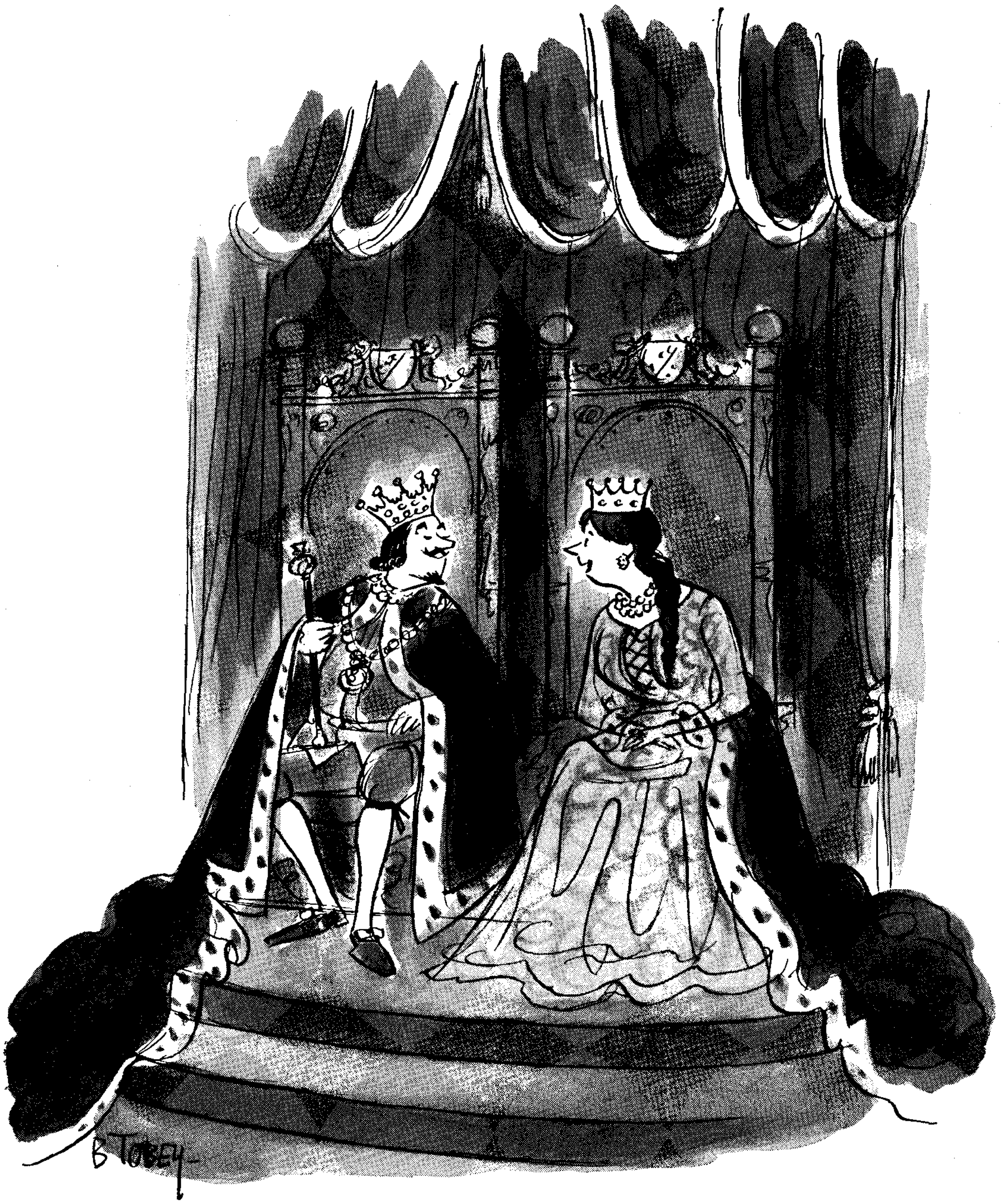
Daisy screamed at them. "Stop ganging up. Even when I've been in *hospital*, for *this*, the two of you gang up."

The humiliation and jealousy that had surfaced in her didn't abate in the weeks ahead, and the prospect of the friends' provincial tour together made her behave like a vixen. She broke up the partnership with exhaustive cunning, prizing Arthur away with weapons of sexual mortification that she knew he would never describe to a living soul, least of all to Fred, because she was Fred's loved wife. She made Fred see himself here only as she described him—as a man who was deliberately making his now pregnant wife unhappy. All the same, he insisted on doing a final tour. He did it because he wanted to, because he wasn't going to be her victim, and because he cared very much for Arthur. The time together wasn't at all the funeral wake it might have been. On the contrary, it was brilliant and buoyant: two months of boon nights. They had actors' temperaments, and they forgot London because it wasn't there. Future separation didn't exist, except when the long arm of the telephone reached into the room.

"It's only for a time," Fred said on the last night of the tour. "We'll give it till the baby's a year old, say. Or six months. Probably she'll be so wrapped up in it she'll feel differently."

DAISY had one baby and then another, and Fred and Arthur did a television series together directly after the first child was born, but a reserve had come between them and their companionship wasn't quite the same. Arthur went back to life alone in his rooms in South Kensington and wondered how to proceed. He dipped into books, but couldn't get his brain to bite. He went to Italy on his own and eventually made himself pick up a girl in Rome, mostly for the sake of having someone to speak his new Italian to, but she thought his intense shyness some sort of perversion and kicked him out. Arthur wandered the streets and ate *pasta* on his own and learned the intricate history of Christian heresy in an Italian-language library. It was plainly not a useful thing for a comedian to do. But then being a comedian was plainly not a useful thing to do either. He came back to England and went on drinking champagne alone, and nerved himself to do a TV series without Fred. The endeavor was professionally abysmal as well as painful, and his money started to run out. Life seemed more exacting than God himself.

Then the Aldwych Theatre suddenly asked him to play Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for the Royal Shakespeare Company. He waited until it was nearly too late, and then set his alarm for the old confident time of the morning and rang up his agent to tell him to say yes. As soon as the offer was accepted, it seemed the clearest piece of luck. Arthur remade his day, for he had let it disintegrate stupidly. His new habit of sleeping on and on to rid himself of as much time as possible and then of staying up drinking alone until very late only left him with none of his natural good time and hour upon hour of his bad. So he started getting up early again, at five or even four, and going into heavy sleep with the waning light. The work ahead began to make him feel over-rested and dangerous, like a fat lion. Every now and then he would walk through Covent Garden fruit market toward the Aldwych to make sure that the theatre was still there. He refrained from ringing Fred up and stored Daisy's dividend checks in a drawer without cashing them, although he could have done with the money.



"Thank you, dear. You're looking very regal yourself."

The rehearsals were as pleasurable as they generally are. The director was a small,

PULLMAN

FOR THE MAN WHO GOES FIRST CLASS AS A WAY OF LIFE

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EAU
DE
COLOGNE
FOR
MEN

Dana

pink-cheeked man with bottle-shaped shoulders and an expression of misleading blankness. He took rehearsals in an ancient overcoat that might have come from Gogol's dustbin. It hung to his mid-calves and he was devoted to it. Instead of talking from the stalls to actors in front of one another, he would always shamble up onto the stage with his peculiar hedgehog gait and take them aside separately. He spoke very shrewdly and at alarming speed, in a low voice that seemed to come from elsewhere; though his lips might be moving in front of Arthur, the shafts of help would sound as if they came from the wings or the orchestra pit. The director had a knack of giving elegant voice to exactly the thought that was currently in poorish shape at the back of Arthur's head, and this was infuriating, though to feel resentment at having your skull so stylishly looted seemed small-minded and a blunder of taste. Halfway through the rehearsals Arthur started to feel anxious, and after nights of floundering he concluded that he should stop trying to put aside what he knew from music hall. Next day, of course, the director shuffled up onto the stage, stopped the rehearsal, took Arthur on one side, and lifted the ass's mask to murmur, fluttering the hairs on the bearded jawbone, "You're cutting yourself off from your technique."

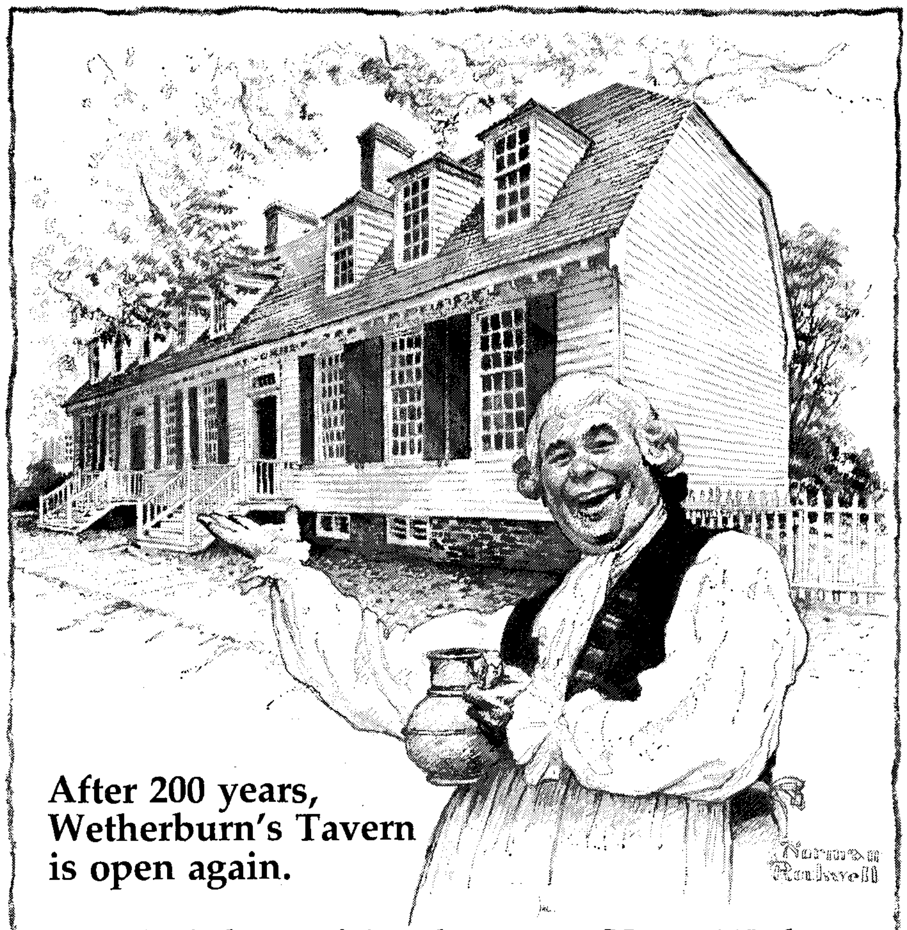
"I know," Arthur said impatiently. "I thought that Shakespeare . . . I mean, I thought . . ."

"Bottom is a music-hall character," said the director over him. "People always make him too pathetic. Try playing him as George Robey."

"Blast," Arthur said to himself. "There goes what I was thinking again."

After a traditionally disastrous dress rehearsal the director came into Arthur's dressing room, which he shared with Flute the Bellows Mender, and said cheerily, "I tell you what, why don't you go back to the awful way you used to do it? Then the production will be integrated because it will be *all* bad."

"I think it's disgusting, him talking like that," Flute said afterward in a thin voice. "As if the conception hadn't got anything to do with him." He slammed down a tin of cleansing cream. Flute was a mirthless man who often used words like "conception," "subtext," and "seminal," and also "Jarry-esque," which appeared to have something to do with a play called "Ubu Roi." Four weeks of being



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With his wife's inheritance Henry Wetherburn enlarged his tavern in 1751 and made it the site of many lively balls.

For years prior to the Revolution, Wetherburn's was one of the most famous of Virginia's taverns. In fact, Henry's arrack punch was so well regarded that a large bowl was once included as part of the consideration for 200 acres of land purchased by Thomas Jefferson's father.

And Wetherburn's was the gathering place for many well-known figures of the day. Washington mentions about 30 visits here.

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Come see these old rooms and passages and feel the colorful, lively spirit which lives again. You'll have a ball.

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Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $24 double; its Colonial Houses, from $15 double. The Lodge, from $15 double. The Motor House, $19-$21 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or call Reservation Offices: New York, CIrcle 6-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; ask operator in Baltimore for Enterprise 9-8855; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Westchester County, Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

cooped up with Flute had taught Arthur that "Ubu Roi" was the most seminal possible thing about funniness, and if it was a book he was prepared to try getting it out of the public library one day.

Arthur looked at Flute's cross face and thought longingly of Fred's horse sense at dress rehearsals. With as much robustness as he could spare, he said that he didn't think the director had meant to be flippant. This added fuel to Flute's chilly little fire, and Arthur's shoulder was given a painful thwack with a rolled-up copy of the *Tulane Drama Review*.

"Comedy should be taken seriously," Flute said.

Arthur grunted a serviceable yes or no, perfected in combat with supercilious wine waiters who had tried to test his strength, or his French, or both.

Cheek, he thought later, with his usual time lag, pouring himself a glass of champagne from the half bottles that he kept in the fridge. He nearly rang Fred up, but he would be seeing him tomorrow at the first night. Then the telephone rang, and the director said he had been very good, and did he like pâté? Because his wife had made dishes of it as first-night presents for the cast, apart from Titania, who was on a diet and would have to be dealt with in some other way. At the idea of pâté in the offing, Arthur's voice leaped like a salmon. "Oh, blow Titania," he said, putting four fingers into his waistband, which was on the loose side at the moment. "Give her the pâté anyway and let her get on with it. She can always hand it on to Peaseblossom or Mustardseed. They both look starving."

"That's their ballet background," said the director.

"You could give yourself a nasty cut on those shoulder blades," Arthur said, suddenly remembering the whole girl subject after his respite from it and feeling unusually breezy. The sight of Fred and Daisy after the first night added to his nerve, and he scooped the skeletal Peaseblossom out of a dressing room full of tulle to take her out to dinner with them. She stayed mute through two rounds of drinks and potted shrimps.

"You *did* have a crush of fans in your dressing room," said Daisy, doing her best.

"Mashed up Mustardseed's wings," Peaseblossom said.

"What?" Daisy asked.

Arthur inquired further and relayed

Your investment success is our business

10,400,000 Americans may be right

Or wrong.

The question arises because a law was passed in 1962 for the specific benefit of self-employed professionals and businessmen, yet up to this time only 100,000 have taken advantage of it. Less than 1% of those eligible. The law being ignored so unanimously is The Self-Employed Individuals Tax Retirement Act of 1962, commonly known as the "Keogh Act," amended in 1967 to provide additional retirement benefits beginning this year.

Why do we bring it up? Two reasons.

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his findings. Her colleague's fairy costume had been badly injured by an admirer who had sat on it.

"What rotten luck," Daisy said, putting on the upper-class voice that she used only when she was feeling guarded. But what about? Not about the sight of me *acting*, thought Arthur; surely not. He asked after Fred's new play and she ran on with unconvincing enthusiasm about a young actress who was going to be in it.

"She's a dish," said Fred. "Only sixteen. We'll all be up for child rape. I don't know whether she can act, but she looks a treat."

"She's the bird with the two Afghans," said Arthur, who had seen pictures of the dogs in the papers.

"She's a fearfully nice girl. Have you met her?" Daisy said graciously to Peaseblossom, who was in contemplation with spaghetti.

"You sound like a royal going round a factory," Fred said. He ladled some of his stew onto Daisy's plate. "Go on, shut your cake hole with that." They laughed together with such intimacy that Arthur had to look away. Then Fred took Peaseblossom off to dance and Arthur gave Daisy an envelope of the uncashed dividend checks, saying that he wanted her to plow them back into the business. She missed the quality of his action altogether, or chose to pretend to, and said crisply, "Oh, you can tear them up, love. I had them stopped ages ago."

When Fred came back to the table, the two old friends suddenly fused and started to laugh, while Daisy had to wait upon them as their natural audience. "This is *the* way things really are, isn't it?" Arthur cried in his head. "It can't have been lost. Dear God, they'll pick their things up in a minute and leave me on my tod with that Peaseblossom. I'm tired, it's not fair. What shall I do with her when she's had enough to eat?" He took her back to her flat in Putney, which was a long way, and she turned out to be keen on cocoa. Arthur left her to a mug of it and a Beatles record.

He began to be asked to act in play after play. There was something awry with directors' reasons for casting him and something unnourishing in the West End audiences' response, but he smothered the knowledge of it. Intellectual reviewers took him up in left-wing papers because of his music-hall background and appreciated him in a way that made him wretched. They wrote as though finding him funny

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were something radical and upright, of a kind with rallying good will toward colored immigrants. One director used him in "Waiting for Godot," and he felt at home in a straight play at last, but unfortunately a critic wrote four hundred words about the Christly nature of the moment when he took his hat off. After Arthur read that paralyzing codswollop, the piece of business became impossible and it was only after Fred rang him up and ribbed him about it that he could manage to get the thing off his head again.

IT was summer, though, and life was working in its careless way. Arthur went to the Kings Road one hot afternoon to buy some sausages at Sainsbury's.

"That's Arthur Moe," said a young man on the street outside. He looked like a male model.

"So it is," said his girl friend.

"Ask him for his autograph, then."

Arthur was used to people talking about him in his presence as if he couldn't hear. It made him feel as if he were a television set. The man long-sufferingly tore apart a paper bag for him to autograph, shoved it into his hand, and said furiously, "Haven't you even got anything to write with?" Arthur's affability began to be tinctured with a faint new sarcasm. He asked them into Sainsbury's, borrowed a pencil from the sausage assistant, and wrote his name on the paper bag.

"Phony writing," the man said severely.

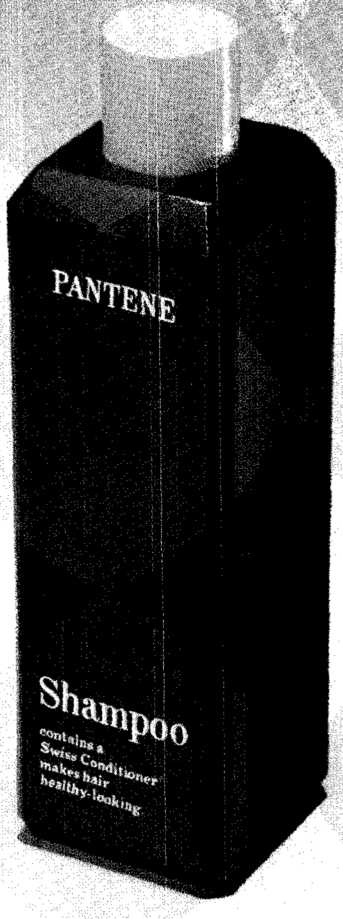
"What?" said his girl, leaning over his shoulder to look.

"I said *phony*, not *funny*. I haven't laughed at him for years."

Arthur bought two pints of Devonshire cream as an act of aggression. Life being what it is, he thought, one dreams of revenge. He came out into the sun and wondered what next. Defend myself! I'm fed up with my place. I'd like a cat. A man must have somewhere to go.

Then he saw a wonderfully pretty girl who had obviously been watching him for a long time. It was Sukie, Sukie something, the nymphet Fred was working with; he knew her by the Afghans.

"You were even cooler than Fred," she said, laughing at him admiringly and leaning her two dogs against her as if they were supporting a fine book. He was glad she thought he had been cool. He decided not to wipe his face, which had started to run in its usual sleepy-fruit way, because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to do so might have destroyed the impression.

"Come home and have a drink," she said. "You're not playing tonight, are you?" She imparted her knowledge of him so agreeably, and her kneecaps looked so trustworthy, that the glancingly unkind afternoon improved out of all recognition. He had an obscure faith that he was in the presence of some tributary of Fred's staunch temperament. They walked to her car: two lean and amazing dogs, one lean and amazing girl, and the old bladdery wineskin. Oh, well. Oh, hell. She bought a choc-bar ice cream on the way, and this immediately gave him the illusion of proxy license that he always felt upon seeing the thin and flawless elude the rules. Indeed, he even had a buccaneering moment when it seemed to him that to have a choc-bar himself would do the trick of making him exactly like her. So he bought one. Her car was a red M.G. with the hood down, parked closely; there was room for her to get in, but not for him. She realized this openly and laughed at him in the sun, saying that the Afghans couldn't manage it either, and her blatant flirtatiousness fuelled him to perform one of his music-hall leaps over the back of the car into the bucket seat.

"Fred never told me you did that sort of thing."

"I don't usually. Not in private life."

"He said you were shy. Do it again." She really was a child. O.K.: one more when we get home and that's all before bedtime, he thought, facing the fact that bedtime was probably all too literally what she had in mind. Well, in that case, he told himself, there are ways of quieting kids down. Meaning no when you say it, for instance, and hot-milk drinks.

"Not here," he said maturely. "I'll do you one more when we get to your place." Her chin was shaped like a baby's heel.

She gave him a Coke out of a fridge that held caviar, half-empty tins of sardines and water chestnuts, and medicine bottles for the dogs. There was also a cold-cream jar containing marijuana jam. The drawing room was full of rugs that looked upsettingly as if they had been made from earlier Afghans. She sat on one of the longest-haired mats, draped the dogs around her, and catechized him about Fred with an insistence that he took for childishness. He tried asking her about herself, but she had a knack of averting his questions with an apparently bashful stammer, looking at him with kohl-lined eyes that rolled around like the globules in a bricklayer's balance. Her beauty was so startling it mysteriously approached the comic. Arthur found the reasons for this unfathomable, but took it that they had to do with a comparison to his own looks. The sight of her bare toes made him feel slightly religious. When she wanted not to reply to something, she would lift her ravishing upper lip over her opened teeth in a way that put him alarmingly in mind of a horse wanting to be bridled. He grew very hot and thought that he was probably looking runnier than ever, but felt it would be courting horse trouble to take off his jacket. She was wearing schoolboy shorts herself, and what seemed to be an eleven-year-old's prep-school cricket blazer. Her hair was in a single pigtail tied with a black bow, like one of Nelson's sailors. Merely to connect her with the Battle of Trafalgar liquefied him a little further because it moved him. He assumed the pigtail to be her own, but it wasn't. When she came back from changing, her haircut was a boy's, except that it had newborn-looking curls at the nape of her neck, which knocked him out for a bit. He went into her giant bathroom to take his mind off things and stood there awhile between her mirrors, thinking not particularly of how he looked himself but mostly of the inflections that she had caught from Fred, and also of how it must feel to be this negligently perfect child, who had obviously never in her life spent herself combatting a flaw.

"You shouldn't wear a switch, you know," he said when he came back. "Your own hair's nicer."

"It's fun, that's all. It's boring to be the same all the time."

"When you're as pretty as you are, you should leave yourself alone."

She wavered her eyes at him, but he wasn't going to hand her anything more, for she knew perfectly well she was pretty. Not that her vanity took

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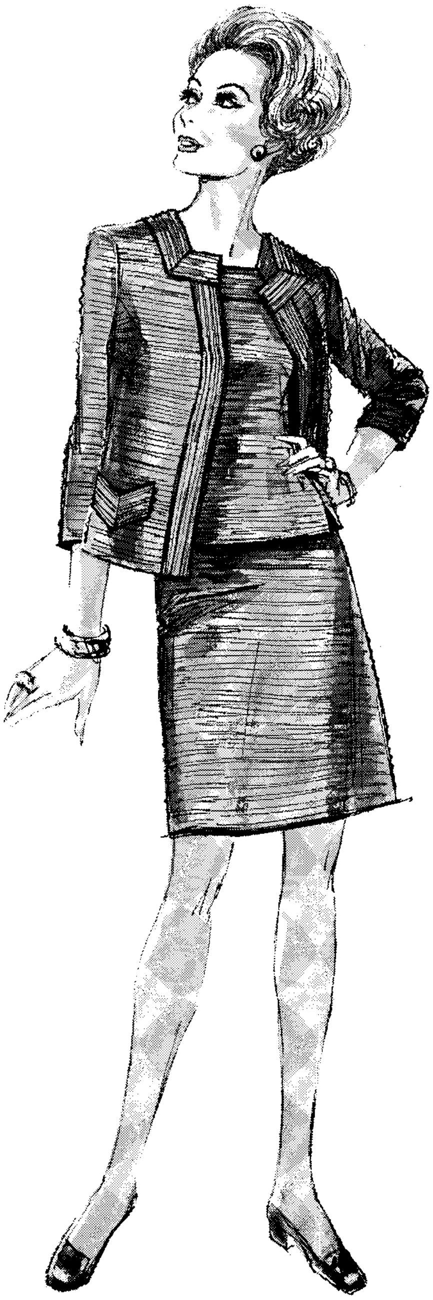

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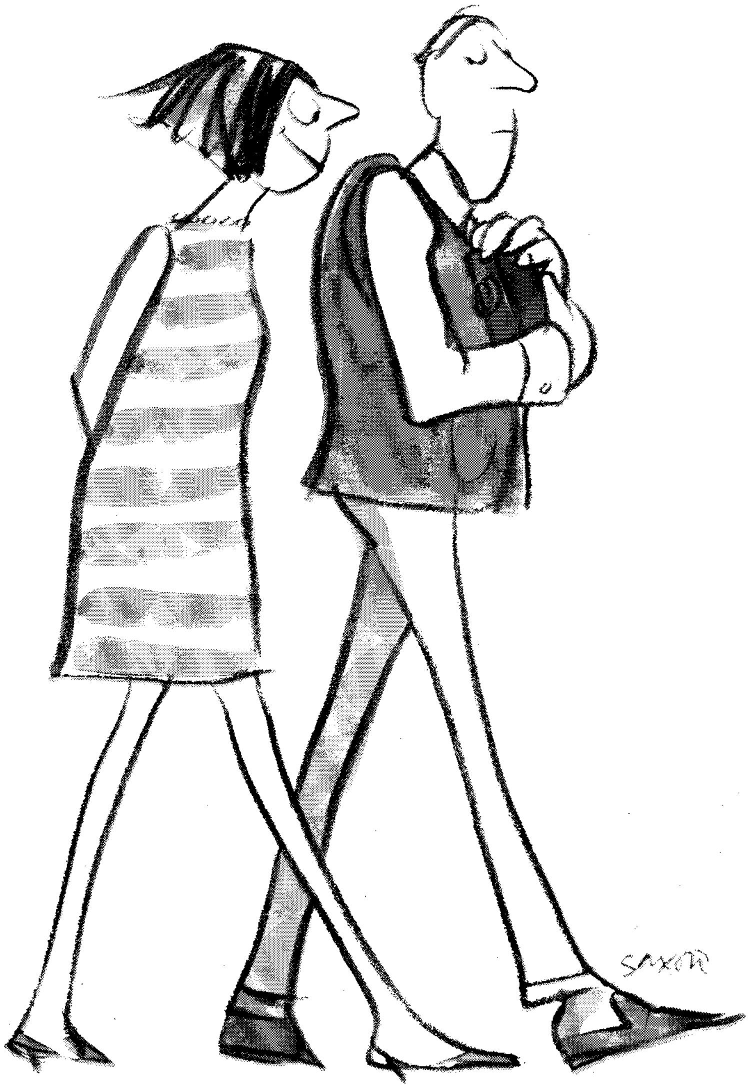

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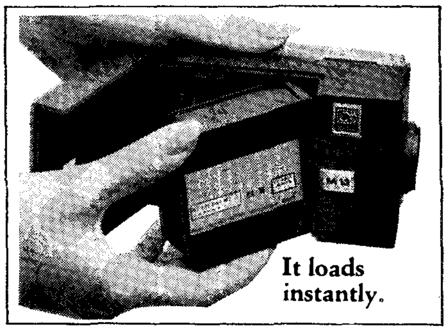

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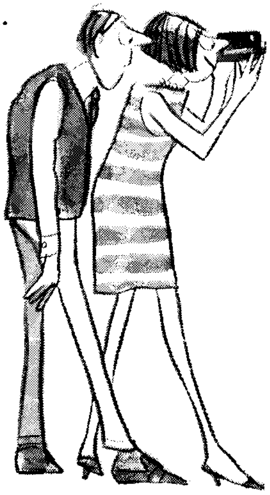
So men, if you don't want your wife always borrowing your Kodak Instamatic movie camera, there's only one thing to do. Get her one of her own.



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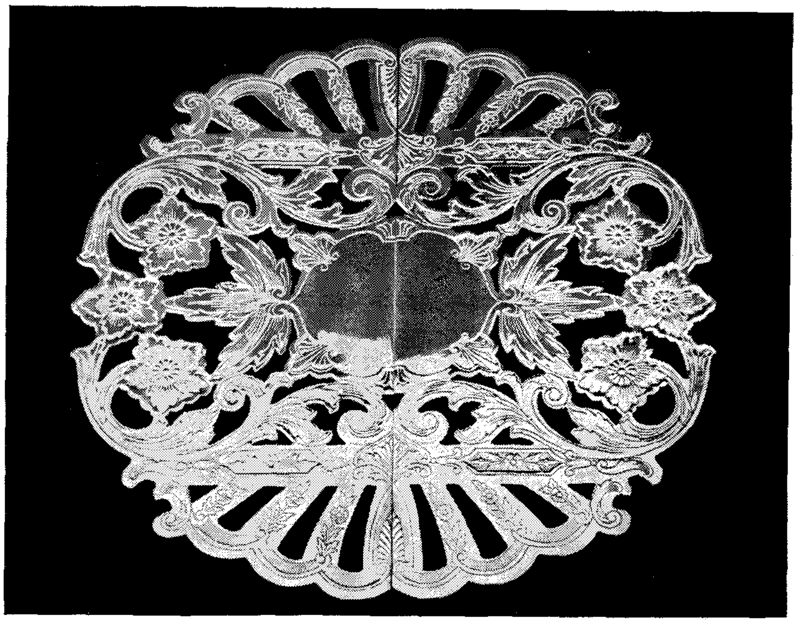

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away from her; in some eerie way that he didn't relish, her self-absorption even made her harder to withstand. He found himself thinking solemnly about her bone structure, going on and on about it in his head, but put a stop to that because his thoughts sounded like the conversation of fashion photographers.

"Promise me not to wear a switch again," he said, after a fool's pause.

"Why? That's the whole *point* of living now. We can change ourselves. We can be anyone we want." She read too much newsprint, perhaps. "I've got dozens of wigs. I suppose you think that's frivolous of me. But I get so bored with myself. Don't you? What I mean is, you can choose now in the mornings whether you're going to be Marie Antoinette or a plumber's mate. As far as your hair's concerned, I mean. Or you can learn something. Like, er, Spanish. Anything. Shorthand. You can decide to have kids or not. You can be fat or thin. You just have to know what you want. Of course, it doesn't matter for a man about being fat. Women don't mind that sort of thing in men. I'd kill myself if I was fat." She poured a glass of Perrier water for herself and asked if he would like to smoke some pot. "If I was fat I simply couldn't stand it."

He watched her as she moved around the room. She was smoking her joint with quick snatches of breath, like a swimmer doing the crawl. He forgot for a moment that it was pot and thought of nicotine, and then of cancer, cells in delirium, the inroads that living would make one day even on this varnished little icon of the exempt: the flab of tiredness, children, overwork, sitting up too late at night listening to people, indulging buoyant childish appetites as a device to sustain good nature against foreshadows of the senile self.

"I hate Daisy, don't you?" said the little beauty, sitting cataclysmically on his knee, with a baby sparkle hard to tell from old-age mischief.

He put his huge right hand on her polished gold kneecaps, because it suddenly looked ridiculous lying around on the arm of a chair, and said, "No."

"Tell me about Fred. No. Tell me later, when we're in bed. I'll cook us some shepherd's pie. I'm a super cook. Did you know that? Fred told me you used to have shepherd's pie three or four times a week when you were in music hall. He said you liked it best the way they did it in Derby. Fred's a smashing man, isn't he? He's taught

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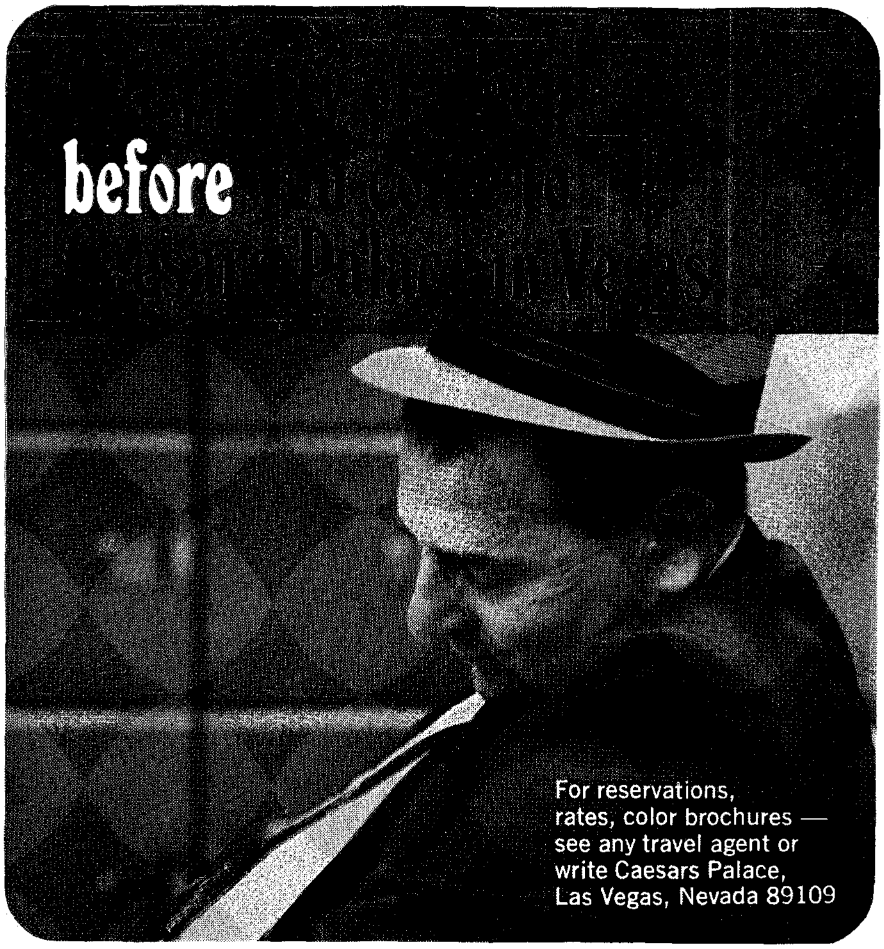

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me everything. I even feel I know all about you. I mean, I know about your mother the harpist, and your father, and why you're called Arthur, and about the way you can fall. I wasn't really surprised when you jumped into the car like that, you know. I wanted you to." She was a witch, then, because he had never before in his life done such a thing with a girl in the street. She must have put the idea into his head herself: pinned it onto the back of his mind, like one of her flaming hairpieces.

The room was full of photographs of her. He looked at them. There was one of her dandling a baby, and he took it into the kitchen to her.

"It's my godchild," she said. "I adore babies. I'm going to have eight."

He looked at the back of her knees, nearly fainted with the beauty of them, and went into the drawing room again to convalesce, holding the photograph on his big lap. What was she doing? He couldn't see his way. He seemed to have become her creature, though she was the one on a drug supposed to make her passive. The cadences of Fred in her speech were cruelly deluding. She struck him now as perilous and avid, and he had the sensation of going into a skid. He looked again at the photograph, and recognized at last that the baby who looked familiar was Fred's. No, Daisy's, with the child in the kitchen as her surrogate mother.

"How on earth did you get this?" he said. "It's Daisy's kid."

"I want Fred to see it." She smiled gaily, and a freezing wind howled in his guts.

"You need locking up."

"We'd better get on with it if you're going to be nasty, hadn't we? What a waste of my beautiful cooking. Still, I'm not really hungry. Are you?" She came and kissed him like an anteater, and he went out of the door. "You're frightened of me, aren't you?" she shrieked at him. "Come on, we could have fun. I think you're nice. I think you're attractive." He went down the stairs, and she stood at the top of them screaming. "I admire your work. Help, I'm falling."

"Hang on to the doorpost, then." He hesitated. She had certainly gone ashen, but it was probably pique. "Go to sleep," he said. "Have something to eat and go to sleep. It was a bad idea, that's all. And leave Fred and Daisy alone."

"I'll kill myself."

As soon as he got home, the telephone was ringing and she told him

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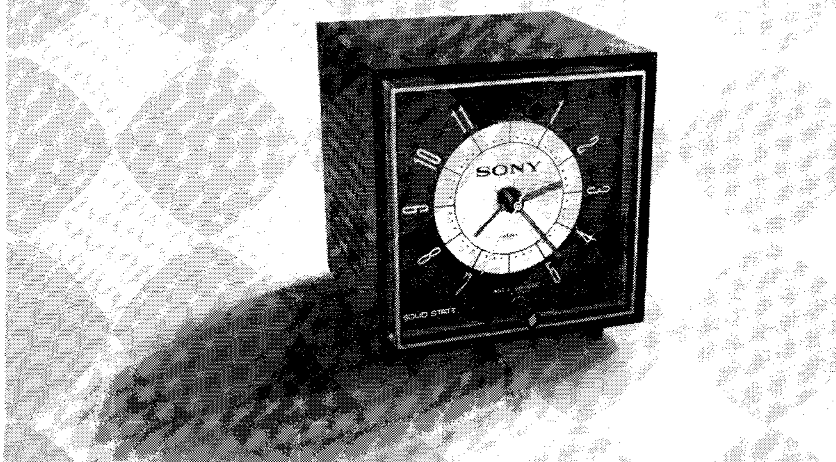

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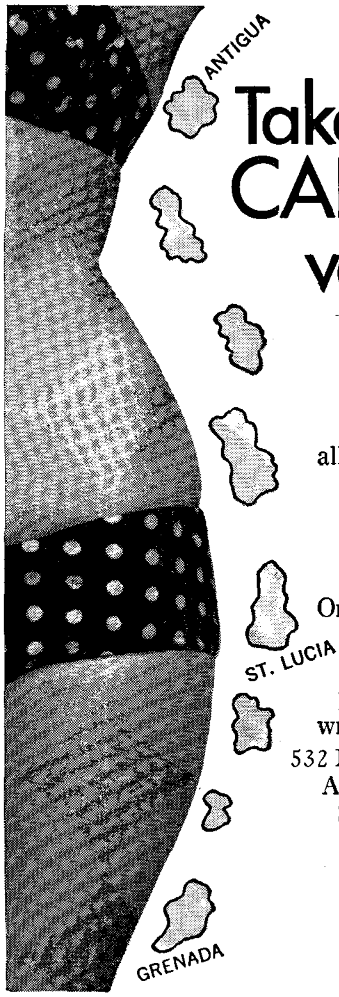

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the same thing many times. "I'll kill myself."

"Where did you get my number?"

"From Fred."

"What've you done to him?"

"I'll kill myself if you don't come back."

"Eat your nice shepherd's pie and lay off. I've got to work tomorrow."

"So I'll never see you again."

"All right, I'll take you out to lunch one day."

"You don't love me. Mine's Flaxman 9424. You grab what you can get and then you desert me."

"Don't talk such bollocks. We've only just met."

"I can't bear being deserted. I won't have it. You're just like Fred. If you don't come back I'll take the whole bottle."

"You mean you did this to *Fred*."

"I can't stand it—I'm taking them—I'm giving them to the dogs. . . ."

She made her voice fade and left the receiver knocking against a table leg. Arthur listened carefully and heard her tiptoeing away. An hour later he dialled the number, but it was still engaged. The night seemed the longest he had endured. He sat for many hours in front of a mirror, moving his joints, detecting stiffness in a knee, juggling with cakes of soap to see if he could still do it. He was rehearsing Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night" and the lines had fled; what he hung on to was the physical business, and when he did some of it to the mirror it seemed poor stuff for the old Living Boomerang. "I am not doing what I ought to do," he kept saying to himself. Was Fred free of that girl? He tried to reach her again, and told the operator to put the howler on the line because the phone was off the hook, but the girl said reprovingly that it couldn't be done in the middle of the night in case it woke people up. "It might be an emergency," Arthur said, though he didn't believe it. Then he got out his old square-toed athlete's shoes and practiced falls onto the bed. His heart seemed to be beating too hard, and he started to test his twenty-twenty eyesight by leaping with alternate eyes closed. He thought the right one seemed weak. Perhaps it was tiredness. *I am not doing what I ought to do.*

The next day the press was onto him. Sukie had been rushed to hospital after taking an overdose of sleeping tablets, and she had left an incriminating love letter to him. It was printed next Sunday in one of the gutter tabloids. There were also photographs of

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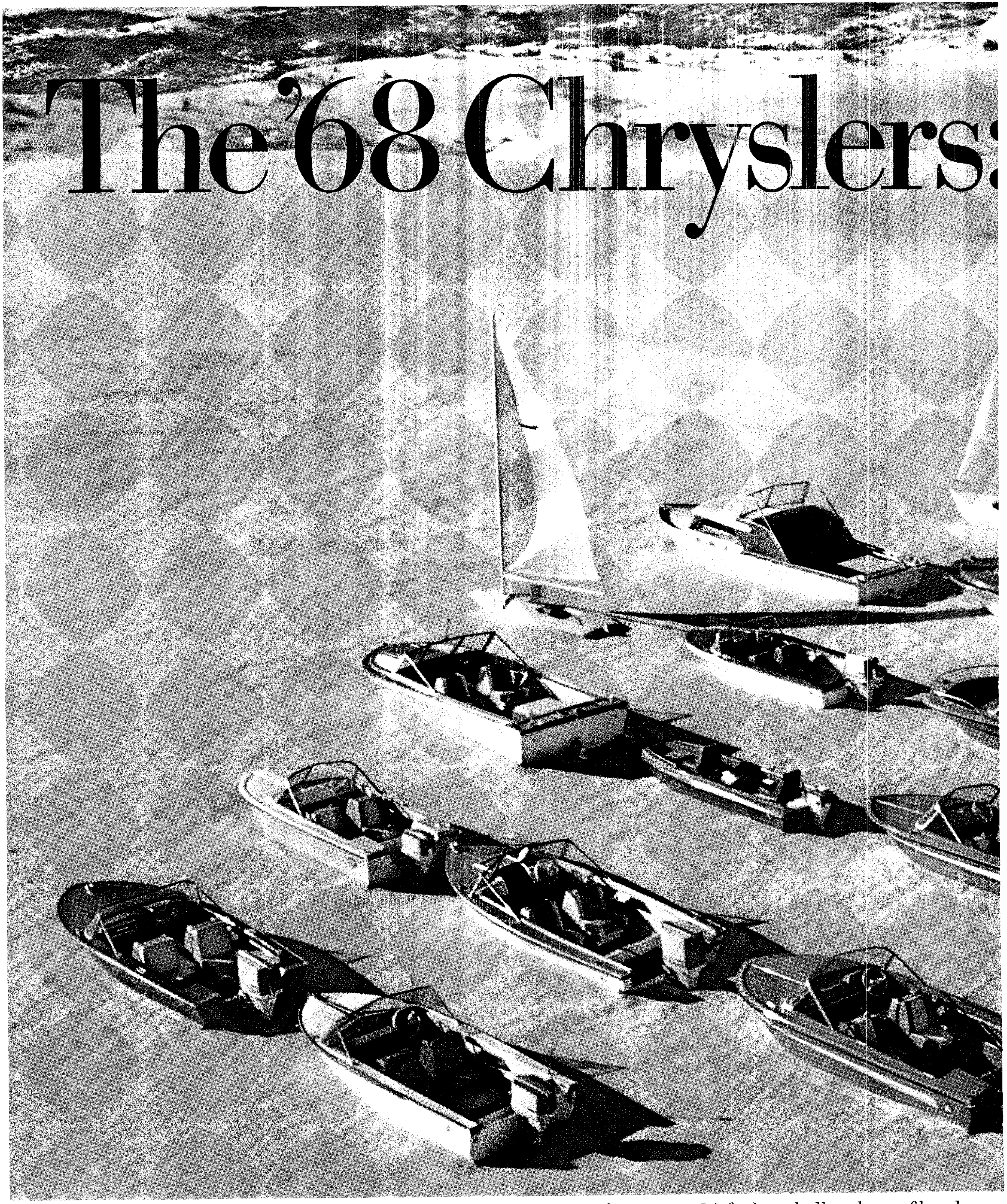

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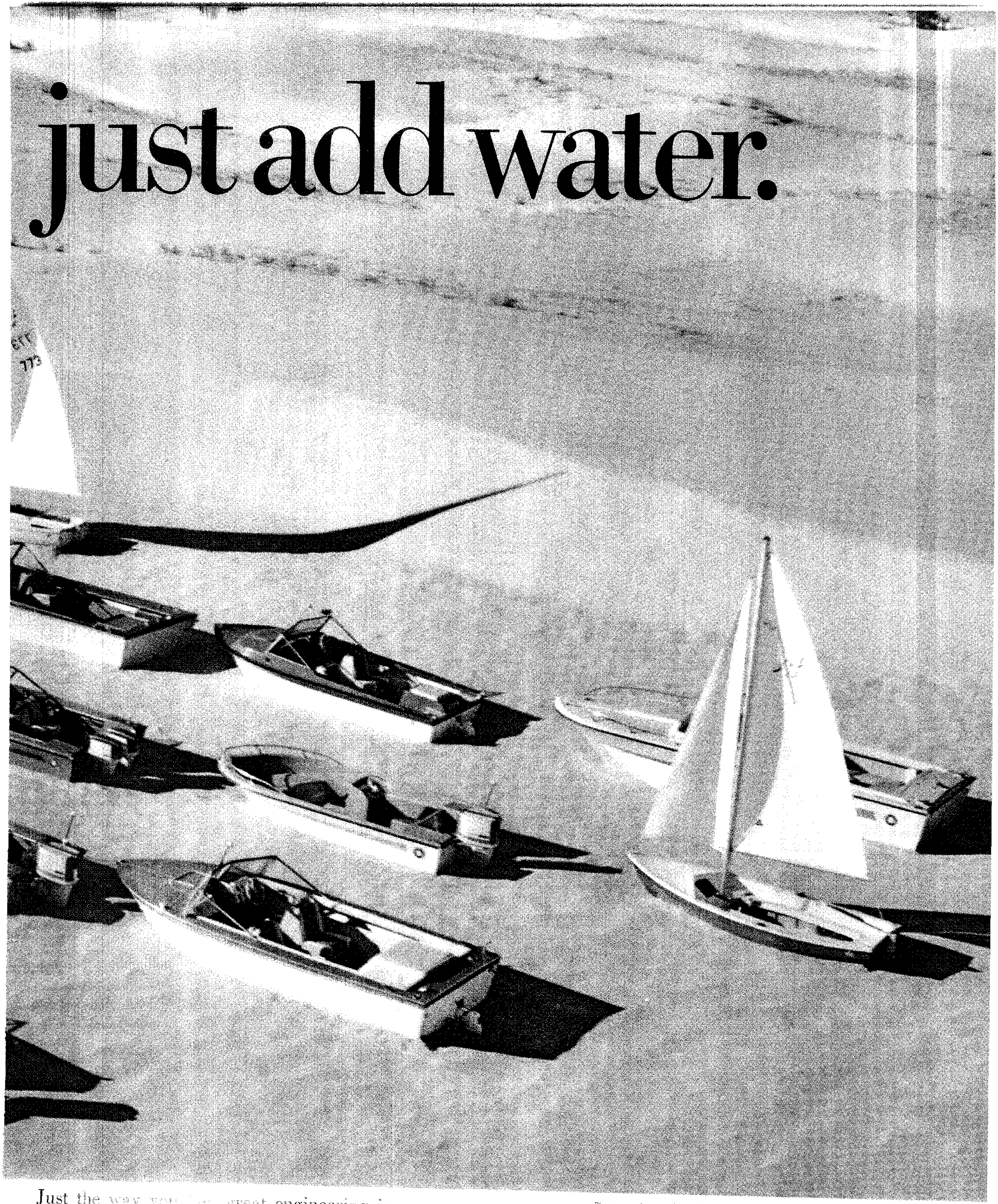

Photographed at Monahans Sandhills State Park, Texas

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himself, and of her bedroom as the police and reporters had found it, with the two Afghans poisoned on the floor.

Sukie recovered, and there were no charges to be brought, but she was a favored public child as well as a minor and something stuck. After he opened in "Twelfth Night," Arthur was hissed by a crowd of women waiting for him outside the stage door. It happened again, out of the blue, a few days later in Oxford Street. He thought of something he had read once about Fielding, who had heard the watermen at Rotherhithe mocking his body when it had grown ugly with the dropsy.

Fred understood Sukie's vengeful ruse, and most people could have guessed it if they had cared to, which they didn't. Often it isn't the truth that punishes but what's believed. After a fortnight, Fred saw what was likely to happen and went to a lawyer whom he trusted. "The girl's practically a nut. Can't he make a statement?"

"It'd do more harm than good."

"You think it'll die down?"

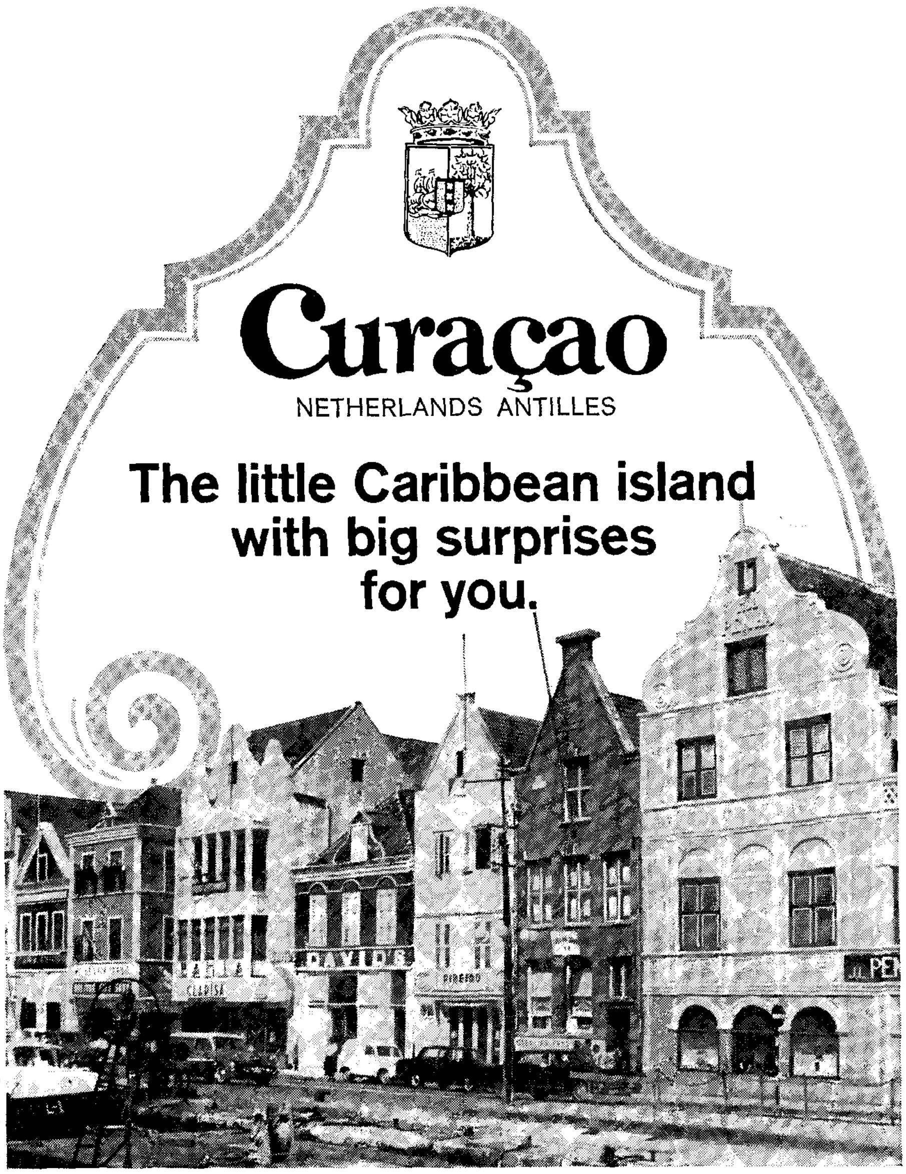
The lawyer looked out the window. "You know what I really think? His weight will damn him. He'll become a monster."

ARTHUR survived. Defeat was too great a compliment to pay to society. He merely changed. He started to smoke incessantly, carrying around a cigarette box as big as a biscuit tin. He lost so much weight that he wore two suits, one on top of the other, because he despised the sign of toll.

I'm the kind you can trample for a
  time,
But then I quit.
God hear,
That's it.

He woke up in the middle of some night with this composed in his head. He had practically no money left in the world, but he went on drinking champagne on credit. After he had been out of work for months his telephone rang and a manager asked to see him. In his office the manager said that he thought he might have a part going, and then looked at Arthur for a long time. Arthur looked back grimly. "No," the manager said. "It isn't for you. But keep in touch." Arthur left without a word. What had he been expected to do? Go down on his knees?

Fred was killed in a car crash at the end of the year. By that time Arthur had started again as near as possible to the place where he had begun. He played in workingmen's clubs in the North of England. They didn't pay



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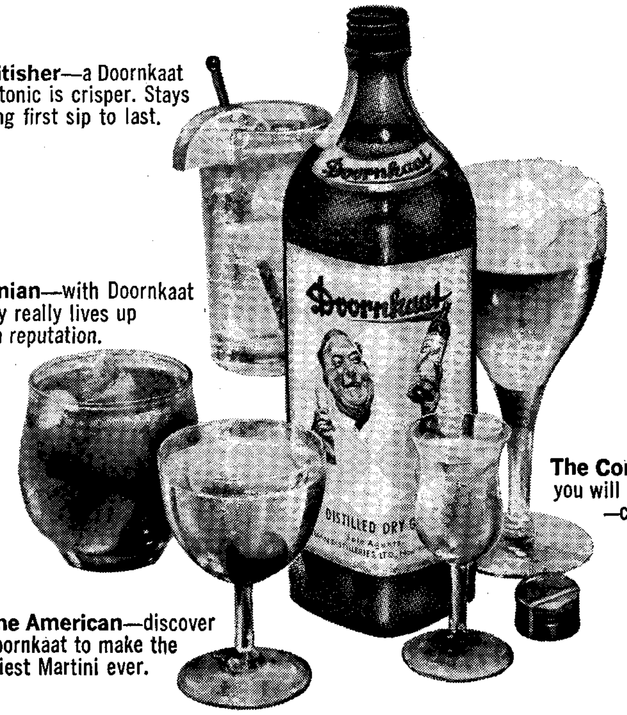
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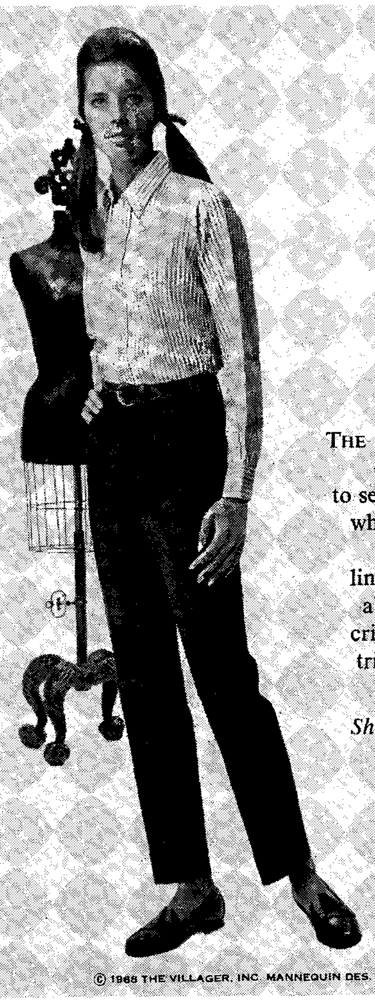
Thoughtful

THE VILLAGER® Collector has a nice way of doing things. She remembers to send birthday cards to aunts; she calls when you aren't feeling well; and she keeps sweet lavender in her linen closets. She's just as thoughtful about the way she dresses. To wit, crisp cotton baby twill slacks and a tri-color striped shirt in go-together VILLAGER colors. Sizes 6 to 16.

Shirt about $7.50, slacks about $16 at good stores and college shops. Shoes by The Villager®

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much, but they were more like the old music halls than anything left in the South. With an enjoyment that came back as soon as he started to work, he invented a solo routine that was deliberately and taxingly physical. The audiences at the first show of the evening were sparse but hair-raisingly alert. The second houses were packed, but the people were generally too drunk to pay much attention. The roaring, boozing Saturday nights were always great.

Daisy found him by telephone in Harrogate with the news of Fred's death and asked him to identify the body for her. She seemed to be asking not so much to save herself as because of some instinct for the men's friendship. Arthur flew to London and stayed in the police morgue a long time with the body that he knew as closely as his own, thinking of Fred's splendid good nature, his tough-mindedness, and his humor about the absurd and even the terrible. Daisy let Arthur pay for the funeral, although she knew he had no money. His choices were old-fashioned and lavish, with a full choir and more flowers than he could possibly afford. The bills came on the morning of the burial, and he suddenly drew them from his pocket during the service, opening them without knowing what he was doing. He crushed them in his hand as he passed the coffin and shouted at the lid, weeping, "Even when you're dead you cost me too much." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

DEAR MR. R——:

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We're beyond help; our stuff is too ungrammatical.

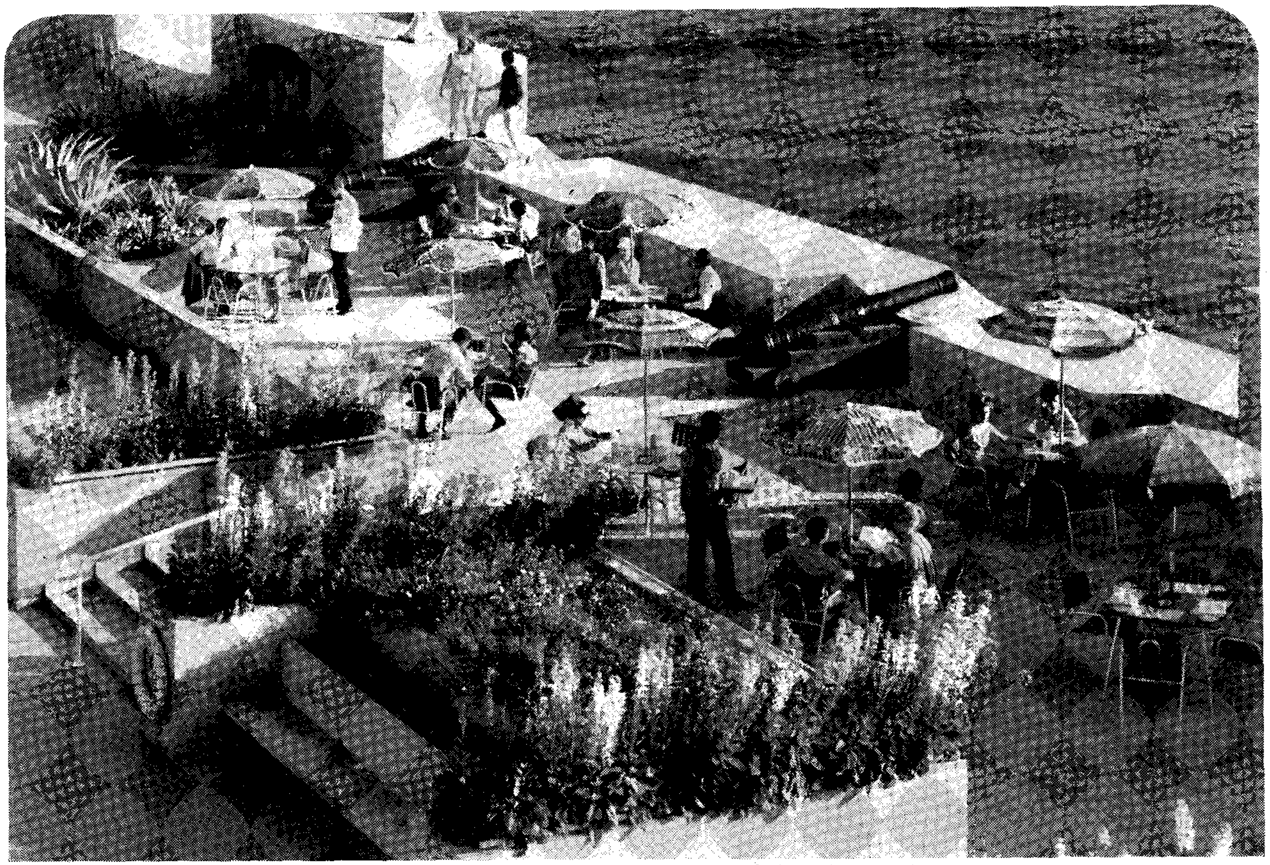
•

SECOND MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Scarsdale Inquirer*]

CORRECTION

The location of the luncheon given for Walter Puff on his retirement from the Scarsdale Waste Department was incorrectly identified in last week's Inquirer. The Inquirer regrets this error.



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And there are 9 other swinging reasons.

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San Salvador—El Salvador Inter•Continental
Barranquilla—El Prado Inter•Continental
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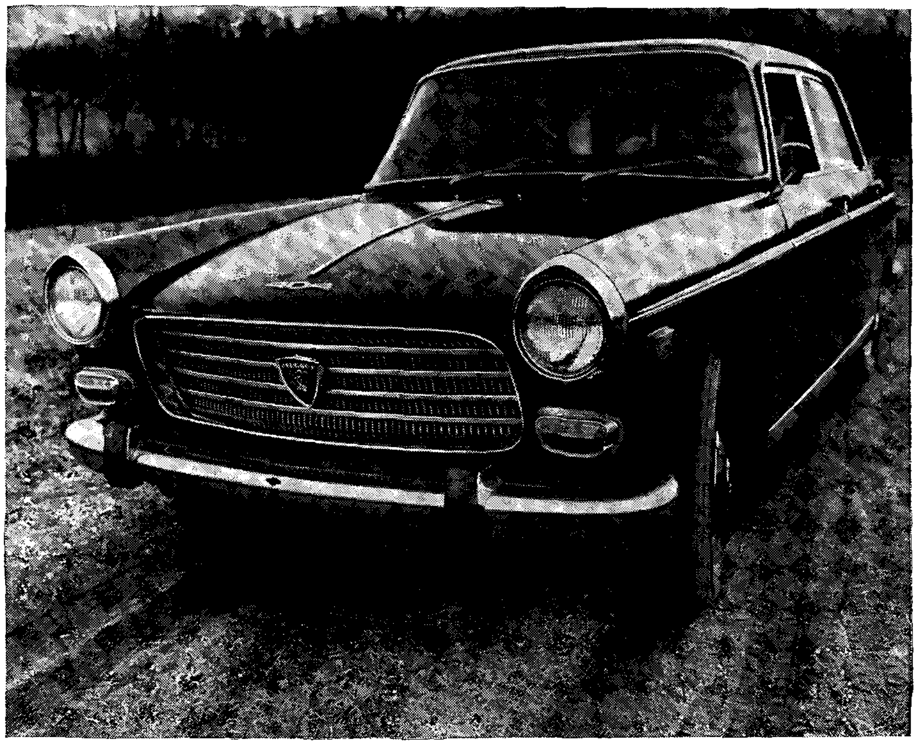

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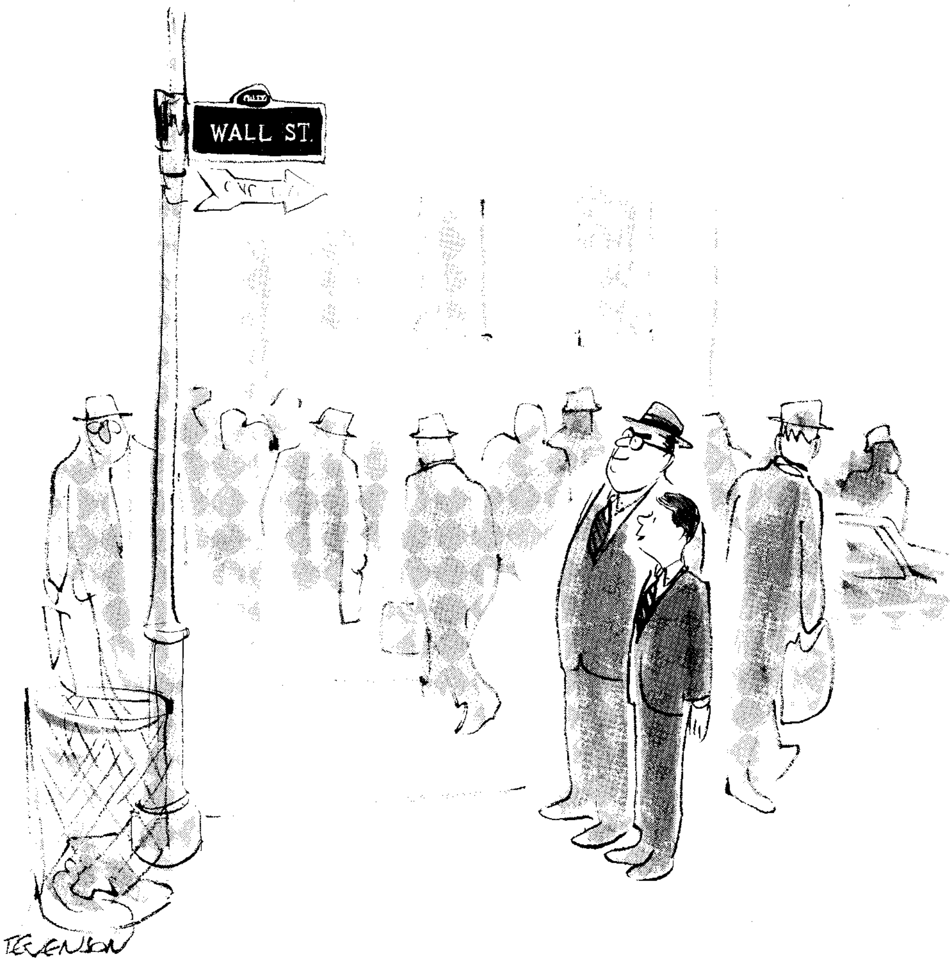
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"DADDY GOODNESS," at the St. Marks Playhouse, is the final production this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, which, to put best news first, with each production shows further signs of actually being a company. The play, however—a collaboration between the late Richard Wright and a French dramatist named Louis Sapin—seems more a sketch, or a series of notes, for a play than the real thing. It is about a religious cult, and it could have been suggested by the story of Father Divine and his followers. The opening scene takes place in a graveyard on the outskirts of a large city. A young man pushing a borrowed wheelbarrow brings in the body of a crony of his, Daddy Goodness, whom he plans to bury secretly, since there is no money for a funeral. He is shortly joined by a number of outraged citizens, among them—and perhaps the most outraged of all—the owner of the wheelbarrow, a fellow named Thomas. There is a skirmish, the barrow tips over, and the corpse rolls out, sits up, and blinks. He was, it appears, not dead but dead drunk. Thomas, a promotional type, sees endless possibilities in this trivial resurrection. Appointing himself chief disciple (and company manager), he proclaims that the Lord has returned to earth in the body of the late Daddy Goodness, and they are in business. Except for an epilogue, again at the graveyard, the rest of the action takes place at the headquarters of the new cult. Thomas is in charge. Daddy Goodness, sober and dressed in a white robe lined with scarlet, picks as his "angels" three sexy, pretty girls, each of whom has been tied up with one of his friends. "Spread joy!" becomes the password, and soon there are thousands of Joy Spreaders. Money pours through a slot in a wall into a bin underneath. There is talk of soup kitchens and workshops and miracles, and there is considerable bustle of one kind or another.

The play as a whole is a feeble affair, lacking satiric, comic, and dramatic force. There is a plot of sorts, and a climax that comes when Daddy Goodness, learning that a young man engaged to one of his angels has committed suicide, tries to stop the movement and is attacked by his own followers, but the dramatists have missed every opportunity to explore, to cut beneath the surface of, a fascinating subject, frittering it away instead in small, amusing scenes, many of which, it must be said, *are* amusing, but which add up to a kind of ambiguous blur, uneasily tinged with piety and sentimentality. The character of Daddy Goodness—an innocent, friendly soul who at times just plays along with the hoax and enjoys his celestial harem, and at other times almost accepts the divine role assigned him—is so shallowly drawn that even Moses Gunn, who is as good as they come, cannot quite bring him to life. Mr. Gunn's horror and emotion at the news of the suicide do, however, make the one arresting moment of the evening. There are many merry and shrewd, if non-arresting, moments, though, and the show moves briskly under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. The members of the company in supporting roles do well, and I especially admired Clarice Taylor as Daddy's pious, skeptical sister; Denise Nicholas as a whore turned angel; David Downing as the young man who kills himself; Mr. Ward as the wily Thomas; and Richard Mason in the tiny part of a postman.

During its first season, the Negro Ensemble Company has presented a German play ("Song of the Lusitanian Bogey"), an Australian play ("Summer of the 17th Doll"), an African play ("Kongi's Harvest"), and now a Franco-American play, in as many different styles. Each of the productions has had its shortcomings, but together they make an adventurous beginning that promises wonderful things to come. If ever a troupe was on the right track, it is this one.
—EDITH OLIVER

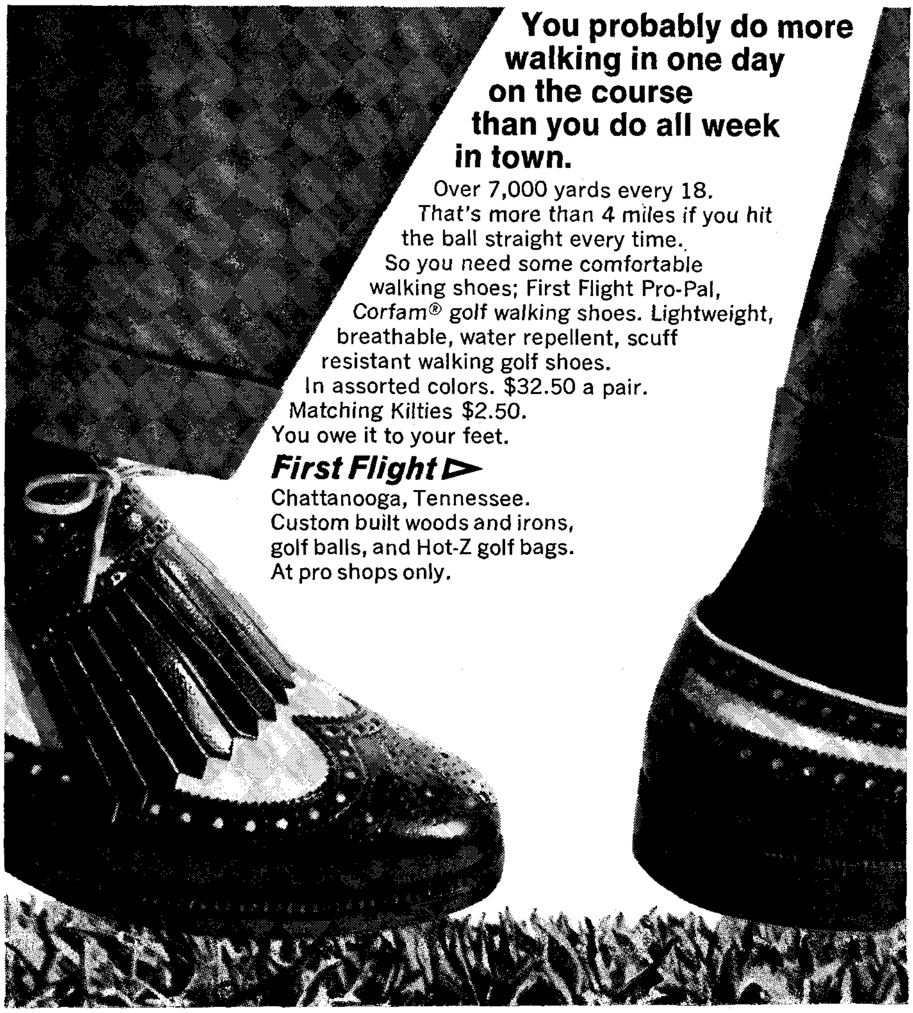


"Gosh, Pop!"

●

Miss Toni Jost, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francois Jost, is seated in an authentic Louis XIV armchair, one of a pair purchased in Paris by her parents. She is holding an 1829 Latin edition of Julius Caesar by Bello Gallico.—*Photograph caption in the Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) Courier.*

Bello was Paul's grandfather.



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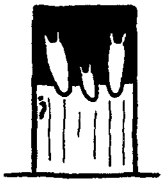
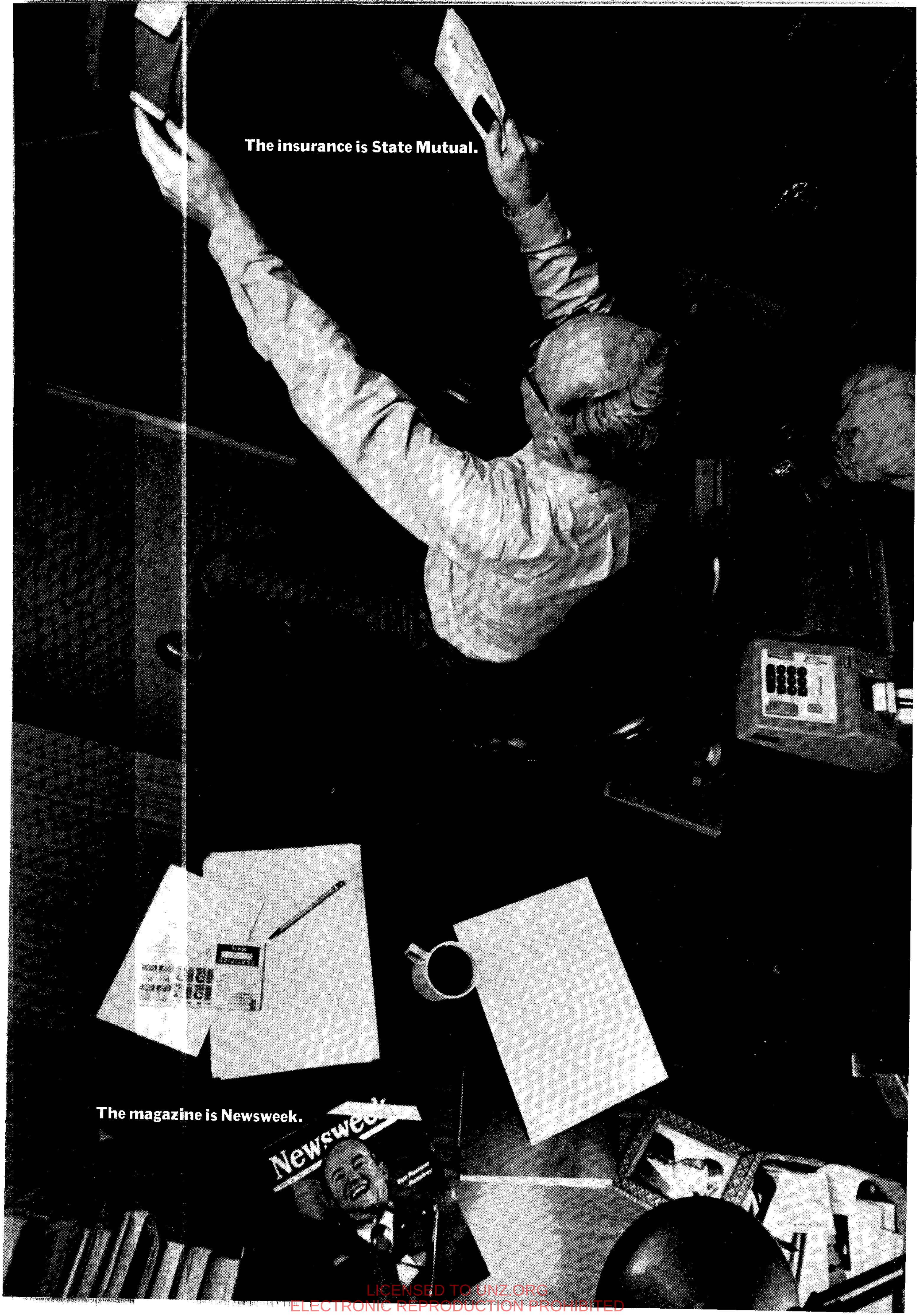
THE RACE TRACK

That Dark Lady Again



BREATHLESS anticipation, thrills, and triumph—all these qualities were present in the Mother Goose Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday when Dark Mirage raced to a brilliant victory in the second event of a triad for three-year-old fillies. Most of the crowd hoped (she was 1—5 in the betting) that the little dark lady would duplicate at a mile and a furlong her performance at a mile in the Acorn Stakes a fortnight before. Well, she not only did but she produced a remarkable run of about five furlongs, and galloped elegantly home by ten lengths. I don't remember when I've seen a run like that. Trainers will tell you that very few horses can go at absolute top speed for more than a quarter of a mile. She doubled that—and a bit more. Before the Mother Goose, her record of five straight wins, four of them in stakes races, was that of a very nice filly who might be a top one. Few who saw her last weekend can doubt that she has made her point. Her next test will be in the Coaching Club American Oaks, at a mile and a quarter, at Belmont Park a week from Saturday, and she has this department's best wishes.

In the paddock before the Mother Goose, Dark Mirage easily outlooked her five opponents. Though small, she is beautifully made and full of quality. From a quick start, Syrian Sea and Another Nell set off in front at a headlong pace—the latter going on to the first-quarter marker in 0:22⅘, to the half mile in 0:45⅗, and to six furlongs in 1:10⅕. Dark Mirage was away well but took her time settling into her full stride. However, never during the long run down the backstretch to the far turn did Ycaza, who rode her, appear to show any trace of eagerness to improve his position. She was still next to last as she went around the turn, her jockey keeping her well out from the rail, though giving away no unnecessary ground. So the stage was set for her long run, and watching her move up so smoothly and effortlessly you couldn't help feeling that this great-hearted little horse loves to race. (You know, even some good ones don't.) With three furlongs to


The insurance is State Mutual.
The magazine is Newsweek.
Newsweek

go, she looked the winner; turning into the straight, she led by open daylight, and passing the winning post she was ten lengths ahead of Guest Room, who barely saved second place by a neck from Parida, who finished fast through the last quarter. Gay Matelda held on well, but Another Nell and Syrian Sea tired badly. The time for the nine furlongs was 1:49⅖.

For the record, Dark Mirage is a dark bay or brown filly, by Persian Road II out of Home By Dark, a daughter of Hill Prince, and if bloodlines mean anything Dark Mirage should be a stayer. Bred by Duval Headley, who consigned her to the 1966 Keeneland summer yearling sales, she was bought for $6,000 by Lloyd I. Miller, who is board chairman of the Cincinnati Transit Company and a director of other business firms. He has been in racing for half a dozen years. So far this season, Dark Mirage has earned $173,681 in prize money. Makes one think seriously about going into the horse business, doesn't it?

THE coughing sickness, as horsemen call it, which, like Christmas, comes once a year but isn't as welcome, has arrived at Belmont Park and Aqueduct, and its presence was made known almost immediately by the falling off of the entries for races, particularly those for two-year-olds. The disease is a virus, similar to that which attacks people. It is highly contagious (it can run through a stable like wildfire), and the sufferers cough, run temperatures, and are quite unfit to race for three or four weeks, and frequently longer. Three-year-olds and even older horses catch it, too. All of which accounts for the run-of-the-mill racing we've had. —AUDAX MINOR

• •

VISITING LECTURER

As travelling becomes arriving,
I land, with language in my luggage,
a change of tense, to make sense of a place,
to make myself intelligible. A page
of plans turns into people, faces, voices;
and, once unpacked, my words explore
the oddness of the air,
the face the place wears, and the weather
settling into saying. All the names
provide a new vocabulary, to answer
who I am, what is what, where we are.

In the lull between seeing and saying,
I wonder at the way words have
of hardening and betraying;
but sense and sound assert themselves
beyond conclusion and become
a temporary, articulated home,
a resting place
aloof from time and space—

but only for a time. Time tells
itself through spells and sudden oracles,
and afterwards I gather
folding vocabularies
and stuff an itinerant syntax
into a silent file.
Even though words are portable,
where do they firmly come to rest?

At best,
time narrows down, and words
prepare to be goodbyes, and then take up
their stations in the book.
The place remains in letters, and the mind,
moving, continues undefined.

Home
is where new words are still to come . . .
—ALASTAIR REID

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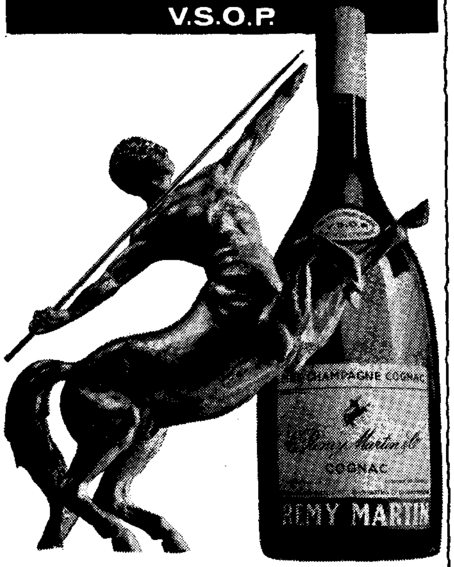

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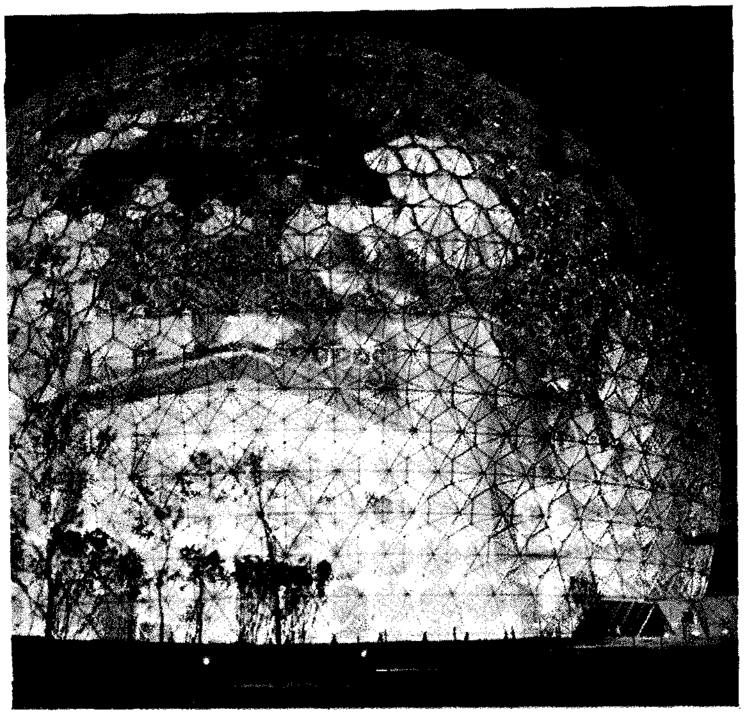
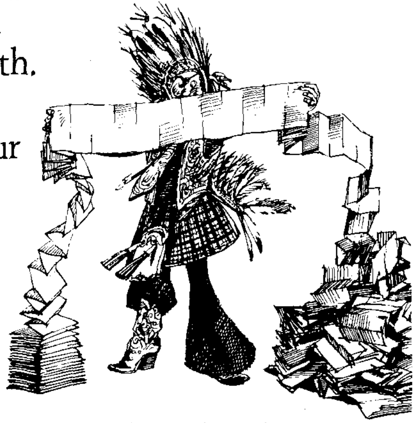
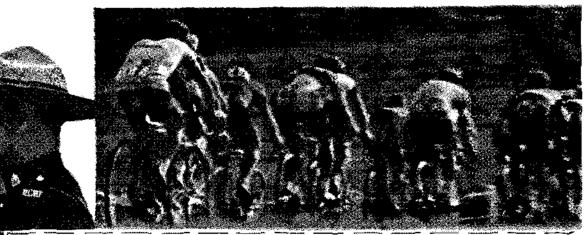


You can't possibly take in all Canada's summer events in one trip. But we can recommend some highlights. One is Montréal's new permanent exhibition "Man and his World". It's more than just a sequel to last year's Expo '67, although a lot of Expo excitement has been retained. Plan to devote at least two or three days to this unique exhibition. Luckily, it runs all summer long, May 17th to October 14th. Another long-running attraction for summer visitors is Ontario's Stratford Shakespearean Festival, which opens June 17th and continues until October 12th. These two summer-long affairs can easily fit into your schedule. But when it comes to the hundreds of other shorter events, you have some very tough decisions to make. For instance, if early July finds you at the Calgary Stampede, it's a good guess you'll miss the Scottish Games at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, in mid-July. Pity, but you see Calgary and Antigonish are 3,136 miles apart. And if you're out in Vancouver for the Sea Festival, July 31st to August 3rd, you're going to have to pass up Newfoundland's Annual Regatta, the first week in August. And that's a shame. It's this nagging feeling they haven't seen *everything* that bothers our departing guests and brings them back, year after year, as predictably as a yo-yo. Insidious, isn't it?



Canada



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The Toast. (I).

The beginning of an inquiry into that ancient and honorable custom among men: The Toast. Sponsored by the great Carlsberg Breweries of Copenhagen, Denmark.

There is about the toast, says one authority, a quality as pleasant as a handshake, as warm as a kiss. It all began thousands of years ago when nomadic tribesmen toasted each other with their local brew to celebrate a great kill. The old Norsemen drank toasts to their departed loved ones and liked the idea so much, they began to drink toasts to their undeparted loved ones, and eventually to anyone who happened to be around.

Greeks and Egyptians used the toast to seal a treaty. The Saxon, possibly the bravest of toasters, proved his love for a lady in a rather unique way. He drew his dagger across his forehead, permitted the blood to drip into his cup, and then drank the mixture.

Probably the tipsiest toasters were the noblest Romans of them all. At great Roman feasts numerous toasts were drunk to the Emperor. Since Roman banquets were mass affairs, and toasts were also drunk to all the dignitaries present, it's easy to understand why affluent Romans rested on couches throughout dinner.

The Roman variety, or the lying down toast, made little impression through the length and breadth of the civilized world. Toasters continued to use the basic form, the standing toast, till some time past the middle of the 17th Century.

Mark that century well. It is of prime importance to those of us steeped in the lore of toasting. Consider these events:

(1) Charles II of England, rising in response to a toast offered him in a Royal Mess Hall, bashed his head on a low beam. Dazed, the good king slumped back in his chair and muttered that henceforth the seated toast would do just as well.

(2) During the 17th Century, the toast achieved its proper name: The Toast. It came about quite simply from the practice of putting a piece of warmed bread in wine to enhance its flavor. (We do not, incidentally, recommend the same practice for beer.)

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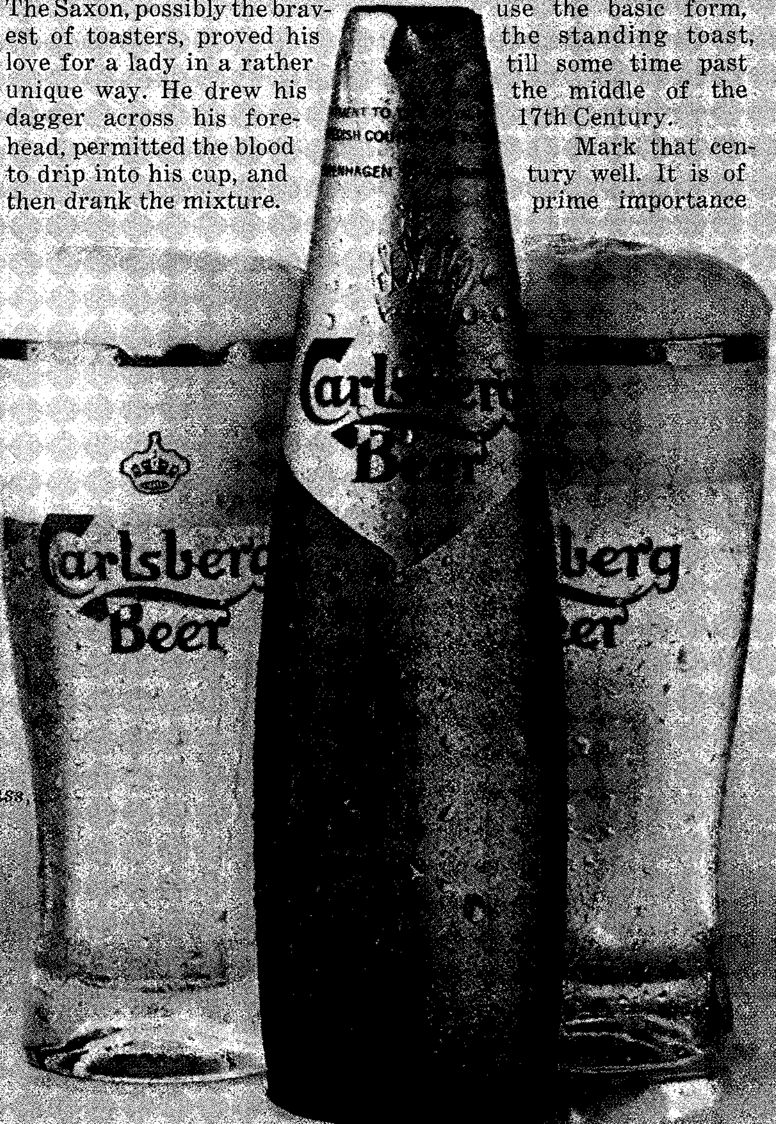

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U.S. JOURNAL: RESURRECTION CITY

METAPHORS

JUNE 3

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., was a great man for metaphors. Among Southern Negro ministers in general, of course, the metaphor has always been indispensable to human communication, but King used it with unique effectiveness. In the early sixties, the civil-rights movement in the South included almost nightly mass meetings in Negro churches, and sometimes, as I sat listening to King explain how the long, dark night of discrimination was going to give way to the great dawn of emancipation, bringing a bright new day of equality and freedom, it occurred to me that the easiest way for white Southerners to cripple the movement would be to pass city ordinances against the use of metaphors in public. Their lawyers would argue solemnly that the ban was strictly non-racial in character, although everyone would know that white-segregationist orators would be unaffected, since their indispensable figure of speech was the simile ("Why, that ole boy was just as happy as a turkey on the day after Thanksgiving"). I was reminded of all that a few days ago when a reporter asked Ralph Abernathy if members of the Poor People's Campaign were responsible for throwing rocks through some windows in the Supreme Court building and he said that the only rocks his people were concerned with were "the rocks of injustice that we are banging against until they come crumbling down." For anyone who sat through those church meetings in the South, Resurrection City, the encampment that the Poor People's Campaign has strung along the parkland between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, sometimes seems like not only the implementation of a Martin Luther King idea but the materialization of a Martin Luther King metaphor—some elaborate, resonant, five- or six-sentence construction about the community of the impoverished being a crumbling eyesore among the shiny monuments to American democracy.

One of the problems of making a metaphor visible is that it becomes an issue itself. When the mud in Resurrection City became so thick that overshoes were sucked right off people's feet, I half expected to hear something about the poor people slogging along through the thick mud of despair and desperation while the affluent whisked by them on the broad throughways of indifference; instead, most of the talk in Washington was about how muddy it was in Resurrection City. Andrew Young, the executive vice-president of King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, tried to tell reporters that the important point about the mud was that the poor people in America—at least, the poor people in small towns and rural areas—live in mud all of their lives, but the news stories were about whether or not Resurrection City had become a health hazard. Young told me that the S.C.L.C. had taken a medical survey of the four hundred people who came to Washington from Memphis and had found that a hundred of them were sick. "Everybody said that there were sick people on the march," he said. "The point is that on any given day a quarter of the poor people in this country are sick." Abernathy tried to redirect attention one day when reporters were asking about some stress between the Negroes and the Mexican-Americans in the campaign. "The issue is not Resurrection City," he said at a press conference. "The issue is not any kind of dissension or strife that might arise in Resurrection City. The issue is poverty." But Washington has not accepted Resurrection City as a metaphor. Having agreed that Congress is unlikely to be affected by the sight of a few thousand poor people, commentators tend to blame the Poor People's Campaign for a futile demonstration rather than blame Congess for being unresponsive to the needs of the poor. The poor in Resurrection City have come to Washington to show that the poor in America are sick, dirty, disorganized, and powerless—and they are criticized daily for being sick, dirty, disorganized, and powerless.

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AROUND Resurrection City, everyone is addressed as Brother or Sister. The habit is so widespread that I even heard one of the Indian spokesmen referred to as Brother Mad Bear. When Jesse Jackson, the first city manager of Resurrection City, began leading demonstrators to the Department of Agriculture every day, the man chosen to handle the situation for the Department was the Assistant Secretary for Administration, an erect, businesslike, tight-lipped man named Joseph M. Robertson; Jackson merrily greeted him as Brother Joe or Brother Roberts. The Secretary of Agriculture himself is referred to as Brother Freeman. Members of one of a variety of peace-keeping organizations in Resurrection City are identified by stencilled letters on the back of their jackets as Peace Brothers. "Brother" and "Sister" are used more or less in the black-ghetto sense of "Soul Brother" and "Soul Sister"—in fact, "Soul" is another popular word in Resurrection City, and the most prominent chant of the movement is "Soul Power"—but there are echoes of the "Brother" and "Sister" heard in Southern Negro churches. The S.C.L.C. is still dominated by ministers, and when one of them begins to speak an invisible pulpit often seems to slide into place in front of him, melting a news conference or a private conversation into a mass meeting. The demonstrations are another reminder of the days when Negro ministers led boycotts and sit-ins and marches. At one point, the issue between the Poor People's Campaign and the Department of Agriculture was—in addition to how the program for feeding the poor was being administered—whether or not the demonstrators could eat in the Department of Agriculture cafeteria that day. When negotiations had been carried past two o'clock and the Department could report that the cafeteria had closed, Abernathy told the demonstrators that the Department had turned them away in the rain, that the rejection showed how difficult their task would be, and that they therefore must all attend a meeting the next night at the John Wesley A.M.E. Zion Church. After the poor people had gone back to Resurrection City, the Department of Agriculture held a press conference so that Joseph M. Robertson could tell reporters, "This cafeteria is not a public cafeteria and is run primarily for the benefit of the employees of the Department of Agriculture." It might have been a scene from the South in the early sixties—a businesslike white manager carefully explaining why normal business practices happened to preclude serving Negro demonstrators, and the demonstrators planning to retaliate with a mass meeting at a Negro church.

In using the same techniques to demonstrate in Washington for an end to poverty as they used in the South to demonstrate for an end to segregation, S.C.L.C. leaders have to get along without some useful old enemies, such as Bull Connor and Jim Clark, and have to get along *with* some independent new friends, such as Appalachian whites, Mexican-Americans, and Indians. Resurrection City was overcrowded when the first large contingent

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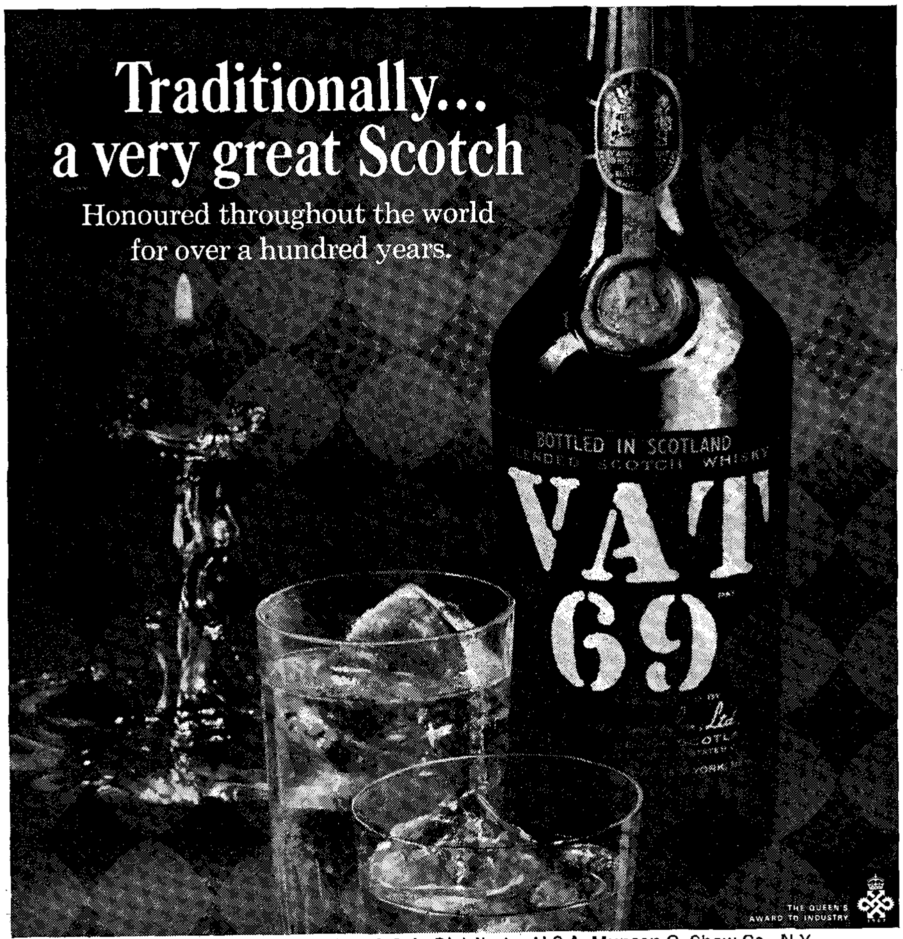
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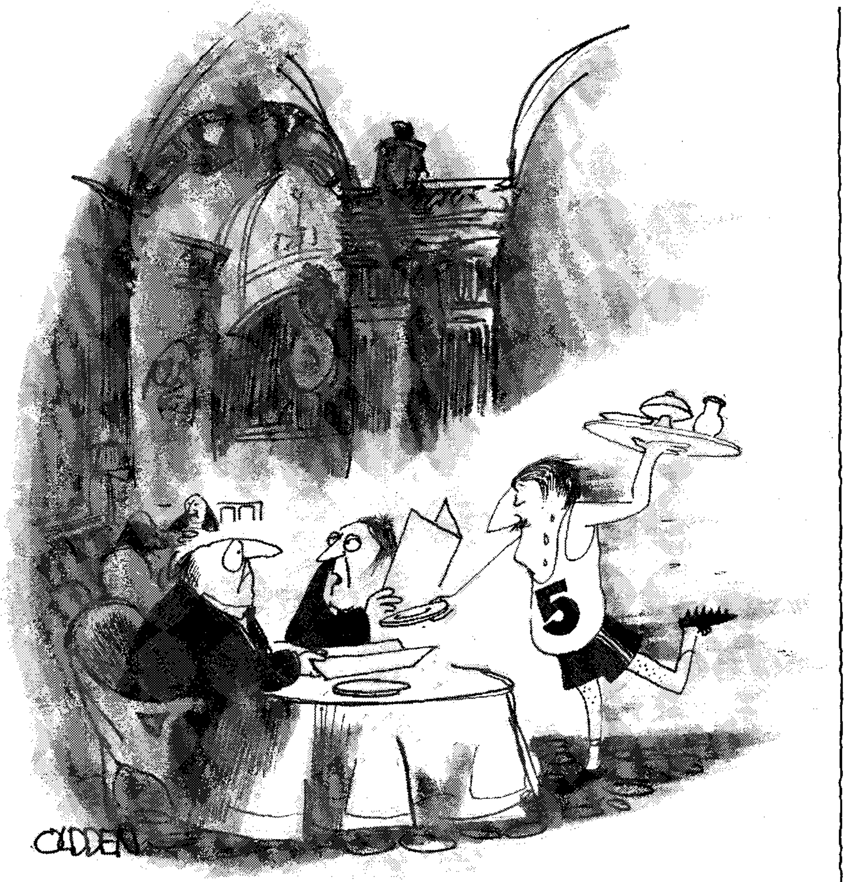

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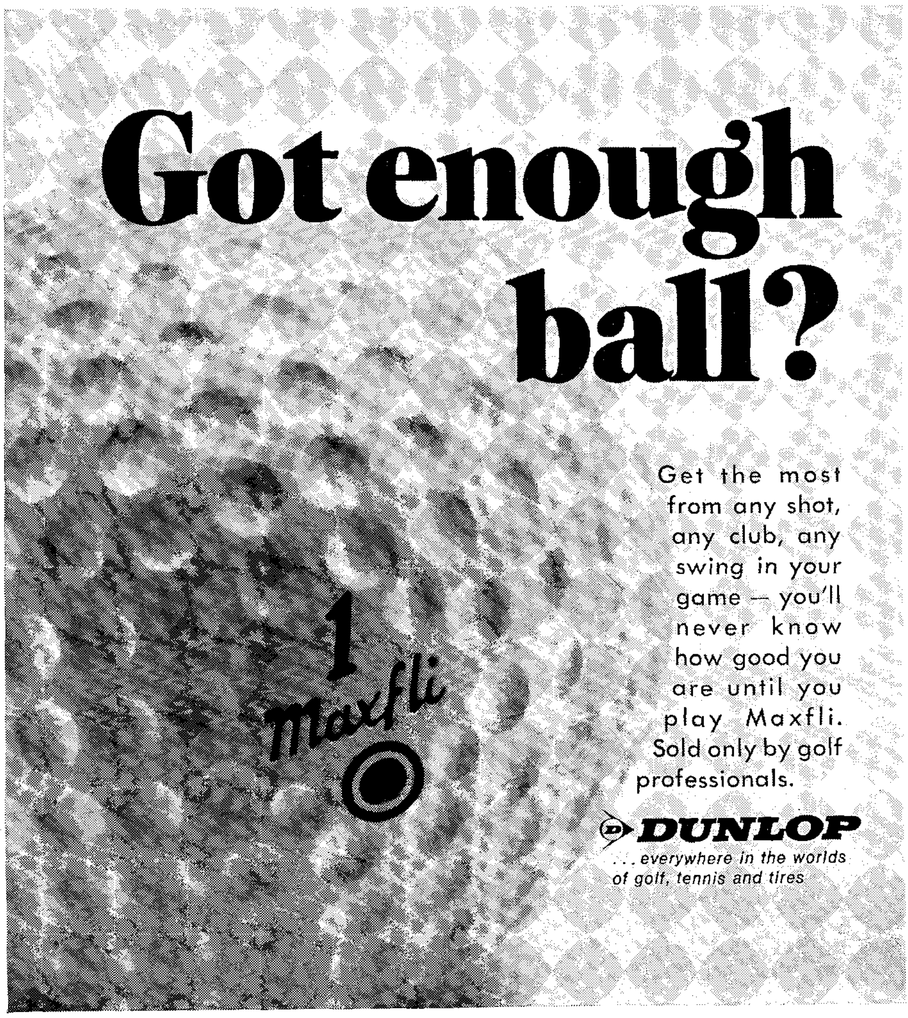

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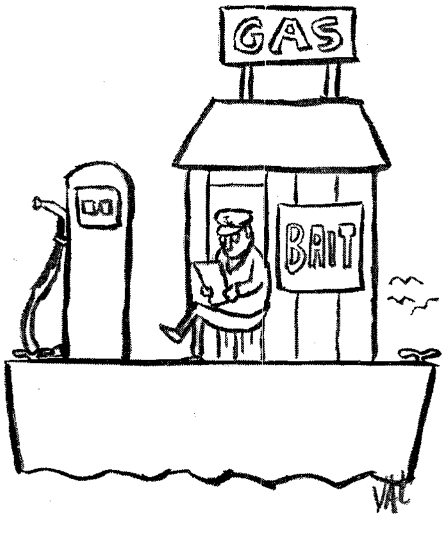
of Mexican-Americans and Indians arrived, and, in what later turned out to be a matter of ideological as well as physical convenience, the Mexican-Americans settled in at a private school in Southwest Washington and the Indians moved into a nearby church—giving everyone a principality from which to dispatch emissaries. No one really thought that an instant New Populism was going to spring from the participation of the various groups; Young sees a certain amount of friction as part of the nature of the poor ("You have to get used to the fact that poor folks are fussy") and the nature of the country ("I think the relationship is good, considering that we've been brainwashed for two hundred years by racism"). It is also true that, despite the ritualistic reconciliations, the specific needs of the Negro poor and the Mexican-American poor and the Indian poor do not necessarily coincide. The most prominent Spanish-speaking leader in the Poor People's Campaign is Reies Lopez Tijerina, who has been leading a group of people in New Mexico in a bitter and occasionally violent effort to regain what they claim is land stolen from their ancestors. In style and rhetoric, Tijerina is closer to Stokely Carmichael than to Ralph Abernathy, and he is interested not in jobs and housing but in land—specifically, the land in New Mexico that was dealt with in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848. There is no subject from which Tijerina cannot make his way logically to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo within two or three minutes. He is not interested in seeing Brother Freeman; he wants to see Brother Rusk. The urban Mexican-Americans, of course, have problems that have nothing to do with land, and the Indians are interested in treaties the Mexicans never heard of. When a priest at the church where the



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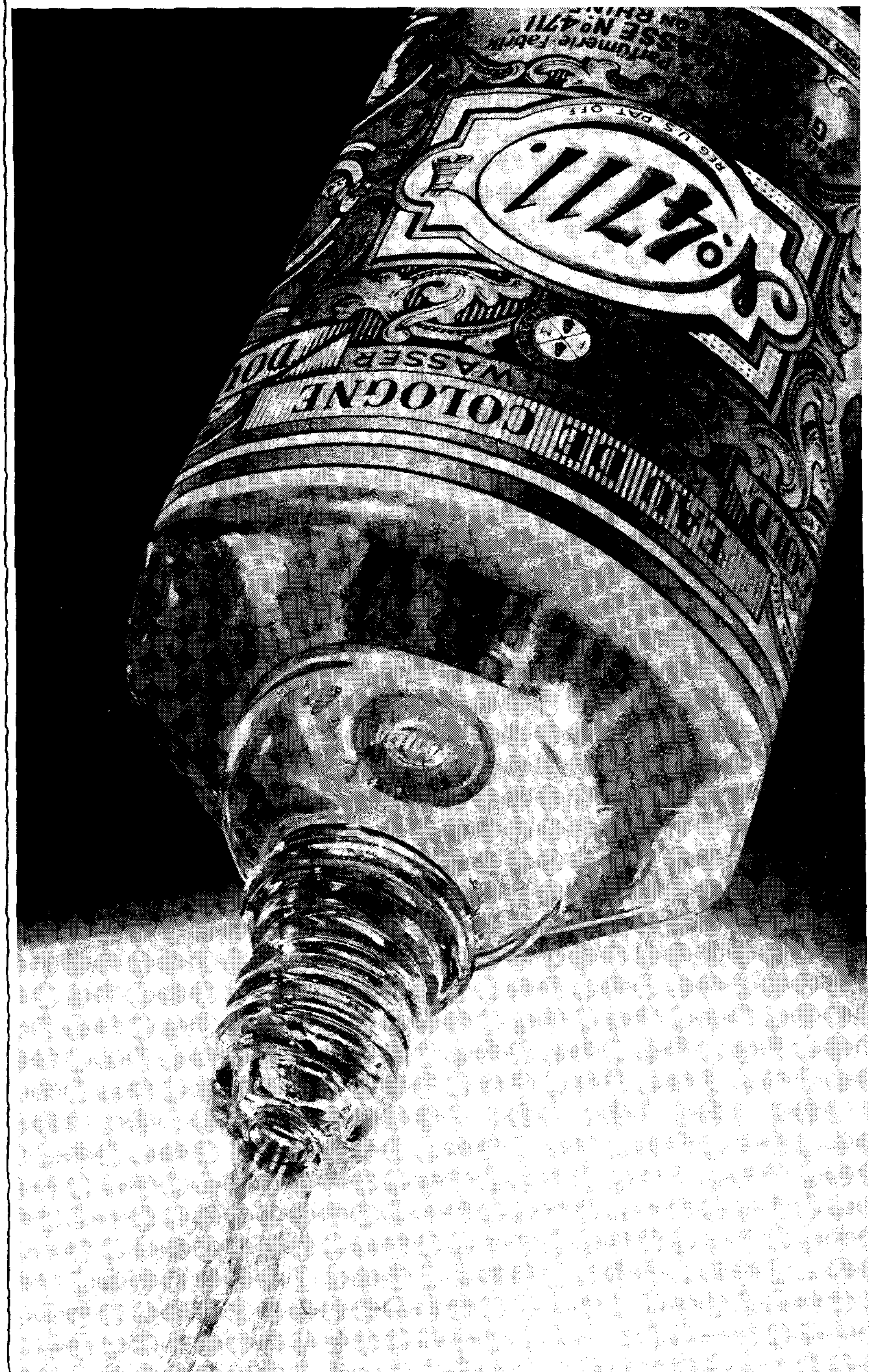
Indians were staying told me one rainy day that most of them had gone to the Smithsonian Institution, I asked if a tour had been arranged so that they could pass the time by seeing some of the sights of the capital. "No," he said. "They arranged this themselves. They say there are some relics there that belong to them."

The various groups of poor people have what rich people call communications problems. At a public meeting in the Resurrection City "cultural tent" one day, a young white man with hair down to his shoulders—a member of the California delegation—listened to plans for forming a city council, rose to say that "we don't want to play the white man's game," and suggested, to the horror of the organization-minded Negroes present, that Resurrection City might better be run on some tribal arrangement borrowed from the wonderfully sophisticated governmental structure of one of the great Indian nations. Another day, I saw Abernathy at a meeting in which Negro leaders joined with Mexicans in supporting a cause of the Indians—or, as Abernathy would say, "joined with our brown brothers in supporting our red brothers." The issue was a Supreme Court decision against some Nisqually and Puyallup Indians who were in a fishing-rights dispute with the State of Washington. Abernathy told the audience—largely Mexican—that denying fishing rights in Washington was the same as denying food to poor people in Mississippi, and he reminded everyone about the mass meeting at the John Wesley A.M.E. Zion Church. "That's easy to remember," he told the Mexicans. "John Wesley, the famous Methodist preacher. Then African Methodist Episcopal Zion."

The next day, Abernathy was marching arm in arm with Indian and Mexican leaders to demonstrate against the decision—undoubtedly the first Negro civil-rights leader to be in the front line of a demonstration against the Supreme Court. At demonstrations, the issues—the fishing rights of Indians, the size of the delegation allowed in—become less important than the mood of militancy. At the end of the day, Tijerina, standing on the steps of the court, orated against "this criminal conspiracy called the Supreme Court of the United States," and a Negro in the audience shouted, "Preach, brother, preach!"

A FEW days after the Supreme Court demonstration, a group of Indians went to the National Press



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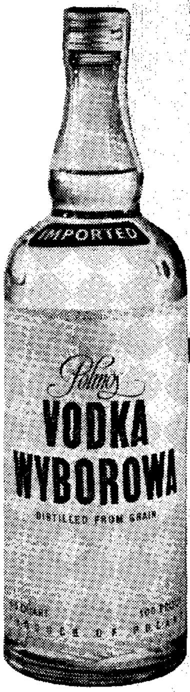

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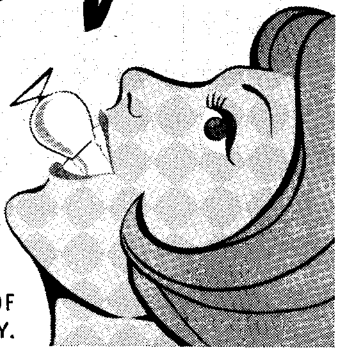

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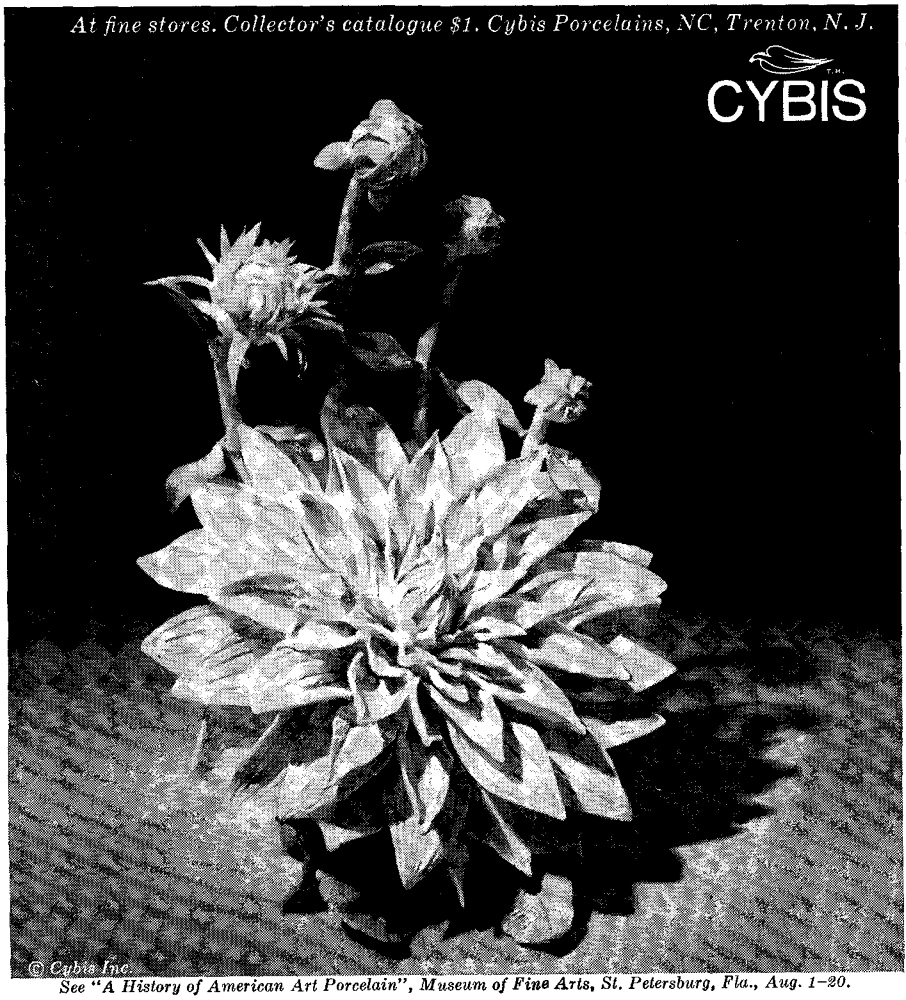
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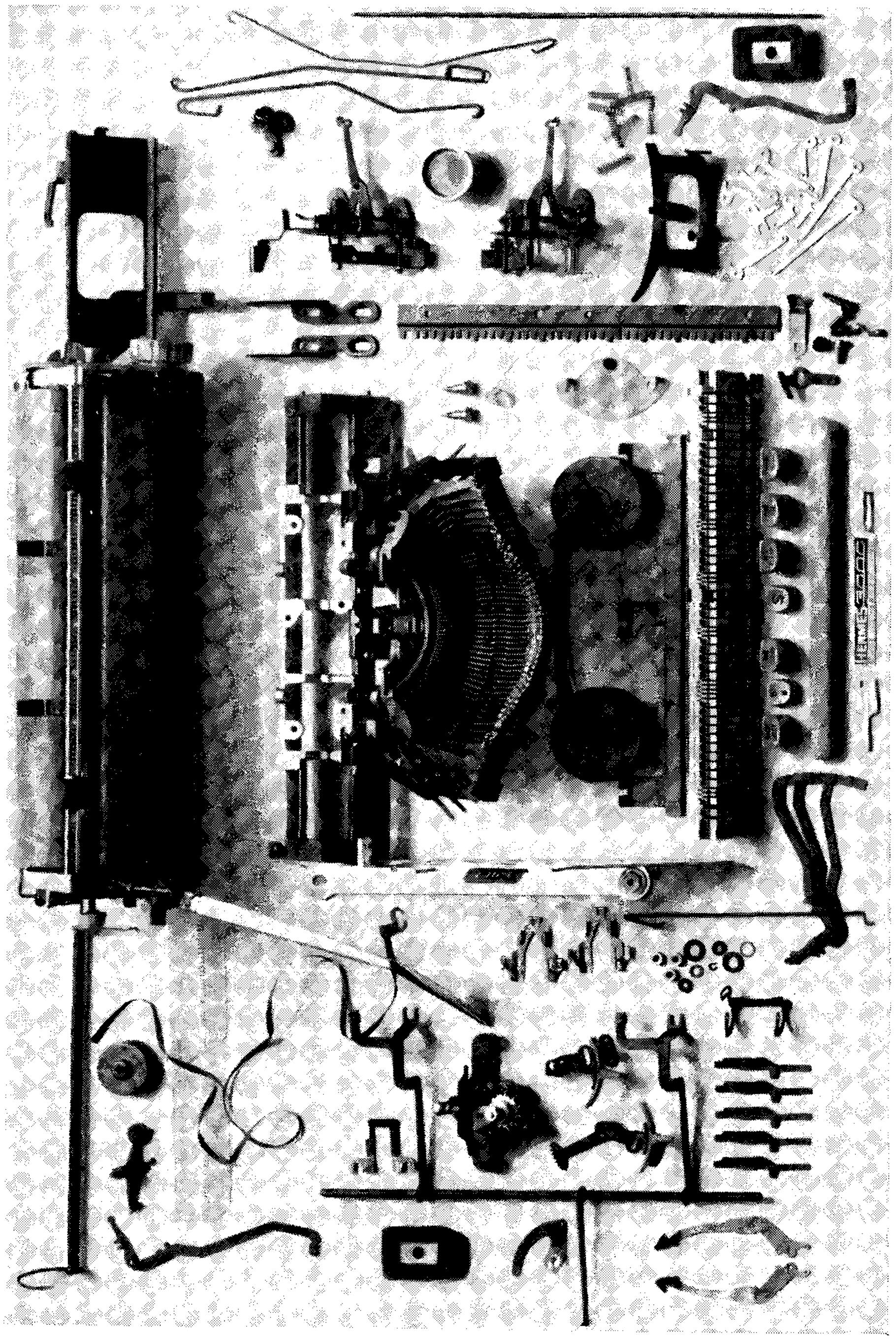
Building to protest the coverage—most of which was concerned more with the broken windows than with the fishing rights of Indians. The demonstration was, in fact, a good illustration of how difficult it is for Indians to make their grievances known by public protest. The cameramen present descend on somebody in Indian regalia, the reporters hunt down some Indian with a strange name, somebody makes a joke about the Indians being on the warpath again—and that is usually that.

The Poor People's Campaign in general has a problem with the press. In a way, it exists for the press—the press is the means of making the metaphor visible all over the country—and at a Senate-subcommittee hearing Abernathy was told by Senator Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin, that the Campaign had already been a success by inspiring so much coverage of poverty by magazines and television. But relations with the press have been complicated. Neither the press nor the residents of Resurrection City are ever quite certain if a picture of a little boy standing in mud is going to be considered a matter of showing the nation the plight of the poor or exploiting a child's misery. When organizations like the S.C.L.C. were demonstrating in the South, reporters who didn't come from overtly racist papers often seemed to feel that they deserved a bit of special consideration for taking the trouble to be there, and those who come to Resurrection City with that attitude are quickly offended. Perhaps because the opportunities to display militancy are limited in a non-violent campaign of poor folks asking for food, there is a kind of territorial ferocity in Resurrection City. White reporters who are curious about what it must be like to be a young Negro constantly harassed by the police learn more than they want to know about the subject after a couple of days of being harassed by young Negro marshals in Resurrection City. Although almost everybody seems to assume the role of a marshal occasionally, the best-organized group is called the Tent City Rangers. Its members wear blue-jean outfits, work boots, and the kind of hat identified with Stewart Granger in African movies—with a leopardskin band and the brim snapped up on one side. To visitors—who are usually reporters—they sometimes take on the appearance of a kind of Wild West *tonton macoute*.

The S.C.L.C. has sent some of the more hostile young Negroes back to Chicago and Detroit, and on the steps of the Supreme Court both Abernathy

The typewriter the typewriter nut buys.



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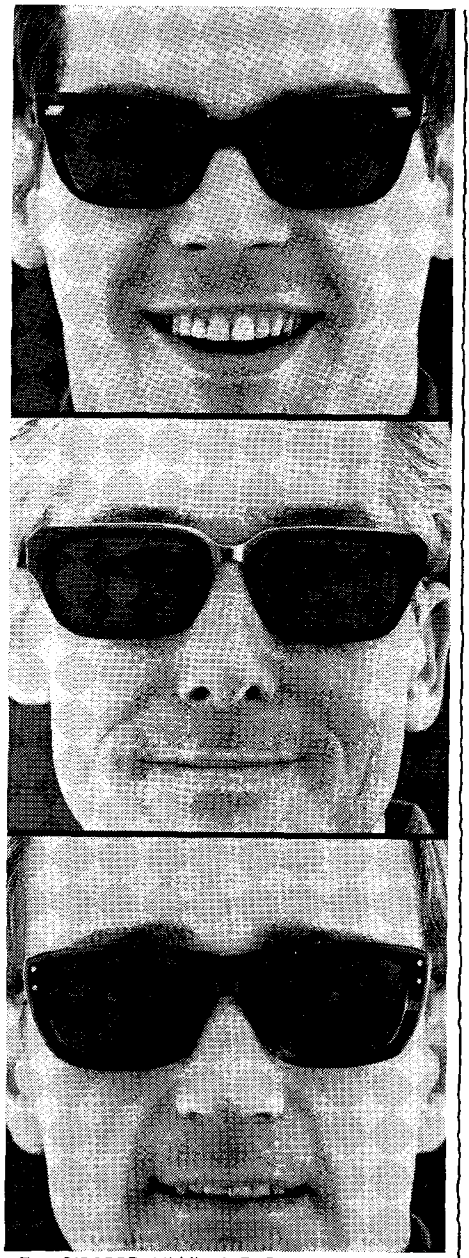

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and Young spent some time trying to persuade the Mexican marshals to leave cameramen alone. Both of them hold frequent press briefings. But the real problem cannot be solved by better relations with reporters. The S.C.L.C. has found that the advantage of having the huge Washington press corps on hand is also a disadvantage. Something has to be written about or photographed every day, and the more visible the metaphor gets the more vulnerable it becomes. Young talks about how everyone in America is on some kind of welfare except the poor, and reporters ask him if Abernathy has been sleeping in Resurrection City. Abernathy talks about current policies toward the poor being genocide, and reporters ask him why his demands to Congress are not more specific. Reporters are assigned to examine the phenomenon—to find out how well it's working and what it might accomplish. And the ministers of the S.C.L.C. will never be able to persuade them that a minute examination of Resurrection City is like a minute examination of one of the Martin Luther King metaphors that was not made visible—as if a press conference had been held and reporters had asked, "Which mountaintop did you say you've been to, Dr. King?," or, "Tell us, Dr. King, exactly what night was it that you first started having this dream?"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

MARRIAGE BRYN MAWR STYLE

[*From a letter to the editor in the Bryn Mawr Alumnae Bulletin*]

We honeymooned across the square in the guest room of the village's sole "museum" guard—the whole little town is a national monument, so full of treasure one need but walk along the unpaved streets to find Roman coins or Seljuk fragments. The first day we were married Alfred was up at the crack of dawn to hear the Voice of America news with his father, a journalist too. Then eight of us set off for the old Roman amphitheater at Aspendos where we were treated to three hours of traditional Turkish wrestling. Both men are completely greased with olive oil, and they wear only loose-fitting leather knickers. A man wins by either pinning his opponent to the ground—or by removing his pants! It was a grand introduction to marriage!

•

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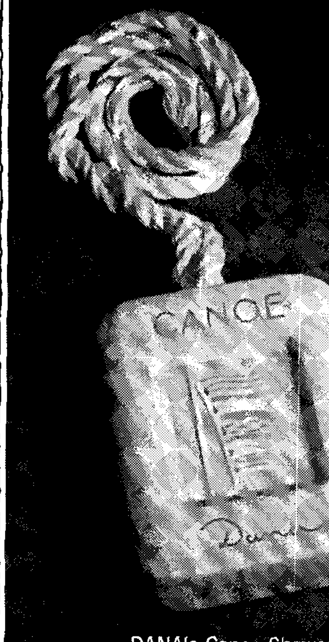

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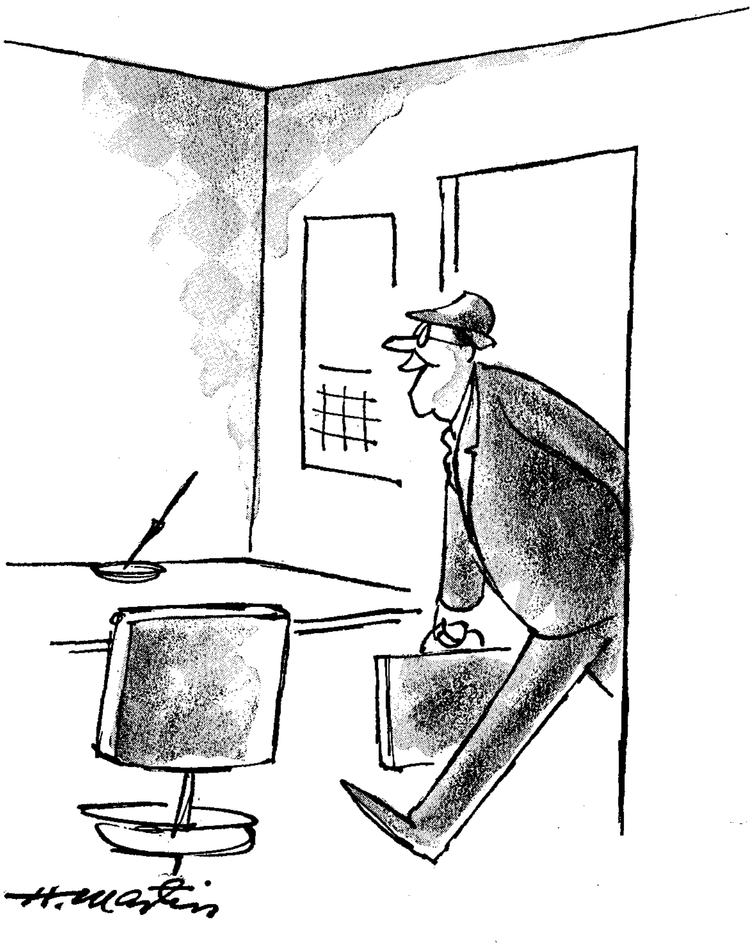
ABOUT THE HOUSE

IF the electric can opener did not exist, it would not be necessary to invent it. While saving the user a few seconds of time and some exertion, the device creates a cleaning problem before which even the horrors of opening a can by hand pale. To get the thing properly clean, one has to dismantle it and scrub it and scrape it, and it seems curious that anyone should want an electric opener when such an unexceptionable implement as the hand opener is available. But thousands of people evidently do (at Macy's I counted twenty-two different models of electric can openers), and now the Rival Manufacturing Company has thoughtfully brought out a new electric can opener that is almost as easy to clean as the hand tool. It is called the Click 'n' Clean, and its cutting unit (cutting wheel, piercing lever, and magnet) snaps off and can be washed in the sink or dishwasher and then snapped back on. It is for sale at a number of stores—for instance, Macy's, where it costs $12.99 or, when it comes equipped with a knife sharpener, $15.99. The Rival company also makes a manual opener named the Can-O-Mat, which is described on the package it comes in as the "most beautiful hand can opener made." But what impresses me about this can opener even more than its ineluctable loveliness is the way it opens cans. It is more wieldy, more powerful, and faster than any other hand opener I know of, and I would be surprised to learn that a better one existed. It opens cans of all sizes and shapes, and it has a magnet attachment that prevents the severed top from falling into the food. It is available at Bloomingdale's and Macy's, for $2.98.



"Good morning, cubicle!"

The electric orange-juice squeezer is another instance of an expensive and messy solution to a nonexistent problem. Squeezing oranges by hand is not that hard and is certainly less arduous than the exercises so many women grimly perform nowadays in order to counteract the effect on their figures of all the labor-saving devices they own. What is more, there is a great variety of hand squeezers that more than make up in convenience and ingenuity what they lack in horsepower. One such squeezer is the Zyliss juice press, from Switzerland—a compact plastic device that is operated by means of a handle that one cranks with one hand while heavily pressing down on the orange half with the other. The juice descends through a strainer into a bowl with a pouring spout and handle, and the whole thing separates into three pieces that can be washed, according to the multilingual box, "*in un batter d'occhio*." The price is $7.98 at Paprikas Weiss, 1546 Second Avenue (80th).

Another excellent contrivance is the parsley chopper made by the Danish company Eva. The mill is a truncated cone, six and a half inches high, open at top and bottom, into which sprigs of parsley are fed and out of which, when a crank on the side is turned, tiny particles of parsley fall. One is spared the trouble of chopping parsley on a board, and one can bring the mill to the table and use it in the manner of a pepper mill to sprinkle parsley on one's dinner. It is a very presentable instrument, and according to its Danish-English-French-German literature it may also be used to chop chervil, cabbage, mint, lemon and orange peel, eggs, Parmesan cheese, nutmeg, almonds, and chocolate. The price is $7.50 and two sources are Bloomingdale's and Seabon Scandinavian Imports, 54 East 54th Street.

TABLE cigarette lighters, like the gum machines in the subway, are notoriously unpredictable, but now there is a table lighter made by the Braun company that is (as it were) surefire, and only has to be filled once or twice a year. To work the lighter, which is a sleek and elegant rectangle, four and a quarter inches tall, four inches wide, and an inch and a quarter thick, you press down on a lever on the side and the lighter unhesitatingly responds with a click and a flame. What happens when you press the lever is this: An electric spark is generated as, simultaneously, a gas jet is released, and combustion results. The lighter that I saw displayed at Bonniers had transparent plastic sides through which its machinery was visible, and the parts had been arranged as much, it would seem, for aesthetic as for functional purposes, forming an elegant abstract picture, predominantly gray, with a single vivid area of magenta and a bit of red provided by a thin wire connecting two parts. It turns out, unfortunately, that the lighter is not sold in the form in which

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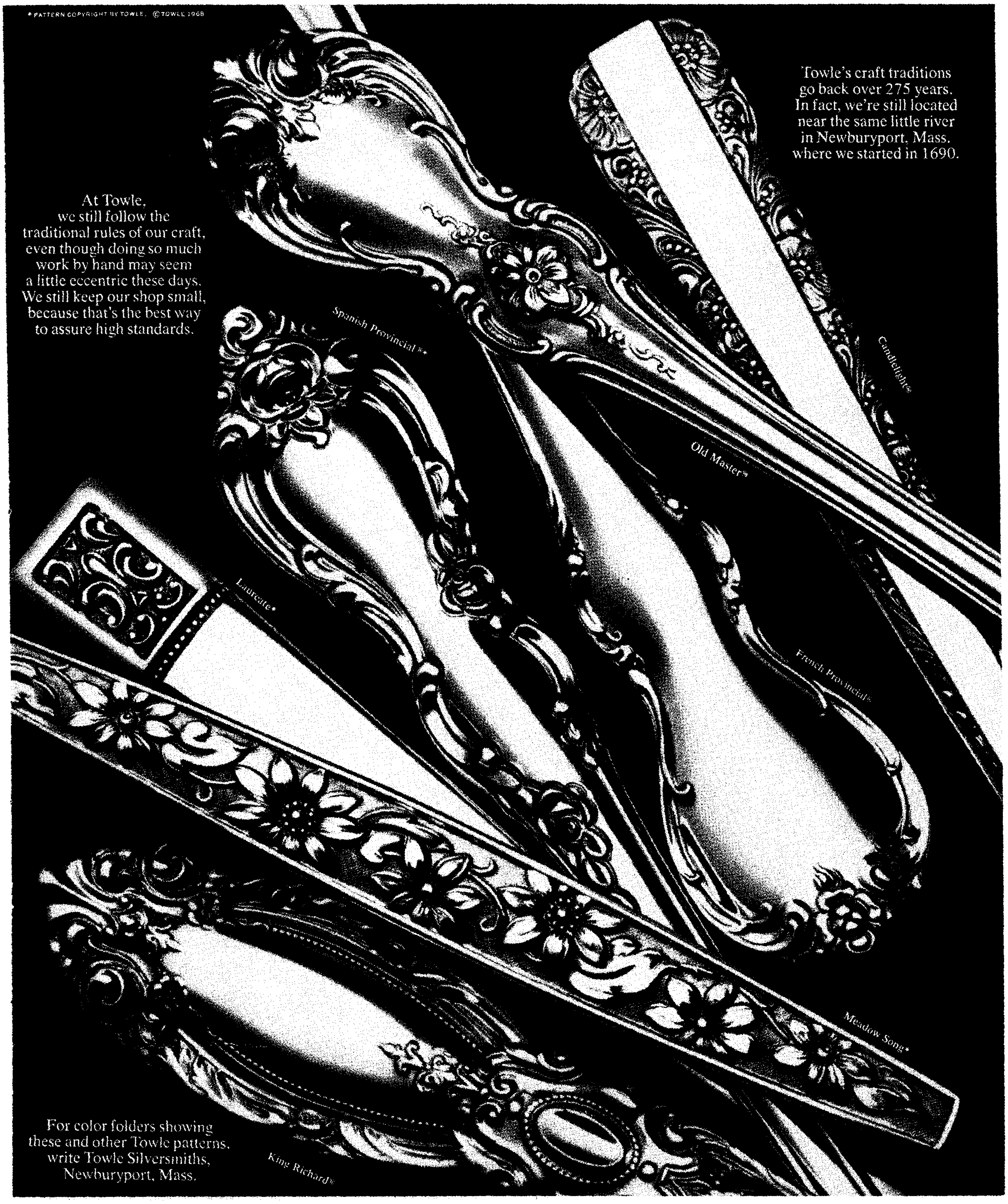
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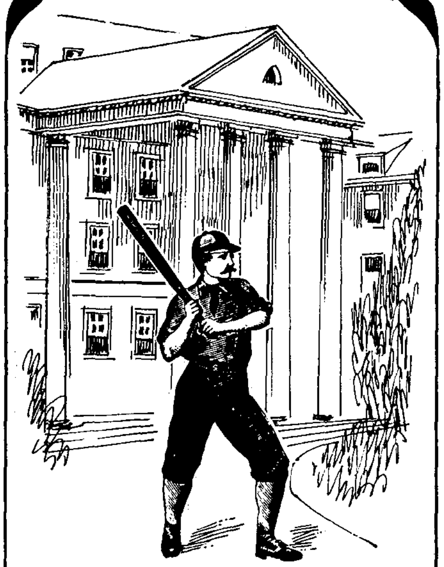

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it is demonstrated: the lighter you buy (for $50) has the machinery hidden behind vapid leather panels. This is like buying a Kandinsky covered with black leather, which might suit some people admirably but would irk others, and I hope that the Braun company will reconsider and make the lighter available in both forms. (I was evidently not the only person to covet the demonstration model. When I returned to Bonniers a day later to have another look at the lighter, someone had filched it.) Other stores that have the lighter include Macy's, Stern's, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Abercrombie & Fitch.

ONE of the most useful and versatile inventions of our time is the self-adhesive plastic covering that first appeared here about twenty years ago under the name Con-Tact. It is applicable to just about any surface in the house that needs to be camouflaged or protected and is cheap enough (forty-nine cents a yard) to be considered expendable, so that if one tires or repents of a table covered with a pattern of ivy-covered bricks, one may re-cover it in ten minutes and for less than two dollars with imitation walnut or marble or a print or a solid color. A few years ago, a plastic covering from Germany named d-c-fix began appearing in the paint shops and hardware stores where Con-Tact was sold. It cost more (sixty-nine cents), but some of the patterns so patently surpassed anything Con-Tact had to offer that many long-time devotees of Con-Tact fecklessly abandoned it for its comelier Teutonic rival. Particularly irresistible were (and still are) d-c-fix's patterns adapted from Dutch tiles. One print depicts tiles that show a richly scrolled basket of flowers set within a circle set within a square, in blue or yellow on white, and another shows twenty different picture tiles (windmills, figures, landscapes), in blue on gray, that could almost fool one from a distance. What is more, on the back of d-c-fix, under the word "*Achtung*," an award is offered for the fifty best suggestions sent to the company in West Germany for new uses (*neue Anwendungsgebiete*) for the plastic. Winners receive a large roll of d-c-fix and losers receive a consolation prize (*Trostpreis*). Recently, Con-Tact brought out some new patterns that should get it many, if not all, of its defectors back. There is a stylish black-and-white print that looks like caning and a charming calico-like print of rows of small yellow flowers on a back-

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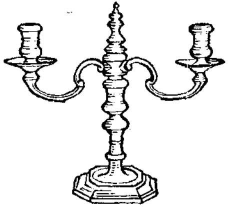

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ground of orange-red, to name the two that I particularly liked and have found innumerable *Anwendungsgebiete* for. Some sources of these self-adhesive plastics are Janovic & Son, 1292 First Avenue (69th), Plaza Paint Supply, 1026 Third Avenue (61st), and the Tremont-74th Street Paint Corporation, 1373 First Avenue (74th).

THE Crax-Ezy Boiled Egg Opener addresses itself to the task of taking the tops off boiled eggs and, unlike many devices whose complexity and expense seem out of all proportion to the inanity of the job they perform, this device is very cheap (sixty-nine cents) and almost preposterously simple. When you open the package, all you find are two plastic rings, which look like napkin rings and have flexible stainless-steel pinchers attached to them. The pinchers on one ring come to a point and the pinchers on the other don't. Here, according to an anonymous poem on the wrapper, is what you do:

Place egg in his collar,
(The pincher-point half),
Now push home the points.
Easy? Boy, it's a laugh!

Now put on egg's hat,
(The half marked "cutter"),
Press cutters in shell,
See, it's cracked, but no clutter!

Just one word of caution,
Do not twist or turn,
Simply pull him apart,
With assurance, you'll learn.

And there sits your egg,
Hot on the half-shell,
Just scoop out his goodness.
No burned fingers—it's swell!

It is, and the place to buy it is Macy's.

ANOTHER very ezy-to-ewes contrivance is the Shoppers E-Z Bargain Detector, a small plastic object covered with numbers and dials and sliding rules, whose purpose is to help shoppers cut through the obfuscation of supermarket prices—eight cans for seventy-nine cents with three cents off and a free copy of "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—and tell them what a product costs per pound. The Detector costs $3 and is sold postpaid by Tejo Enterprises, Box 362, South Gate, California, 90283. I found it simple to manipulate, though a person with some knowledge of arithmetic could undoubtedly arrive at the same result with paper and pencil. In any case, the device was awarded a silver medal by an outfit called the International Insti-

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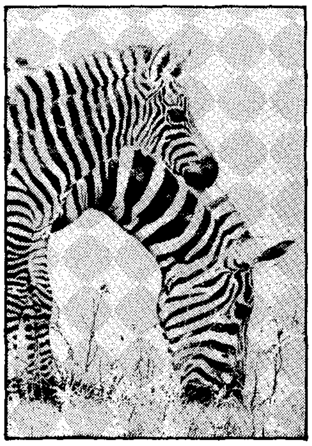

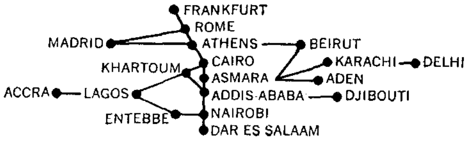

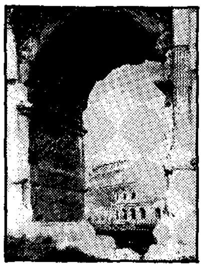

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tute of Patented Products, and is supposed to be able to save a person "up to 20% on groceries." The only trouble is that the people who could best stand to save twenty per cent on groceries are not the people who are likely to come across the Bargain Detector, or to benefit from it if they did: the knowledge that the twenty-five-cent can of beans costs thirty cents a pound and the eighty-cent can costs ten cents a pound is of small use to the man who only *has* twenty-five cents to spend on beans.

If some jobs are better done by hand tools, others are just as surely better done by machines. The air-conditioner is an outstanding example of an expensive electrical appliance that is an unmitigated blessing and worth what it costs, and so is the automatic washing machine. When I read an advertisement not long ago for an appliance called the Sylvania Sun Bowl Home Ripener, it looked as if another clever electrical solution had been devised for a hitherto insoluble problem, and I hastened to acquire the contrivance. It is a plastic bowl over which a wide spectrum lamp hovers, suspended by two steel rods, and the problem it contends with is that of store-bought fruit, which is picked green so it can be shipped and consequently hasn't the wonderful taste of fruit that has ripened on the vine. The Home Ripener proposes to "provide your family with fruit that both looks and tastes more delicious." In order to determine just how much more succulent and attractive fruit ripened in the Home Ripener would be than fruit ripened without benefit of it, I conducted the following experiment: I bought two each of plums, pears, melons, bananas, and tomatoes, washed the fruit, and put one of each in the Ripener and the other in the fruit bowl. I turned on the light every morning and I turned it off at night, as the brochure instructed. I observed and felt the fruit. In two days, the bananas in the Ripener and in the fruit bowl were ripe. I looked at them. I tasted them. To my great surprise, the bananas in the Ripener looked the same and tasted the same as the bananas in the fruit bowl. Three days later, the plums and melons and pears in both places were ripe. They, too, looked and tasted the same. The next day, the tomatoes were ripe. *They* looked and tasted the same.

I gave my Home Ripener to a child, who used it briefly as a Death Ray Lamp, and then gave it back. He said it didn't do a good job. —J. M.

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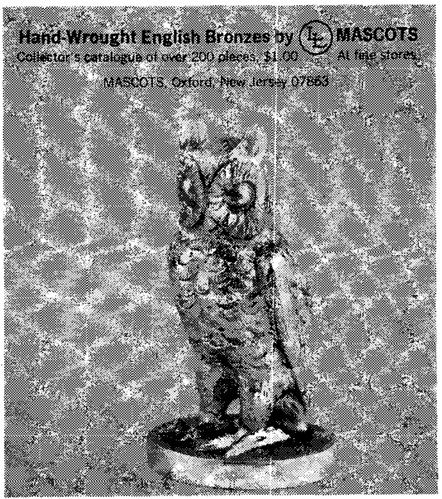

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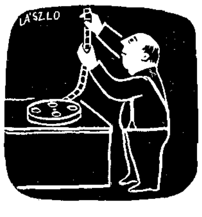

RICHARD LESTER's "Petulia" is about pain, and about two ironic life-styles devised by the two central characters to survive an age in which they are aware of so much injury around them that the only possible course is to deny its existence. The film sees it: smashed bones, accidents, bust marriages, loss, perfidy, slaughter by silence. So do the two characters—a girl (Julie Christie), married for six months to a man whom she casually ditches, and a newly separated doctor (George C. Scott), who has a gruelling affair with her, with the surface manner all kidding and resilience. They receive pain, they deal it out, they observe it concealed in others and lying in wait for themselves, and there is too much of it to manage. So they cultivate systems. Flippancy, sarcasm, kookiness, angry autonomy—anything not to admit that pain is actually painful, just as the hospital staff in the film hideously treats the ill as if there were nothing wrong with them. The behavior of these two people is a trick to try to take the humanness out of themselves. It has the effect of the frame of sterile cloths lapped around an operating incision point, which allows a surgeon to forget that surgery hurts: this Mondrian square of skin obviously has nothing much in common with the body he saw in his own bathroom mirror the same morning. The cloths stylize the act of cutting so that it hardly seems related to wounding. Lester's two characters stylize what happens to them by the same necessity, in case it should turn out to be a gash in their own flesh. The girl redesigns reality by quirkiness and by living without a sense of consequence. She breaks up the structure constantly, so that it is smashed before she has had time to grow fond of it or to see someone else's boot destroy it. The man protects himself by a coldness that is unconvincing but unremitting. When they first go away to make love, in a deathly motel, they talk to one another as if they were telephoning room service. Their attitudes are flat and modern as hell: big deal, what's the difference, hang on to your cool. The story is laid in San Francisco, and aptly. The doctor, within a day, makes love to a beautiful body, works on a wrecked one, and eats a sandwich with a colleague in a topless restaurant where a naked girl on a swing ticks to and fro like a clock part. After a grinding breakup and absence, the lovers exchange casual hails from passing cable cars. Over. *Nada.* No, more unsaid to come.

Dick Lester has always been a visibly brilliant director. I've never thought before that he was a particularly passionate one—not even after "How I Won the War," where he allowed nothing to accrue around character. "Petulia" is something else. He has suddenly made huge strides in his direction of actors, and the taciturnity of the film comes to seem a moving expression of his own view of people's capacity for anguish. The tension and perplexity of the technique grow more and more harrowingly true to the matter of the film. The first few scenes can take you in; they don't quite prepare you for the concern that Lester is going to express. There is a shot, for instance, of a portly woman in a neck brace going upstairs by lift to a party, dressed in a red satin evening coat, with people around her who look fresh from the taxidermist. I thought he was being prankish about the numb follies of the privileged, and nothing much more than that. As the film goes on, though, it turns out to be agonizingly observant of the devices by which a faithless generation hopes to induce a little insensitivity in skin otherwise too raw for pride or survival. The games of the two main characters playing waggish moderns aren't very deceiving. They behave like sci-fi mutants, but they still bleed. There is a subtext of powerful feeling under every scene; something quite else is always going on beneath the self-protectiveness and backchat, something aching, as it does in Charlotta's lines while she is doing her magic turns in "The Cherry Orchard."

"Petulia" is a fine, hard-minded film. It was written by Lawrence B. Marcus (from a novel by John Haase), photographed by Nicholas Roeg, and cut by Antony Gibbs. The look and the editing of the picture are part of its character. It has a peculiar rectitude in the reporting of the sensibility of here and now which is grieving and distinct.

"ROSEMARY'S BABY," written and directed by Roman Polanski (from a book by Ira Levin), is a horror film about pregnancy. The expectant father is Satan, which is supposed to be the horror part of it, and

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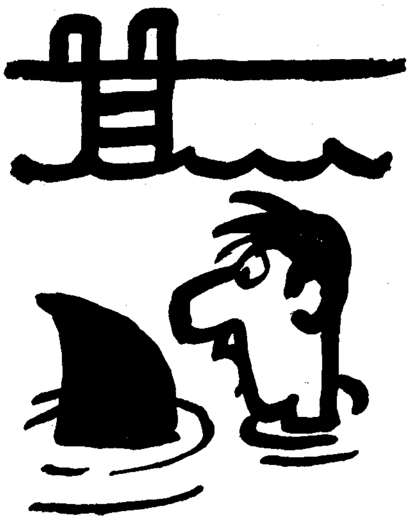

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the story takes place in the Dakota apartment house on Central Park West, which I find more authentically horrific, as a matter of fact. The film is very proficient, but all the same what's it for? If it weren't made by Polanski ("Knife in the Water," "Cul-de-Sac," and "Repulsion"), I suppose one might not ask the question. A horror film isn't *for* anything; it's just something to scare yourself with. The trouble is that "Rosemary's Baby" doesn't really scare you much, though this complaint makes me feel like the character in an English comedy by N. F. Simpson who kept glaring irritably at a skull on the mantelpiece and saying that if it was supposed to be a *memento mori* it might as well go, because it didn't remind her of death at all.

Polanski loves making films. That's very clear in this picture, as it always has been. He has also learned a touching amount about a foreign country. He has cast the story meticulously, and directed the actors with a perfect ear (apart from a pun—"Tannis, anyone?"—that no one brought up in English could have borne). But why on earth does a major filmmaker feel seduced by a dumb piece of boo-in-the-night like this story? Perhaps it would have held together if there had been more detail of behavior and less dependence on instant belief in the existence of a New York City guild of witches, which is quite a large given, even if the headquarters are supposed to be in the Dakota. The doomed girl who comes to live there, a nice, bird-brained mooner well played by Mia Farrow, is married to an actor (John Cassavetes). Their next-door neighbors, who latch on to their wish for a baby all too cannily, are an elderly and chatty married couple, both practicing witches, whose tongues are hanging out for a newborn recruit. Satan's couple are played by Sidney Blackmer and Ruth Gordon, who is a joy. She does her fiendish work with a tireless good humor that wears her young neighbor into the ground. Gossiping and prying like Lucifer's retired nanny, she clucks around the grim brown costliness of the Dakota bearing glasses of demonic milkshakes that mature the poor fetus's character as a nasty little outrider of the Antichrist while he is still in the womb. The mother loses more and more weight, and justly complains to her obstetrician, but he is a key witch himself, as anyone but this patient could tell in a second, and he goes on forbidding vitamins in favor of Miss Gordon's tannis-root brews. The

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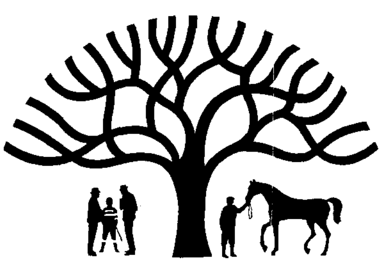

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husband is also in the club, for suspiciously careerist purposes. He appears to be a fairly rotten actor. He played a minor monk in "Luther," and something in a piece called "Nobody Loves an Albatross." Thanks to the Evil One's throwing his influence around on Broadway, he lands a new part in place of an actor chum who suddenly loses his sight. Leaving aside the matter of the blinded friend, the chance of getting back to work seems a poorish Mephistophelian bargain in exchange for a baby with horns and the dubious fun of the witches' get-togethers, which are sticky occasions, like fund-raising cocktail parties.

Polanski is socially very funny, but he doesn't do nearly enough filling out with ordinary behavior. The amount he does is so shrewd and mischievous that you pine for more of it. He half throws away the most fruitful part of the story, which is the theme of a boring, amiable girl who can't get anyone to believe what she is saying. The situation is cast-iron. It always works, as it did in "The Lady Vanishes," especially if each successive hope of help looks reasonable before it is dashed, but Polanski never makes her position look anything but hopeless. In the book, her husband's attitude was explicable for chapters as actor's self-absorption; in the film she is months behind us in divining that he is up to something pretty foul. His rape to get her pregnant, when she is sloshed and comatose, has a reek of brimstone beyond the dreams of Savonarola. The scene is clever and startling. It is also deeply revolted by the flesh, and as sodden by the sense of sin as any in modern cinema. Not that Polanski means a moment of it. I take him more seriously when he is openly fooling around with us, as he does in a scary sequence in a phone booth, and in one where Mia Farrow scrapes an alarming chocolate mousse prepared by Ruth Gordon into her dinner napkin. But just as the book didn't know how to top itself at the end and culminated lamely in superstition instead of getting back to the chill, common daylight of good thrillers, Polanski hasn't solved the problem.

The film is elegantly designed by Richard Sylbert and cinematically well executed in every way, but it adds up to a rather trivial and slaphappy piece of work. Polanski is a natural filmmaker. An exercise in Gynecological Gothic like this seems a capricious expense of him. It must be hard for a hip young director from another continent to keep his bearings in the chaos of cool.

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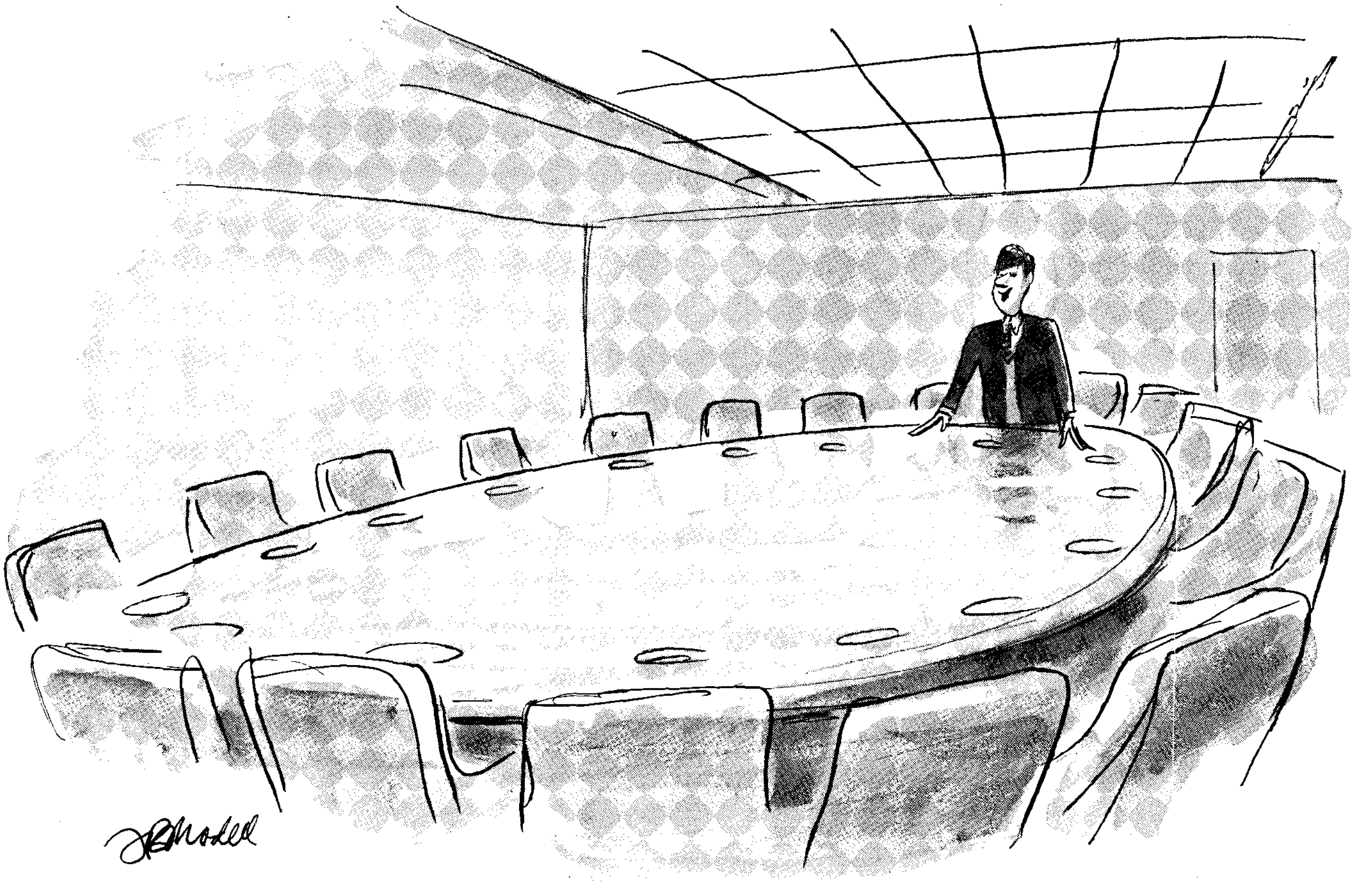
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 9

ROBERT F. KENNEDY, who opposed the war in Vietnam and proposed to escalate the war on poverty, was, it would appear, assassinated because he supported the Middle Eastern policy of the President he hoped to replace—a policy that is not a major, or even a minor, cause of divisiveness in this country today. Although the indicted assailant spent his adolescence here and must have been exposed to much of the worst of our commercialized popular culture, which exploits violence as it does anything else that is easily exploitable, he spent what Drs. Freud and Spock and the Roman Catholic Church assure us are the truly formative years in a part of the world where violence, organized and otherwise, has been a commonplace of life throughout much of recorded history—a part of the world, indeed, that gave our language the very word "assassin" and that, almost a millennium ago, institutionalized political and religious murder in a secret society that terrorized the Levant and parts of Europe for centuries. In this there is no vindication for our American ways. The Senator was shot in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A., in the near presence of local police and other security agents. The murder weapon was no scimitar; it was an ugly little pistol of native manufacture and—if we are to credit preliminary reports released to the press by authorities in California—easily procured, thanks to the laxity of our nation's laws and those of most of the states. To the best of our present knowledge, no Arab zealot had anything to do with the killing of John F. Kennedy or Martin Luther King or Medgar Evers or Malcolm X or Mrs. Viola Liuzzo. But the extinction of an American leader by a Jordanian nationalist does seem to suggest that we cannot altogether explain our latest loss or our plight as a people by pointing to the iniquity of the war in Vietnam or by berating ourselves for letting our children play with guns and be spellbound by shoot-outs on television. It is entirely possible—it might even have been likely—that if Senator Kennedy had not been mortally wounded on June 5th, apparently for reasons having no connection with Vietnam or our domestic arrangements, he would sooner or later have been murderously assaulted by some native son inflamed by some hatred or injustice for which there would be no one to blame but ourselves. But it is every bit as possible that Sirhan Bishara Sirhan would have been moved to commit the act he is charged with if we had never intervened in Vietnam, if poverty and bigotry had been wiped out long ago, and if our popular entertainment dealt with nothing but love and gentleness and brotherhood.

Kennedy, it seems reasonable now to say, was assassinated because he sought an office of great authority and worldwide prestige and had declared his intention of continuing American friendship for and support of the State of Israel. To put it another way, he is dead today because the United States is a global power that perceives—or misperceives—a national interest in the outcome of conflicts in almost every part of the world. Thus, it becomes necessary for Americans to confront the fact that, given our ways of conducting our political affairs, our leaders are frequently at the mercy not only of the fanatics and maniacs we ourselves spawn in great profusion but also of haters and potential killers in almost every other country on earth. The mere existence of our power and of our alliances on every continent provides an almost infinite number of motivations for others to intervene in



"So, gentlemen, all in favor of giving young Needham a raise say 'Aye.'"

our affairs, as we are intervening in theirs. Some would no doubt argue that this is merely another way of establishing our collective guilt or our guilt as a nation. A case can certainly be made for connecting the capacity for destruction we have created for ourselves with a disposition to violence and a casual resort to it in conflicts among ourselves. But if the case against the young Jordanian is what it appears to be, he was motivated not by the malign exercise of our power but by our refusal to exercise it in behalf of the cause he espouses—or, more accurately, since we *have* sold arms to Jordan and other Arab countries, by our failure to equip his side with the quantity of power necessary for the total destruction of its enemy. A foreign policy looked upon as peaceful and benign by every American and by most of the world's people would not lack fanatical enemies. An effective policy of global reconciliation and disarmament would no more appease the Sirhans of this world than the mixed bag of policies we now pursue.

Since we are unlikely either to resolve our internal discords or to get out of the power business in the foreseeable future, the question raised by all the recent assassinations is whether we can go on choosing our political leaders by the means that are now generally regarded as traditional and are held by some to be essential to the maintenance of democracy. Senator Kennedy believed that there could be no such thing as democratic politics if candidates seeking the public favor could not freely move among the masses of the people wherever they might be encountered. This is the common view among politicians of both parties, and it has been frequently reasserted in the last few days—most strongly by Governor Rockefeller, who said, shortly after Robert Kennedy died, that he had no intention of avoiding crowds or of having any more protection than he has had in the past. It is an attractive as well as a courageous position to take, and it may be sound as political philosophy. It is certainly true that any politician who abandoned the practice of mingling at close quarters with his constituents, actual or potential, would be denying himself the enormous advantage of demonstrating his personal rapport with them and also the value of what he might learn from and about them in such encounters. In 1968, this has seemed particularly true. Senators Kennedy and McCarthy, on the Democratic side, and Governor Rockefeller,

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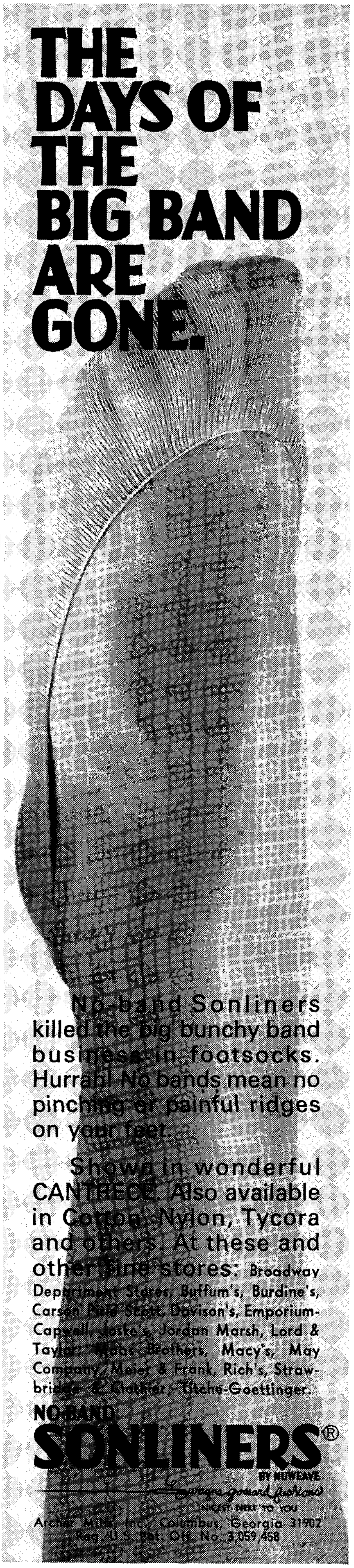

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on the Republican side, mounted their respective campaigns as certifiable underdogs. It was essential to the strategy of each that he convince the ultimate nominators—the Convention delegates—that people in large numbers would welcome his presence and applaud his views. The surest, if not the only, known way of doing this is to hold open gatherings, to encourage the crowds to swell, and to allow the candidate to fraternize as much as possible with those who have troubled to join him. Moreover, when the dangers of this practice were pointed out to Senator Kennedy and others, they were able to reply that neither John F. Kennedy nor Martin Luther King had been killed while mingling with large numbers of people. Some politicians, one of them being President Johnson, have insisted that they are never safer—in the sense of immunity from assassination, if not in the sense of immunity from bruises and broken toes—than when they are in the midst of large crowds. And it can also be pointed out that Senator Kennedy was shot not while consorting with a crowd but—after several weeks of consorting with many and after having received the news that his techniques had prevailed in California—while he was seeking to avoid one.

Yet the question is not really whether one kind of exposure is more dangerous than another; it is, rather, whether our leaders are serving us or their principles well by so frequently tempting death. It is true that John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King were shot by snipers, and that no increase in the number of bodyguards is likely to afford protection against a killer armed with a telescopic sight. But the late President would in all probability be alive today if the people on the Dallas streets had seen him through a bubbletop, and it might well have occurred to someone in the entourage of Martin Luther King, who ordinarily had more physical protection than most of our Presidential candidates, that it was imprudent for their leader to silhouette himself on a lighted motel balcony in the city of Memphis on the night of April 4th. In any case, whether or not democracy could survive the abandonment or radical reform of some of the present methods of seeking political support, it seems quite clear that it will have less hope of surviving if the acceptance of national leadership involves a high risk of death. Democracy is unquestionably diminished when there are restraints on the liberty of any citizen to go any-

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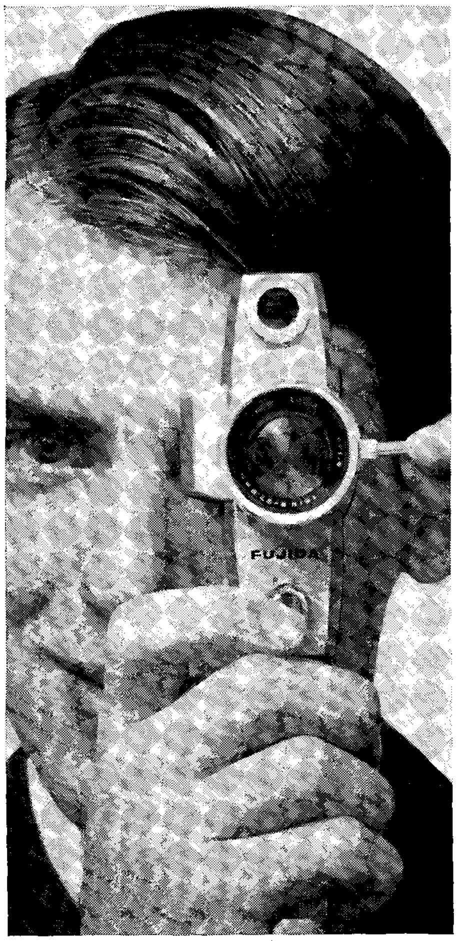

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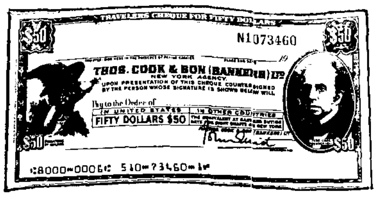

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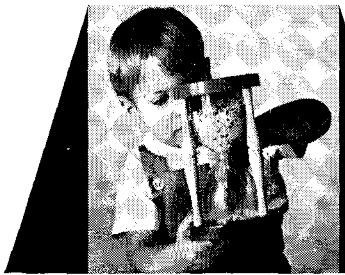

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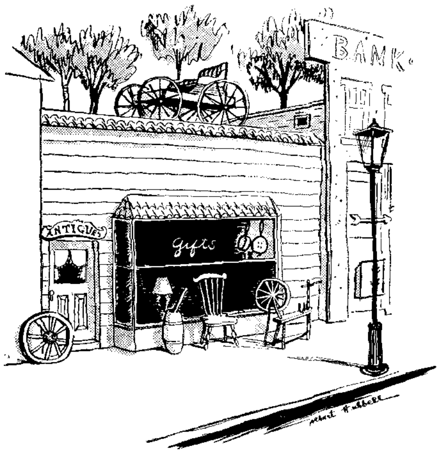
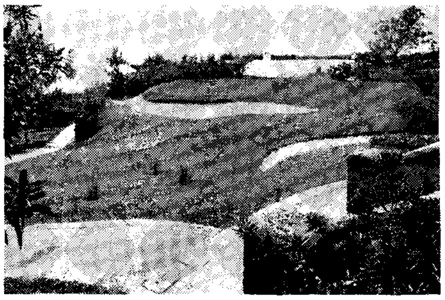
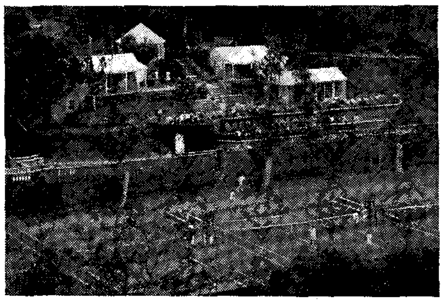
where he chooses, either alone and unprotected or in the company of others. But it suffered some diminution in this country long ago; the historical fact is that nearly all our Presidents have accepted such restraints, as have most leaders of nations for as long as nations have existed. And it now seems incontestable that democracy was vastly more diminished by the death of Robert Kennedy than it would have been had he lived with more caution and more protection. He spoke for millions who are now, at least temporarily, voiceless.

The idea that democracy requires the risks our leaders run seems peculiarly American. Few presidents and prime ministers in other countries feel called upon to take so many chances. Some of them might well feel that they could afford more exposure than their American counterparts, for in no other civilized country are lethal weapons so numerous or so easily come by as they are here. Still, foreign leaders less often feel compelled to be in close and dangerous proximity with crowds that may include individuals who wish them dead, and when the need to do so seems unavoidable they have tighter (though often less visible) security. When President Eisenhower went to meet Nikita Khrushchev in Geneva in 1955, the Swiss and other Europeans—including, of course, the Russians—professed to think that the Americans were ridiculously obsessed with security, and so it seemed when one observed six or seven Secret Service men jogging along beside the President's car as it moved through the streets of Geneva. However, the Swiss and others could afford to regard this as excessive because they had already put into effect security measures of a severeness unknown in this country. The Russians had no joggers; they simply had an enormous delegation consisting largely of strong-arm men. When President de Gaulle played host to the heads of government of this







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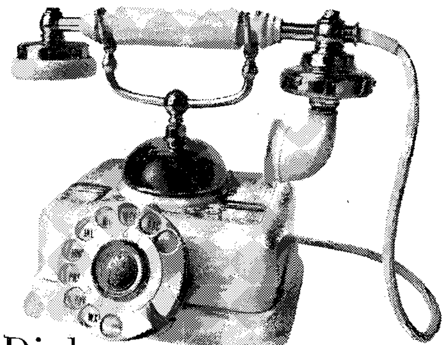

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country, the United Kingdom, and the Soviet Union in 1960—for the summit conference that never took place—his police took the precaution of rounding up hundreds of persons suspected of being capable of attempting assassination and providing them with a holiday in the South of France. No such procedure would be tolerated in this country, and even if it were, a Lee Harvey Oswald or a Sirhan Bishara Sirhan might escape the dragnet. But if we are to preserve civil liberties and at the same time preserve our leaders, either our leaders will have to change their ways or their followers will have to insist that they accept more security. There can be no certain protection against determined assassins, but a bubbletop on the Presidential limousine would have spared President Kennedy, and a bodyguard of seven or eight men might have spared Senator Kennedy.

Addressing himself to this unpleasant subject a couple of nights ago, Senator Javits gave it as his opinion that the time may have come when we can no longer get along without a national police force. He was aware, he said, that the idea was abhorrent to most Americans and particularly to those of a liberal cast of mind. But he observed that other countries had managed to maintain freedom while giving broad powers of enforcement to a national police, and he did not think that the only protection from tyranny was the preservation of our tradition of local police authority. It is difficult, for example, to see how our scandalous traffic in firearms could be stopped except by a national agency. Thanks to the exertions of the National Rifle Association, Congress is still reluctant to end this traffic, but if its mood changed tomorrow and the toughest possible bill were enacted, its provisions could not and would not be enforced by our constables, sheriffs, and local police; they would lack the means and, in many parts of the country, the will to deal with a problem that might be comparable to disarming a large and hostile military force. Our technology has burdened us with many other problems that seem insoluble by means of anything short of a national police agency. One we may shortly have to face is that of the manufacture of small and not so small nuclear weapons by non-governmental organizations, and even by individuals; to tackle it with any success would require keeping track of fissionable materials all over the country. In view of our failure, even with a national agency, to do much about the

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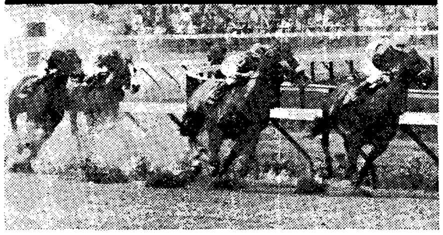

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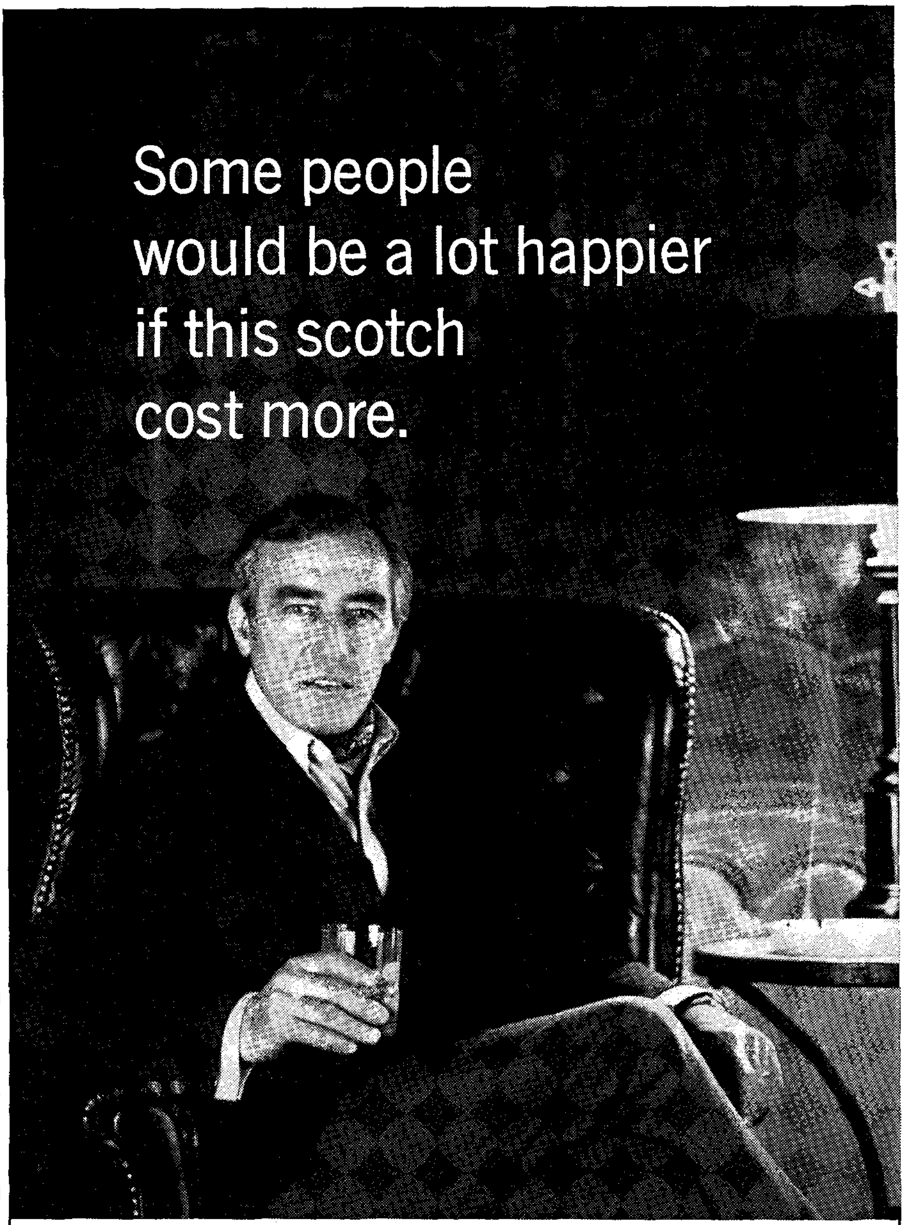
circulation of narcotics, the prospect is in any case appalling, but it would be quite hopeless—as perhaps it already is—to entrust it to police responsible to thousands of local authorities.

There is an understandable tendency in this bitter and grieving city to say that there is no hope for the United States unless it quickly remakes itself in the ways that Robert Kennedy wished it to and unless it immediately equips itself with the foreign policies he urged upon it. Hope may lie where he said it lay. But the fullest and speediest realization of all his dreams would not greatly reduce the vulnerability of many of our finest spirits to the acts of deranged and desperate fanatics. If we are ever to be led to the New Jerusalem, we must do what we can to keep alive those who know the way.

THE moratorium on "politics" agreed to by all the leading candidates is not likely to endure for more than a few days. It is in no one's interest that it should. A President must be chosen in November, and unless the contenders find some way of addressing themselves to the electorate at an early date, there will be little hope in either party of challenging the front-runners, or even of negotiating any sort of policy compromises with them. It may even now be too late for this. Most people here have for some time been persuaded that neither Humphrey nor Nixon could be denied nomination. Many think that Kennedy's death has made their strength even greater than it was a week ago. In the view of a large number of Republicans, it was only the possibility of Kennedy's nomination that gave Nelson Rockefeller any kind of appeal to Republican leaders, and a big part of Kennedy's strength reflected the view of many Democratic politicians that he could run powerfully against Rockefeller. Among those who were drawn to Kennedy primarily because of his and their opposition to the war, there is a movement to transfer—or, in some cases, retransfer—their support to Senator McCarthy. But what, more than two months ago, made Kennedy seem a more hopeful candidate than McCarthy was his acceptability among such Party leaders as Jesse Unruh, of California, and Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago. It now seems reasonable to assume that they would be more comfortable with Humphrey as the nominee than with McCarthy. The Kennedy supporters who now are moved to throw their support to McCarthy will be doing so with very little



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hope of wresting the nomination from Humphrey but with some expectation that anti-war sentiment could be mobilized to wring concessions on foreign policy and on Cabinet appointments. Kennedy and McCarthy, it is being pointed out, had a combined vote of eighty-eight per cent in California, and when any politician hears a figure like that he is likely to listen to reason. A similar aim is no doubt being sought by those Republicans who continue to support Rockefeller—though they, of course, can hardly lead from such strength.

The first Convention—that of the Republicans, in Miami—will get under way just two months from now. In the past, at about this stage of the Presidential year, the handicappers have become very self-assured; in the past, they have, as a rule, had good reasons to. The primaries are over. Most delegations are committed. It is hardly conceivable that any new candidates would be so foolhardy as to declare this late in the proceedings. But in 1968, two months seems a very long time indeed, and very few people are confident enough to look even two days ahead. Most are now conditioned to expect the unexpected and to acknowledge the existence of many new impulses in American life—some of them terrifying, some of them heartening, nearly all of them incalculable as to force and meaning. Moreover, there is a widespread awareness—which the latest assassination will surely increase—that we are not and never again can be in full control of our destiny. We cannot determine the course of the war in Vietnam or the course of the talks in Paris; what the Convention delegates do in August and what the voters do in November may be governed by what armies in Asia and diplomats in Europe do or fail to do in the meanwhile. But on this melancholy weekend the strongest possibility that anyone can foresee is the nomination by the Democrats of the Vice-President and by the Republicans of the last Republican holder of that office. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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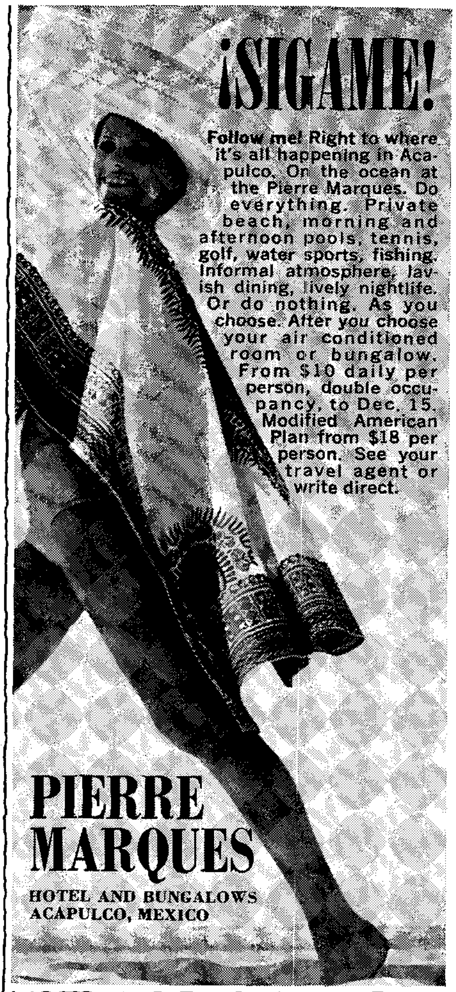

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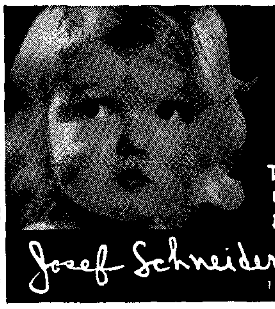

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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WHERE, for a few blessed hours, can one shake the hellbound Chaos, which seems to be after every last one of us, by simply hearing such celestial, cleansing art as "Mood Indigo," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "Solitude," "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Sophisticated Lady," and "Rockin' in Rhythm" played by their composer and seven members of his brilliant atelier? At the Rainbow Grill, a handsome, Captain Nemo ship floating some nine hundred feet above the city, where, for six nights a week, until June 29th, Duke Ellington, in company with Cat Anderson, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Paul Gonsalves, Lawrence Brown, the bassist Jeff Castleman, and the drummer Rufus Jones, is proving that he remains, in his seventieth year, the unacknowledged but undeniable Master of all Western music. Ellington appeared with his choicest grapes last summer at the Rainbow Grill for the first time (anywhere, outside of a recording studio), and it was a triumphant time. The band seemed the best small one ever assembled, new materials were broken out nightly, and Ellington himself, despite the death a short while before of his alter self, Billy Strayhorn, was ebullient and gracious and seriously enjoying himself. (He has long been taken for granted without, as it were, ever really having been accepted in the first place. So no one recorded the stint last year—an incredible sin of omission in a time when it is difficult to open one's mouth without being taped.) But on the first night I went up to the Rainbow Grill last week, Strayhorn's passing seemed to have caught up with Ellington. For the first time, he looked his age. "When I got a copy the other day of the new album we did of Billy's tunes," he said, "I couldn't even look at it, let alone listen to it. I just threw it on the bed." When the dog feels down, the tail stops wagging, and that night Ellington and the band were quiescent. New materials were not in evidence, a lot of medleys were trundled out, and there were half a dozen perfunctory vocals by Trish Turner and Tony Watkins. But, as in every Ellington performance, there

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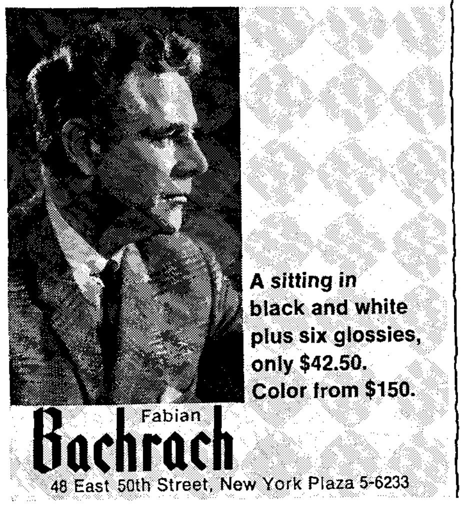

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were corrective moments: Ellington's crystal chime notes behind Harry Carney's bass clarinet on "Creole Love Call;" a medium-tempo "On the Sunny Side of the Street," on which Hodges was backed by an ingenious, pushing riff and by forty-fathom organ chords; Cat Anderson's loving parody of Louis Armstrong on "Me and You;" Paul Gonsalves' two choruses on "Body and Soul," one very slow and full of his labyrinthine Charlie Parker-Ben Webster rushes, and one in triple time, where he managed to stay just *ahead* of the beat; and Strayhorn's last blues, "The Intimacy of the Blues," which had two singing choruses apiece from Hodges and Anderson and Gonsalves.

One of the extraordinary things about Ellington and his men is their ability, in the face of a non-stop, year-in-and-year-out schedule, to continually pull surprises out of their hats. When I went back to the Rainbow Grill the next night, Ellington looked his customary forty, and from the beginning—Cat Anderson's plaintive, barely audible muted solo, backed only by the bassist, on "Black and Tan Fantasy"—the band shone and jumped and worked. It rocked behind Hodges on "I Got It Bad," with Carney providing mother-earth, basso-profundo hums. It rocked behind Trish Turner on "Sonny" and "Look at Me," and it shouted on "Happy-Go-Lucky Local," while Gonsalves, his shoulders hunched and his face screwed prune-tight, played perhaps a dozen choruses, each more freighted and impassioned than the last. (Gonsalves is one of the few great cumulative improvisers.) A loose, careering "C-Jam Blues" had startling breaks by Anderson and Gonsalves and Carney, and there was a rough but right "Main Stem," one of Ellington's most ardent and complex and beautiful blues. Hodges smoothed the deep suède of Billy Strayhorn's "Passion Flower," and at the beginning of the second set came an even more serene moment. Ellington, seated in semi-darkness by himself, played Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom." (He has said it is the tune Strayhorn most liked to hear him play.) He played it to himself and, of course, he played it for Strayhorn, who surely heard. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Berlin and Kern

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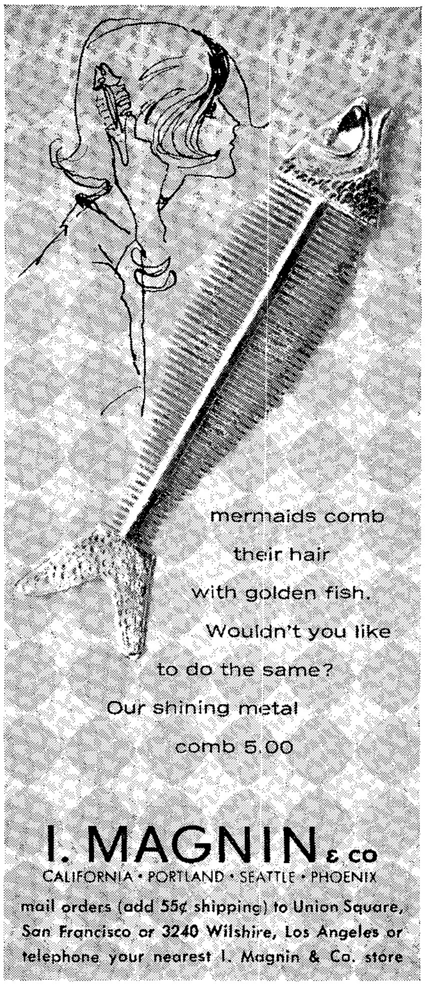

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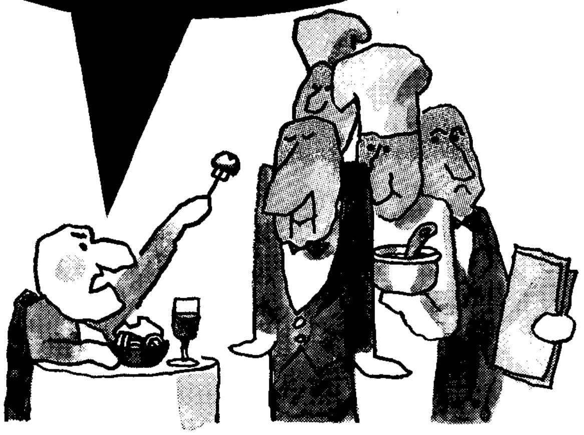
Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, has now, under the name Monmouth-Evergreen, directed its attention to the works of Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern. There have been, of course, several recorded collections of their individual fondants, and their various songs have a way of showing up all the time, so the producers, eschewing the usual grab-bag approach to such recitals, have limited themselves to specific periods in the writers' careers. The Berlin roundup, which bears the blanket title "All by Myself," after the earliest song of the lot—and also in acknowledgment of the fact that Berlin furnished both the words and the music of all his pieces—covers the years 1921 to 1933, and is issued, incidentally, in celebration of Berlin's eightieth birthday. The songs, fifty of them, are presented in the order of their composition (or publication, anyway, since, for example, the tune of "Easter Parade" had its origin many years earlier in a number called "Smile and Show Your Dimple"), and they are divided among three separate volumes: "Everybody Step" (1921-26), "Puttin' on the Ritz" (1926-30), and "Heat Wave" (1930-33). Thus, none of the early songs, such as "Alexander's Ragtime Band" or "I Love a Piano," are here, nor are the later ones, notably those from the Astaire-Rogers films and the Broadway musical "Annie Get Your Gun." As for the Kern collection, called "All the Things You Are," it is made up entirely of songs, eighteen in all, written during the composer's last seven years. (He died in 1945.) The Berlin survey is conducted by a soprano, a baritone, a choral group, and an octet under the direction of Rusty Dedrick, who doubles on trumpet and flugelhorn. Kern's songs are interpreted by a soprano, a tenor, a baritone, and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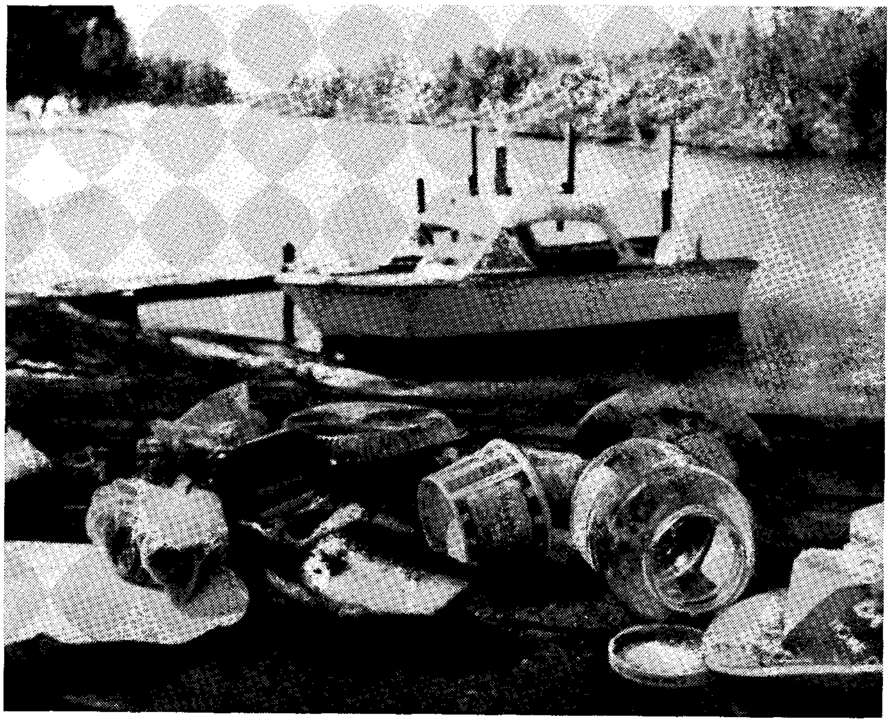
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With few exceptions, the entries in both albums are love songs that today reflect an innocence that was remarkably old-fashioned even for their time. This is somewhat surprisingly true in the case of Kern, whose collaborators (Oscar Hammerstein II was the foremost, but Ira Gershwin and Johnny Mercer, among others, were strongly represented) usually evidenced greater sophistication, though not necessarily greater skill, than Berlin. The words "dream" (a favorite of Hammerstein's), "roses" (a favorite of Berlin's), "moon," "heart," "romance," and, naturally, "love" keep recurring, and so do mellifluous rhymes that favor the voice with vowel sounds—"me," "mine," "you," "soon," and so on. The function of the music was to enrich the sentiments expressed by the words with strong melodies, primarily, but also with interesting modulations and the inventive use of harmony and rhythm. This is not to say that, basically, these values do not still hold true, but the airy, sunlit-and-moonlit world evoked by most of these caressing songs seems strangely remote today. As for the exceptions, they are all to be found in the Berlin triptych, the most striking of them being the expansive and still affecting "Supper Time," which was so movingly presented by Ethel Waters in the last of the great Broadway revues, "As Thousands Cheer."

Berlin may, in fact, be "America's Greatest Song Writer," as the producers of these recordings hail him. He has certainly been the most prolific and successful, with a staggering array of hits. The simpleness and rightness of his best songs have rarely been equalled. There are the effortless waltzes ("All Alone," "Remember," and "Always") composed in the mid-twenties, which found their balancing numbers, in fox-trot tempo, in such later efforts as "How Deep Is the Ocean" and "Say It Isn't So." But Berlin could be engagingly jaunty and rhythmically inventive, too, as in "Everybody Step," a piece from the first "Music Box Revue," which, interestingly, preceded "Fascinating Rhythm," a markedly similar ploy from the Gershwins' "Lady, Be Good!," by just a few years. Dancing, by the way—the kick-up-your-heels and glide-and-sway kinds of dancing—was all the rage back then, and Berlin was always in step as he turned out "Shaking the Blues Away," "It's Up to the Band," "Heat Wave," and, not included here, "Cheek to Cheek," "Change Partners," and "The Pic-

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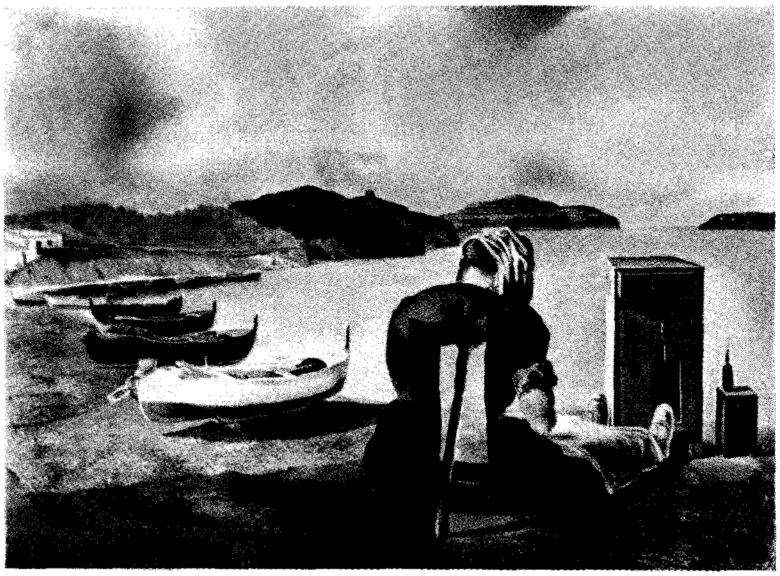
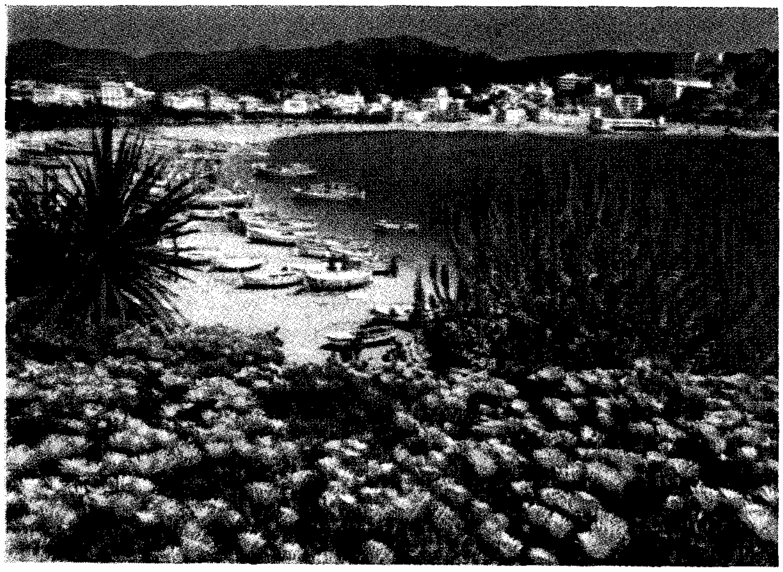


Spain through the eyes of an artist.



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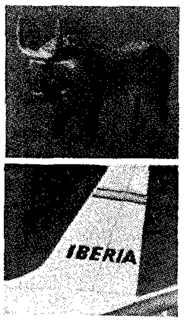

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colino." The earliest example I can recall of his grasp of the insouciant kind of dance number that led to all those capricious Astaire-Rogers duets appeared in "How's Chances," from "As Thousands Cheer." All in all, Berlin would seem to be the most natural and directly communicative of American songwriters since Stephen Foster.

On the other hand, Kern, a trained musician (Berlin is self-taught), was capable of constructions beyond Berlin's pure but modest musical talent, especially in his masterly shifting of keys. "The Song Is You," which came too soon for this collection, offers perhaps the most striking example of this skill, but the more artless "All Through the Day," one of his last songs, is also witness to it. The essential difference between the two composers is this: With Berlin, as, in a different way, with Gershwin, you are ever aware of a writer striving to overcome shortcomings in his musical technique and going on to extend himself in often breathtaking ways, whereas with Kern you are conscious of the musical sophisticate potentially capable of greater work but delighting in expending his considerable gifts on simple exercises. (The brief Miserere in "Show Boat," as well as some of the underscoring in the first act, suggests what Kern might have accomplished had he tried, or been permitted—who knows which?)

In both albums, the performances have a general gray competence in which nothing and nobody really stand out. In the Berlin study, the most effective performer is the soprano, Annette Sanders, who gets off "Everybody Step" and "Let's Have Another Cup o' Coffee" with flourish, and also conveys the vapors of "All Alone," "Remember," and "Say It Isn't So," as well as the power of "Supper Time," with an agreeable sureness. Steve Clayton, the baritone, who does "How Deep Is the Ocean," "An Orange Grove in California," "On a Roof in Manhattan," and "Always," seems a bit too studied, and the Jack Manno Singers resolutely skip along in four-four time in "The Song Is Ended," "Coquette," and even "Marie," just as if it hadn't been the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra that first shifted the beat and they were the Modernaires or the Pied Pipers. (They sound fine, though, in "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" and "How Many Times.") The Dedrick band, made up largely of familiar Dixieland musicians (Bob Wilber on clarinet and soprano sax, Lou McGarity on trombone, and Don

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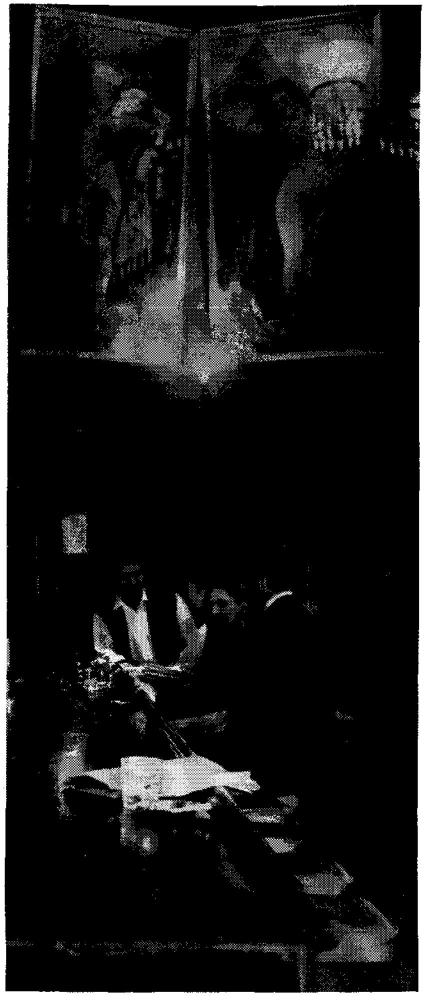

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Lamond on drums, for example), is sometimes with it and sometimes not.

In the Kern set, the soprano, Susan Watson, brings a clear, sweet delivery to such songs as "In Other Words, Seventeen" (I had been waiting to hear again this lilt from Kern's last Broadway show, "Very Warm for May"), "More and More," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." It was Danny Carroll, though—an offhand baritone who sings "You Were Never Lovelier," "Sure Thing," and "In Love in Vain," among other songs—who won me over the most. Reid Shelton, the tenor, has a somewhat erratic production that just about gets by with "Long Ago and Far Away," "Dearly Beloved" (this hit, by the way, was casually lifted by Kern from the first act of "Madame Butterfly," as he had lifted other melodies), and "In the Heart of the Dark." The Ted Auletta orchestra, a slight but adequate machine, tries, with the use of a couple of extra strings, to sound richer than it is. Nevertheless, the songs are here and sufficiently well presented to remind us of a more prideful, if less assertive, day in songwriting.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

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[*From "Corridors of Power," by C. P. Snow*]

Through the dinner, I was stone-walling. He wanted something out of me: I wanted to find out something about him.—*Page 30.*

I was taken by surprise, and went back to stone-walling again. I looked, not at him, but at the people round about us, at an old man with a crimson face who was chewing with exaggerated slowness, at a serious youth impressed by his first glimpse of a London club.—*Page 31.*

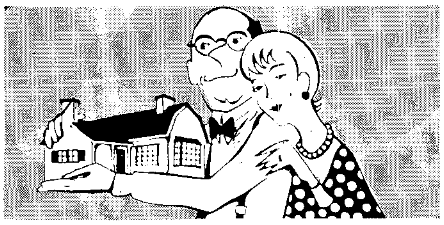
When Roger gave a dead-pan, stone-walling reply, neither the member nor any of the aircraft spokesmen followed with a subsidiary. There were one or two half-smiles of understanding.—*Page 69.*

•

ARTICLE II—DESCRIPTION OF ITEMS AND SCOPE OF WORK

A. *Item 1—Research and Development of a Demographic Micro-Simulation Model*—The work hereunder shall consist of the research and development of a Demographic Micro-Simulation Model which shall consist of a core model, modular additions and detailed instructions capable of providing probabilities and relationships allowing individuals to age, die, marry, change fecundity status and contribute to the phenomenon of birth. —*Contract schedule issued by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.*

In that order.



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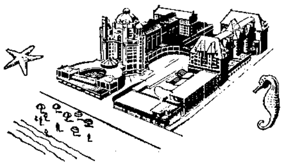

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BOOKS

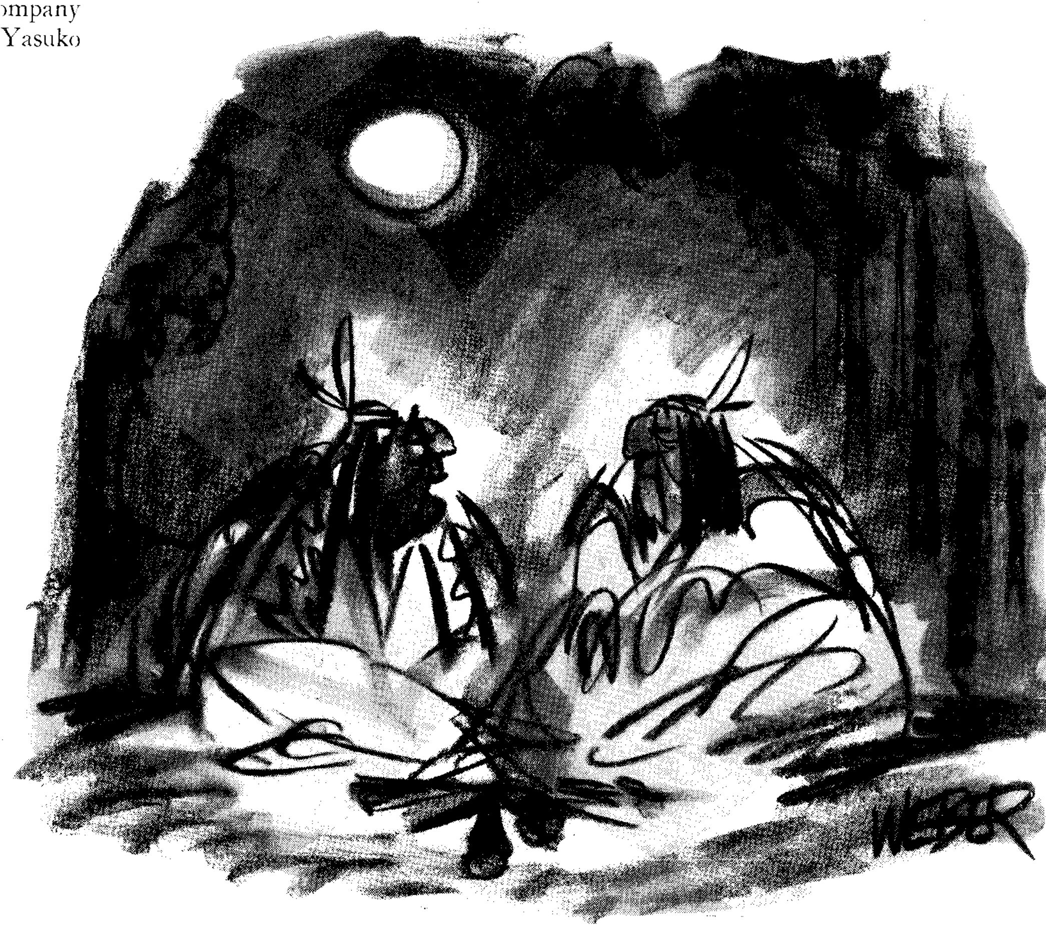
Narcissus and His Friends

“Forbidden Colors” (Knopf) is, if its dust jacket is to be believed, looked upon in Japan as Yukio Mishima's masterpiece. Since, to a Western eye, the book is so much inferior to his magnificent “The Temple of the Golden Pavilion” and his beautifully measured and limpid “The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea,” its success in its country of origin must be put down either to qualities that it has lost in translation or to the interest of its material. Mishima describes the world of homosexuals in Tokyo with photographic accuracy, and some will no doubt find this aspect of the book more enthralling than its story. This is about a young man of stunning beauty, who is called Yuichi Minami, and who is deeply and sincerely in love with himself. Yuichi is spotted as a narcissist by a wealthy and desiccated writer, Shunsuké Hinoki, who never liked women very much in the first place and who has settled down in his old age to work off his hatred of them by making as many of them as possible as unhappy as he can. When Shunsuké first meets Yuichi, it is in the company of a nineteen-year-old girl, Yasuko Segawa, who has drawn the old writer's bitter enmity by admiring his work, arousing a flicker of desire in him, and not wishing to sleep with him. As soon as Shunsuké recognizes what Yuichi is, he realizes that he can ensure Yasuko a great deal of misery by financing their marriage and making himself the golden boy's mentor in nastiness. This is not to say that he pushes Yuichi into homosexual adventures—he knows that no effort is required in that quarter—but that he undertakes the business of showing him how to humiliate women by arousing them with his beauty and then frustrating them. In short, the old man is going to use the young man as an instrument with which to hurt various women he has grudges against. The story thus has three strands to it: that of Yasuko's gathering distress, that of Shunsuké's mischief-making, and that of Yuichi's varied sexual adventures.

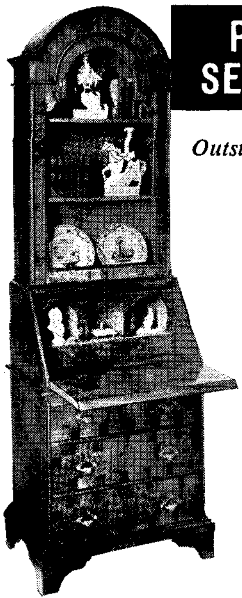
“Universal beauty had won all with the first cast,” Mishima writes as he begins his account of Yuichi's first appearance at a bar called Rudon's:

> Even the normally carping critics at Rudon's were struck dumb. Before their companions, or the boys who were serving them, they refrained from putting into words the inexpressible admiration they felt. Their eyes, however, were taking the most beautiful visions of the countless young men they had caressed and placing them beside the naked body of Yuichi they had just sketched in their minds. There the vague shapes of the imaginary youths, the warmth of their flesh, the odor of their bodies, their voices, their kisses floated. But when those visions were placed beside the naked form of Yuichi, they shyly stole away. Their beauty was captive in the castle of individuality; Yuichi's beauty, overriding individuality, gleamed resplendent.

Familiarity does not breed contempt in this case, and the more the fraternity comes to know of Yuichi the more they find to admire in him. His profile is perfection; the beauty of his eyes extraordinary; “his voice, filled with clarity and golden grace,” is “like a brilliant ray filtering through the clouds;” and his potency is remarkable. Word that this nonpareil is in circulation in Tokyo spreads to far-off towns, and connoisseurs make long journeys in order to proposition him. On top of all this, Yuichi, as his mentor, Shunsuké, had foreseen, is a blockbuster with women. “As she looked up at him a dark joy burst its bonds inside her and came welling up,” we are told of one of his female admirers. “She realized that she had never felt this same deep sense of surrender with any other man.” This particular lady becomes the victim of a hideously sadistic practical joke. Yuichi gets her drunk, and then takes her to a house of assignation where Shunsuké takes over under cover of darkness. And poor Mrs. Kaburagi, a lady blackmailer who once hit Shunsuké for three hundred thousand yen, has a possibly even more disagreeable experience: when she has succumbed to Yuichi's fatal charm, she is allowed to discover in the most painful way that he is her husband's lover. At this point, the plot line becomes somewhat complicated. As Mrs. Kaburagi is a masochist of a rather unusual character, her discovery makes her love Yuichi more than ever. She writes him a fif-



“Heard any good legends lately?”



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teen-page letter telling him so, which inadvertently reveals to him the extent to which she has been hurt. As he is a sadist, this makes him feel that he is in love with her. Under this illusion, he goes off to discuss the letter with Shunsuké, who set up the liaison with Mrs. Kaburagi in the first place, and in the course of their talk Yuichi discovers that Shunsuké loves him, and so he falls in love right back:

> The reason was that, in this moment, both Yuichi and Shunsuké loved the same person. You like me; I like me; let's be friends—this is the axiom of egoistic affection. At the same time, it is the one and only manifestation of mutual love.

Have we now got to the happy ending? No, sir! This is a Japanese novel. What happens next is that Shunsuké gets Yuichi to foul things up for Mrs. Kaburagi by giving her letter to her husband, and then bows out so that the young man can have an affair with a Mr. Kawada, a super-tycoon at the head of an automobile company. The story now takes a yet more sinister turn. Poor Yasuko, Yuichi's young wife, has been pregnant for some time, and has now reached her term. Her husband witnesses the delivery and is powerfully affected by the experience. If we are to believe Mishima, it cures him of his narcissism and makes him capable of loving his wife. But, from what follows, it is fairly clear that he remains the same old Yuichi, and that he got a tremendous charge out of the pain she had to suffer, and from the fact that he has inflicted it upon her. Mishima's account of the crisis of this episode verges on the dotty:

> At this time, however, Yuichi's heart, pondering his wife's face at the pinnacle of suffering, and the burning coloration in that part of her that had been the source of his loathing, went through a process of transformation. Yuichi's beauty, that had been given over for the admiration of man and woman alike, that had seemed to have existence only to be seen, for the first time had its faculties restored, and seemed now to exist only to see. Narcissus had forgotten his own face. His eyes had another object than the mirror. Looking at this awful ugliness had become the same as looking at himself. . . . If beside herself with pain, his wife had turned her face and opened her eyes, she would certainly have had no trouble seeing there the expression of one who lived in the same world as she.

Possibly so. But the story is now wildly out of its author's control. Yuichi's mother turns up at the hospital and is overwhelmed by the change in her son. "For the first time, you and Yasuko look like a real couple," she says. "You wear the expression of people sharing a sweet secret." And they have in fact become a couple, in the sense that a murderer and his victim are a couple. He has discovered that his wife really loves him and that he can inflict even greater pain than she has yet suffered by destroying her love, and with it all her confidence in life. He accordingly embarks on a new set of affairs with a wild carelessness that is bound to bring on a scandal. He succeeds in his aim soon enough, and before long his mother and his wife receive anonymous letters presenting his conduct in the ugliest possible light. This breaks the mother, but not the wife, who is generous or foolish enough to be in love with him as he is, not as she thinks he ought to be. Much put out by her acceptance of his homosexuality, Yuichi tries another line. He brings Mrs. Kaburagi back on the scene—this time to have her make a bogus confession to the effect that she has been his mistress all along, in support of his story that the behavior reported in the letters has simply been a blind to cover up an affair with another woman. This does it, and having reduced his wife to a state of frozen-hearted misery he turns happily to the business of tormenting the love-sick motor magnate. Mr. Kawada, realizing that he will be capable of any folly if he permits himself the luxury of associating with Yuichi, pays the young man five hundred thousand yen to stay away from him. By a happy coincidence, the sum is precisely that which Shunsuké put up to finance Yuichi's marriage. He thus finds himself in a position to hurt his mentor by repaying the debt and breaking free from his influence. Shunsuké, however, outsmarts him, and, after delivering him a long lecture on beauty and all that, plays a game of chess with him, takes an overdose of an analgesic, and dies—having left his puppet his entire fortune of ten million yen.

What this rigmarole is all about is hard to make out, and the riddle is not made any easier to solve by Mishima's prankish notion of telling us that although Shunsuké is a novelist of the old, aesthetic school of Japanese writers, with twenty volumes to his credit and an established reputation, he despises those who admire his work—he calls them "this flock of bald parrots"—only a little less than he despises his craft. He declares himself to be an unbeliever in a long speech that is his farewell to Yuichi and to life:

> "I am a novelist. Of all the rubbish that has been invented in modern times, the profession I have chosen is the

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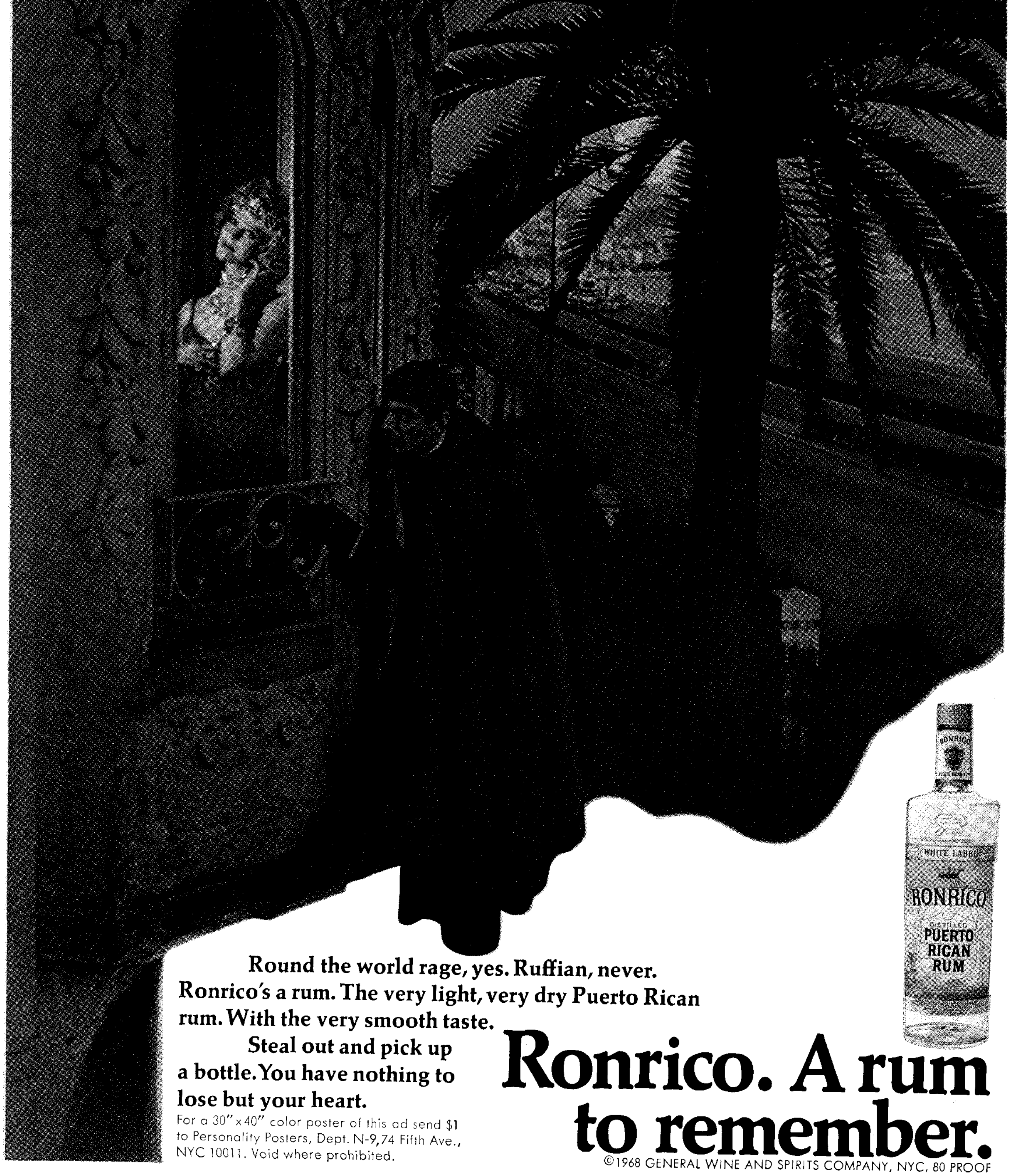
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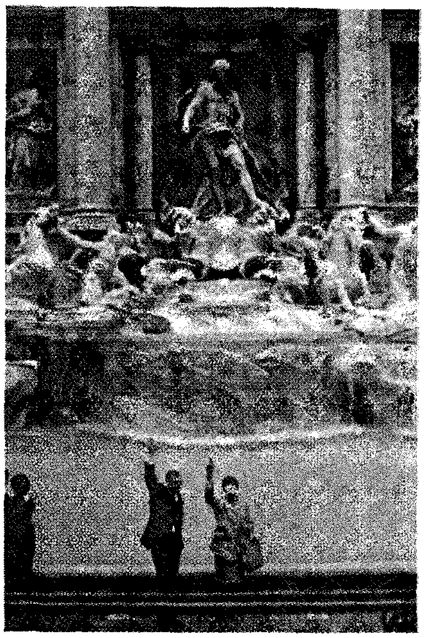

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worst. Don't you think that for the expression of beauty it is the most bungling and low-class of professions?"

This stands at the head of a confused argument that leads up to a statement of the theory that suicide, in its combination of expression and action, is the perfect aesthetic and sensual act with which to round out a life of self-love. But it is not clear that Shunsuké's own suicide is to be this perfect act and the culmination of his career, and it is possible to suspect that Yuichi is to be his work of art, that what he has been working for all along is to put the young man on a path that must take him to a point where he will kill himself in his turn. It is Yuichi's future suicide, taking place beyond the confines of the novel, that will be the real crowning of Shunsuké's career. The significance of this act will not lie in its being the end of the young man's life but in the destruction of his beauty. By this, the old man will have accomplished an act of annihilation after he has ceased to be—something to be conceived of as the polar opposite of the feminine creative act, which he is found denouncing in the pages of his diary in the opening chapter. This may be so, and then again it may not. Such riddles are in the tradition of the Japanese novel, and, for all his strident protests and anarchistic demonstrations, Mishima is deeply and increasingly immersed in that tradition. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CRY FOR A SHADOW, by Chrys Paul Fletcher (Putnam). Less a novel than a dirge for a folk-rock singer named Chris Plater, whose career as a teen-age idol finds an ending that will seem disastrous to some readers and triumphant to others. It is enough to say that Chris's gentle, joyless spirit reaches the ultimate in joylessness—the ultimate in this life, that is. The scene is England, where Chris and his companions, boys and girls, wander haphazardly here and there in their attempt to express the interesting and exciting selves they wish somebody would discover in their shabbily dressed, ill-fed bodies. Mr. Fletcher writes awkwardly, and his language is careless and childish in its persistent obscenity, but he expresses the misery of dislocated, resentful, unsteady youth as well as anyone has done. Mr. Fletcher is eighteen, a year or so younger than his hero. This is his first novel.

MRS. CALDWELL SPEAKS TO HER SON, by Camilo José Cela, translated from the Spanish by J. S. Bernstein (Cornell University Press). This is a strange and poignant novel, unusual in its content and style—a story of a mother-and-son relationship written after the son's death by a sensitive, charming, and mentally disturbed woman. She mourns her son by talking to him and telling him about what she thinks wisdom, love, and beauty consist of. Mrs. Caldwell bestows upon Eliacim, her illegitimate son, a kind of love that is somehow different from a natural motherly feeling. The novel is composed of short, poetic vignettes encompassing all sorts of delicate emotions and extravagant opinions, and Mr. Cela narrates it in a beautiful, stylized way, with a tone of surrealistic casualness and a dash of old-fashioned, good-hearted cynicism. His portrayal of a gentle, inoffensive madness is remarkable.

NOTE: The New American Library has published William Murray's autobiographical novel "The Americano." Portions of the book originally appeared in this magazine in somewhat different form.

GENERAL

LETTERS TO GEORGIAN FRIENDS, by Boris Pasternak, translated from the Russian and edited by David Magarshack (Harcourt, Brace & World). Pasternak fell in love with Georgia and Georgians on his first visit, and spent a considerable amount of time translating and editing Georgian poetry. Two Georgian poets to whom Pasternak was particularly attached were Titian Tabidze, who was arrested and executed in a Stalin-Beria purge in 1937, and Paolo Yashvili, who killed himself in fear of a similar fate. Tabidze's execution was not announced until 1955, and in all the intervening years Pasternak corresponded with Tabidze's wife, Nina, and her daughter Nita, assuring them that "Titian is alive and is somewhere not very far away," although when the news finally came out he confessed to Nina Tabidze, "I always sensed this terrible truth." These letters are intensely moving, as are many others, particularly one telling Nina Tabidze his sensations during a severe heart attack, and another denying that he was a "martyr" after he had been silenced. Pasternak was a very sentimental man, and the emotional

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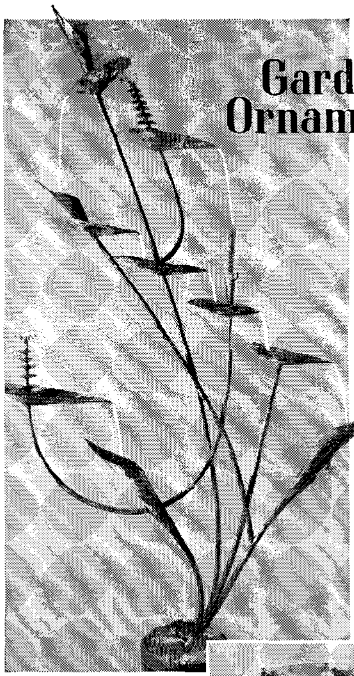

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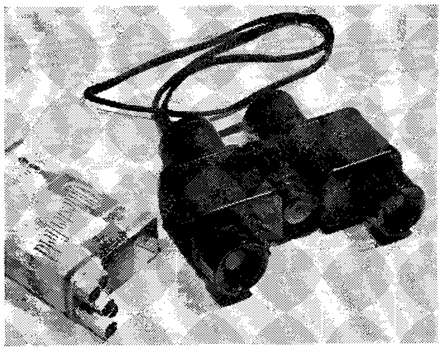

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openness of his Georgian correspondents intensified it; these are important and beautiful letters nevertheless. Excellently edited, with biographical notes and photographs.

THE SASSOONS, by Stanley Jackson (Dutton). A sprightly, sensible account of a successful family. Before moving to Bombay in the early nineteenth century, the Sassoons had been Jewish merchants in Baghdad since sometime B.C. In India, their probity, diligence, caution, shrewdness, and good luck amassed fortunes as they participated in the development (or exploitation) of the East. In India, too, they became devoted to the Crown. When they moved to England, the Sassoons were approved by Queen Victoria, and welcomed by her heir into his extravagant Marlborough House set. They showed a new aptitude—a way with horses, both as racing owners and as sporting riders—and the family's horsemanship improved as its business ability declined. One branch of the Sassoons remained Orthodox while the world around them grew less pious; one branch, bred out of the Rothschilds, produced a Proustian exquisite, Philip, who became legendary, if not popular; another branch gave the world Siegfried, the poet; but the drift of Mr. Jackson's narrative shows how quickly the Sassoons became unremarkable upper-crust English types. (Whether this proves the assimilative powers of a liberal society, the effectiveness of English public schools, or the adaptability of the Sassoons is uncertain.) Mr. Jackson does not make people who seemed matter-of-fact to themselves appear exotic to the reader, and his style is always clear, even when he is disentangling complex cousinships.

IN THE FIST OF THE REVOLUTION: LIFE IN A CUBAN COUNTRY TOWN, by Jose Yglesias (Pantheon). A three-month sojourn in Mayarí, a little town in the remote Oriente province of Cuba. The time is the early spring of 1967, and the sojourner is an American of Cuban descent who speaks fluent Cuban Spanish. He sympathizes with the Castro revolution (he knows what life was like under Batista), but he is far from being an alienated North American. He is an observer and a listener, and his book is a record of a thousand conversations with Cubans of every stripe and situation: a young man in the throes of the dandyism called *La Enfermedad* ("I would

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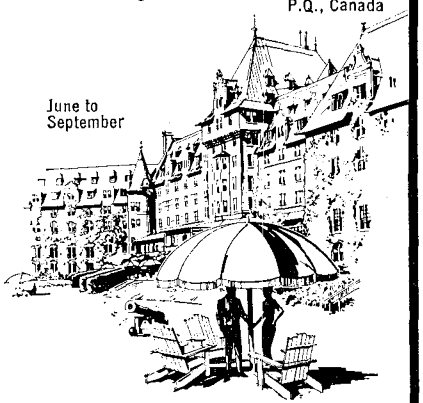

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like to have one of those Italian suits. Real tight, oh what a feeling. But I could not wear it, of course . . . the DOP picks you up right away"), a politico ("Sometimes I think that the real test of the Revolution has been the shortage of coffee"), a physician ("You know what I finally say to all those relatives and friends who leave to your country? . . . I finally say, Are you not interested in this fascinating process? How can you leave and not stay to watch these extraordinary developments?"). The result is an absorbing group portrait.

MELBA, by John Hetherington (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). This is a delightfully objective biography that presents, faults and all, the Australian diva who conquered London, Paris, New York, and other operatic cities in the eighteen-nineties, and after whom, even today, peaches and toast are named. Nellie Melba (née Helen Porter Mitchell) was born of well-to-do pioneer stock in Melbourne, studied singing there with an Italian tenor named Pietro Cecchi, married a jackaroo and boxer, had one child by him, and then left home to fight her way up in the European operatic world, first in Paris under the celebrated singing teacher Mathilde Marchesi. She was not exactly a beauty, but she had plump good looks as a girl and, besides several discreet romances, had a rather indiscreet affair with the Duc d'Orléans, whom she met in London. She was, according to her biographer, vain, capricious, imperious, tough, stingy, egotistical, terribly efficient, and impervious to flattery, though she enjoyed it. She used every possible means to cut down rival singers. (She was jealous not only of rival sopranos but even of tenors and baritones who threatened to get more applause than she did.) When she last sang at Covent Garden, in 1926, she was in her sixties, and she even made some recordings after that. In her old age, she suddenly turned generous and helped a number of young singers to get ahead.

THE LAST GREAT CAUSE: THE INTELLECTUALS AND THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, by Stanley Weintraub (Weybright & Talley). During the Spanish Civil War, most English and American writers supported the Loyalists with an intensity that few causes have evoked since. Professor Weintraub recounts individual writers' deeds and destinies—how some fought and many of these died; how

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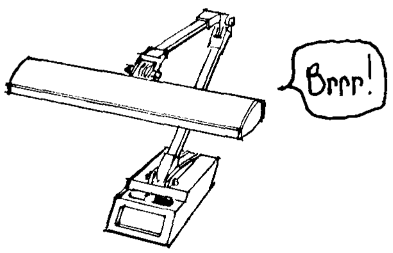

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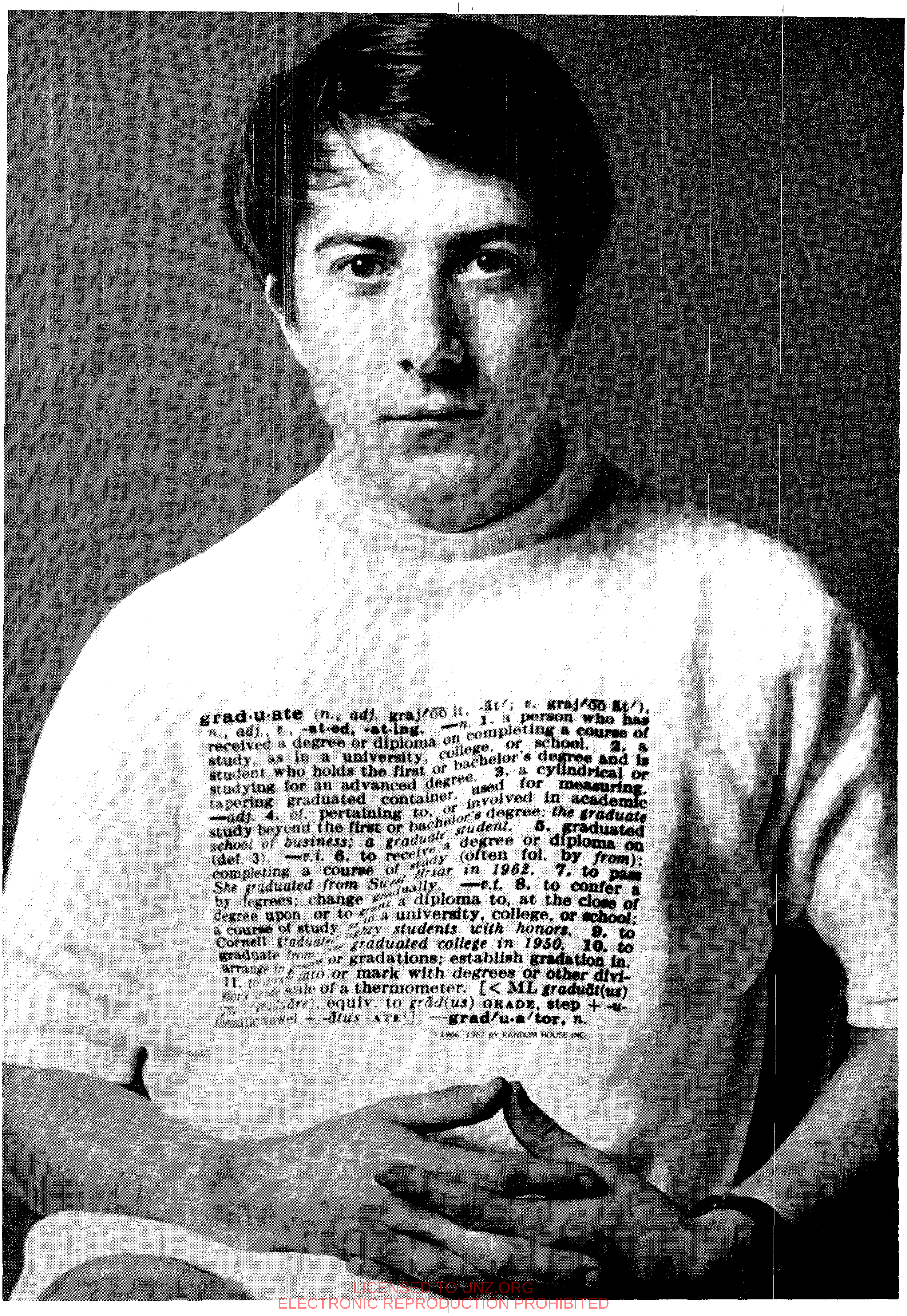
grad·u·ate (n., adj. graj′o͞o it, -āt′; v. graj′o͞o āt′),
n., adj., v., -at·ed, -at·ing. —n. 1. a person who has
received a degree or diploma on completing a course of
study, as in a university, college, or school. 2. a
student who holds the first or bachelor's degree and is
studying for an advanced degree. 3. a cylindrical or
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(ptp. of graduāre), equiv. to grăd(us) GRADE, step + -u-
thematic vowel + -ātus -ATE¹] —grad′u·a′tor, n.
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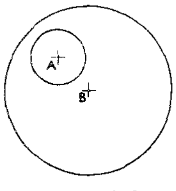
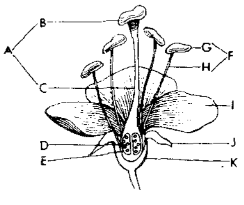
anti-, a learned borrowing from Greek meaning "against," "opposite of," used in the formation of compound words (*anticline*); used freely in combination with elements of any origin (*antibody; antifreeze; antiknock*). Also, *before a vowel,* **ant-.** [ME < L < Gk, comb. form of *anti;* akin to Skt *anti,* L *ante,* E *an-* in *answer.* Cf. ANTE-]

drop·out (drop′out′), *n.* **1.** an act or instance of dropping out. **2.** a student who withdraws before completing a course of instruction. **3.** a person who withdraws from high school after having reached the legal age to do so. **4.** *Rugby.* a drop kick made by a defending team from within its own 25-yard line as a result of a touchdown or of the ball's having touched or gone outside of a touch-in-goal line or the dead-ball line. **5.** Also called **facsimile, highlight halftone.** a halftone negative or plate in which dots have been eliminated from highlights by continued etching, burning in, opaquing, or the like. Also, **drop′-out′.** [n. use of v. phrase *drop out*]



Eccentric circles
A, Center of small circle; B, Center of large circle

ec·cen·tric (ik sen′trik, ek-), *adj.* **1.** deviating from the recognized or customary character, practice, etc.; irregular; erratic; peculiar; odd: *eccentric conduct; an eccentric person.* **2.** *Geom.* not having the same center; not concentric: used esp. of two circles or spheres at least one of which contains the centers of both. **3.** not situated in the center, as an axis. **4.** *Mach.* having the axis or support away from the center, as a wheel. **5.** *Astron.* deviating from a circular form, as an elliptic orbit. —*n.* **6.** a person who has an unusual, peculiar, or odd personality, set of beliefs, or behavior pattern. **7.** something that is unusual, peculiar, or odd. **8.** *Mach.* a device for converting circular motion into reciprocating rectilinear motion, consisting of a disk fixed somewhat out of center to a revolving shaft, and working freely in a surrounding collar (**eccen′tric strap′**), to which a rod (**eccen′tric rod′**) is attached. Also, *esp. Brit.,* **excentric.** [< LL *eccentric*(*us*) < Gk *ékkentr*(*os*) out of center (see EC-, CENTER) + L *-icus* -IC] —**ec·cen′tri·cal,** *adj.* —**ec·cen′tri·cal·ly,** *adv.*
—**Ant. 1.** normal, ordinary.



Flower
A, Pistil; B, Stigma; C, Style; D, Ovule; E, Ovary; F, Stamen; G, Anther; H, Filament; I, Petal; J, Sepal; K, Receptacle

flow·er (flou′ər), *n.* **1.** the blossom of a plant. **2.** *Bot.* **a.** that part of a seed plant comprising the reproductive organs and their envelopes if any, esp. when such envelopes are more or less conspicuous in form and color. **b.** an analogous reproductive structure in other plants, as the mosses. **3.** a plant considered with reference to its blossom or cultivated for its floral beauty. **4.** state of efflorescence or bloom: *Peonies were in flower.* **5.** an ornament representing a flower. **6.** Also called **fleuron, floret.** *Print.* an ornamental piece of type, esp. a stylized floral design, often used in a line to decorate chapter headings, page borders, bindings, etc. **7.** any ornament or adornment. **8.** See **figure of speech. 9.** the finest or most flourishing state or period, as of life or beauty: *Poetic drama was in flower in Elizabethan England.* **10.** the best or finest member or part of a number, body, or whole: *the flower of American youth.* **11.** the finest or choicest product or example. **12. flowers,** (construed as sing.) *Chem.* a substance in the form of a fine powder, esp. as obtained by sublimation: *flowers of sulfur.* —*v.i.* **13.** to produce flowers, as a plant; blossom; come to full bloom. **14.** to come out into full development; mature: *Ideas flower under favorable conditions.* —*v.t.* **15.** to cover or deck with flowers. **16.** to decorate with a floral design. [ME *flour* flower, best of anything < OF *flor, flour, flur* < L *flōr-* (s. of *flōs*). Cf. BLOSSOM]

gen·ius (jēn′yəs), *n., pl.* **gen·ius·es** for 2, 3, 8, **gen·i·i** (jē′nē ī′) for 6, 7, 9. **1.** an exceptional natural capacity of intellect, especially as shown in creative and original work in art, music, etc. **2.** a person having such capacity. **3.** a person having extraordinarily high intelligence, esp. one with an I.Q. of 140 or above. **4.** natural ability or capacity; strong inclination: *a special genius for pediatric medicine.* **5.** distinctive character or spirit, as of a nation, period, language, etc. **6.** the guardian spirit of a place, institution, etc. **7.** either of two mutually opposed spirits, one good and the other evil, supposed to attend a person throughout his life. **8.** a person who strongly influences for good or ill the character, conduct, or destiny of a person, place, or thing: *Rasputin, the evil genius of Russian politics.* **9.** Usually **genii.** any demon or spirit, esp. a jinn. [< L: tutelary deity or genius of a person; cf. GENUS]
—**Syn. 4.** gift, talent, aptitude, faculty.

grad·u·ate (*n., adj.* graj′o͞o it, -āt′; *v.* graj′o͞o āt′), *n., adj., v.,* **-at·ed, -at·ing.** —*n.* **1.** a person who has received a degree or diploma on completing a course of study, as in a university, college, or school. **2.** a student who holds the first or bachelor's degree and is studying for an advanced degree. **3.** a cylindrical or tapering graduated container, used for measuring. —*adj.* **4.** of, pertaining to, or involved in academic study beyond the first or bachelor's degree: *the graduate school of business; a graduate student.* **5.** graduated (def. 3). —*v.i.* **6.** to receive a degree or diploma on completing a course of study (often fol. by *from*): *She graduated from Sweet Briar in 1962.* **7.** to pass by degrees; change gradually. —*v.t.* **8.** to confer a degree upon, or to grant a diploma to, at the close of a course of study, as in a university, college, or school: *Cornell graduated eighty students with honors.* **9.** to graduate from: *She graduated college in 1950.* **10.** to arrange in grades or gradations; establish gradation in. **11.** to divide into or mark with degrees or other divisions, as the scale of a thermometer. [< ML *graduāt*(*us*) (ptp. of *graduāre*), equiv. to *grād*(*us*) GRADE, step + *-u-* thematic vowel + *-ātus* -ATE¹] —**grad′u·a′tor,** *n.*

he·don·ism (hēd′ᵊniz′əm), *n.* **1.** the doctrine that pleasure or happiness is the highest good. **2.** devotion to pleasure as a way of life: *The later Roman emperors were notorious for their hedonism.* [< Gk *hēdon*(*ḗ*) pleasure + -ISM] —**he′don·ist,** *n., adj.* —**he′do·nis′tic,** *adj.* —**he′do·nis′ti·cal·ly,** *adv.*

lov·er (luv′ər), *n.* **1.** a person who is in love, esp. a man in love with a woman. **2.** a man amorously involved with a woman not his wife; paramour. **3. lovers,** a man and woman in love with each other or having a love affair. **4.** a person who has a strong predilection or liking for something, as specified: *a lover of music.* **5.** a person who loves, esp. a person who has or shows affectionate regard for others: *a lover of mankind.* [ME; see LOVE, -ER¹] —**lov′er·less,** *adj.* —**lov′er·like′,** *adj.*

mug·wump (mug′wump′), *n.* *U.S.* **1.** a Republican who refused to support the party nominee, James G. Blaine, in the presidential campaign of 1884. **2.** a person who acts as an independent or affects superiority, esp. in politics. **3.** a person who is unable to make up his mind on an issue, esp. in politics; one who is neutral on a controversial issue. [< Algonquian (Massachusetts): lit., great man] —**mug′wump′er·y, mug′wump′ism,** *n.* —**mug′wump′i·an,** *adj.* —**mug′wump′ish,** *adj.*

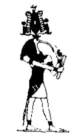
mu·tu·al·ism (myo͞o′cho͞o ə liz′əm), *n.* **1.** a relationship between two species of organisms in which both benefit from the association. **2.** the doctrine that the interdependence of social elements is the primary determinant of individual and social relations, esp. the theory that common ownership of property, or collective effort and control governed by sentiments of brotherhood and mutual aid will be beneficial to both the individual and society. **3.** *Sociol.* the force or principle of mutual aid. [MUTUAL + -ISM] —**mu′tu·al·ist,** *n.* —**mu′tu·al·is′tic,** *adj.*

O·lym·pi·an (ō lim′pē ən), *adj.* **1.** pertaining to Mount Olympus or dwelling thereon, as the gods of classical Greece. **2.** pertaining to Olympia in Elis. **3.** of, resembling, characteristic of, or suitable to the gods of Olympus; majestic; aloof; incomparably superior: *a landscape of Olympian beauty; an Olympian disregard for everyday matters.* —*n.* **4.** an Olympian deity. **5.** a contender in the Olympic Games. **6.** a native or inhabitant of Olympia. [< LL *Olympiān*(*us*), equiv. to L *Olympi*(*us*) (< Gk *Olýmpios,* deriv. of *Ólymp*(*os*) OLYMPUS) + *-iānus* -IAN] —**O·lym′pi·an·ly,** *adv.*

Om (ôm), *n.* *Hinduism.* a mantric word thought to be a complete expression of Brahman and interpreted as having three sounds representing Brahma or creation, Vishnu or preservation, and Siva or destruction, or as consisting of the same three sounds, representing waking, dreams, and deep sleep, along with the following silence, which is fulfillment. Also, **Aum.** [< Skt]

om·pha·lo·skep·sis (om′fə lō skep′sis), *n.* contemplation of one's navel as part of a mystical exercise. [OMPHALO- + Gk *sképsis* act of looking]

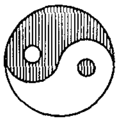
peace (pēs), *n., v.,* **peaced, peac·ing,** *interj.* —*n.* **1.** the normal, nonwarring condition of a nation, group of nations, or the world. **2.** an agreement or treaty between warring or antagonistic nations, groups, etc., to end hostilities and abstain from further fighting or antagonism: *the Peace of Ryswick.* **3.** a state of mutual harmony between people or groups, esp. in personal relations: *Try to live in peace with your neighbors.* **4.** the normal freedom from civil commotion and violence of a community; public order and security: *He was arrested for being drunk and breaking the peace.* **5.** cessation of or freedom from any strife or dissension. **6.** freedom of the mind from annoyance, distraction, anxiety, an obsession, etc.; tranquility; serenity. **7.** a state of tranquility or serenity: *May he rest in peace.* **8.** a state or condition conducive to, proceeding from, or characterized by tranquility: *the peace of a mountain resort.* **9.** silence; stillness: *The cawing of a crow broke the afternoon's peace.* **10.** (*cap., italics*) a comedy (421 B.C.) by Aristophanes. **11. hold one's peace,** to refrain from or cease speaking; keep silent: *He told her to hold her peace until he had finished.* **12. keep the peace,** to maintain order; cause to refrain from creating a disturbance: *Several officers of the law were on hand to keep the peace.* **13. make one's peace,** to become reconciled; acquiesce: *He repaired the fence he had broken and made his peace with the neighbor on whose property it stood.* **14. make peace,** to ask for or arrange a cessation of hostilities or antagonism. —*v.i.* **15.** *Obs.* to be or become silent. —*interj.* **16.** keep still! silence! [ME *pes* < OF, var. of *pais* < L *pāc*(*em*), acc. of *pax* peace; akin to PACT] —**peace′less,** *adj.* —**peace′less·ness,** *n.* —**peace′like′,** *adj.*
—**Syn. 2.** armistice, truce, pact, accord. **3.** rapport, **6.** calm, quiet. —**Ant. 6.** insecurity, disturbance.



Thoth (thōth, tōt), *n.* *Egyptian Religion.* the god of wisdom, learning, and magic, the inventor of numbers and letters, and scribe of all the gods, represented as a man with the head either of an ibis or of a baboon: identified by the Greeks with Hermes.

wom·an·pow·er (wo͝om′ən pou′ər), *n.* potential or actual power from the endeavors of women: *the utilization of womanpower during a great national emergency.* [WOMAN + POWER]

x, **1.** an unknown quantity or a variable. **2.** ex¹ (def. 1). **3.** experimental. **4.** a sign used at the end of letters, telegrams, etc., to indicate a kiss. **5.** a sign indicating multiplication; times: $8 \times 8 = 64$. **6.** a sign used between figures indicating dimensions: 3″ × 4″ (read: "three by four inches"); 3″ × 4″ × 5″ (read: "three by four by five inches"). **7.** power of magnification: *50x telescope.* **8.** (used as a signature by an illiterate person.) **9.** crossed with. **10.** out of; foaled by: *a colt by Flag-a-way x Merrylegs.* **11.** (used to indicate choice, as on a ballot, examination, etc.) **12.** (used to indicate an error or incorrect answer, as on a test.) **13.** *Math.* (in Cartesian coordinates) the x-axis. **14.** *Chess.* captures. **15.** a person, thing, agency, factor, etc., of unknown identity.



Yin and Yang (yin′ ənd yäng′, yang′), (in Chinese philosophy and religion) two principles, one negative, dark, and feminine (**Yin**), and one positive, bright, and masculine (**Yang**), whose interaction influences the destinies of creatures and things.

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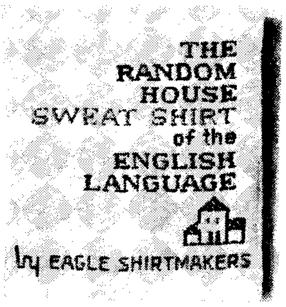

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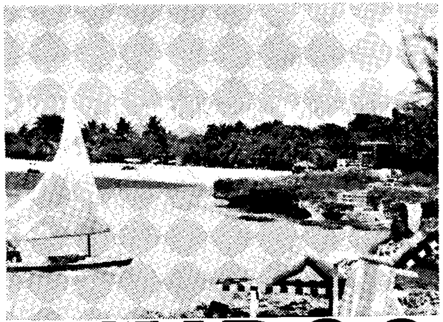

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others propagandized and often lived to become disillusioned with war, or politics, or Communism. But Mr. Weintraub, who is a professor of literature, not history, is most interested in the mythic quality the Loyalist cause has acquired. It inspired some excellent writing at the time—one of the rare occasions, the author notes, when works of propaganda were also works of art.

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, by Albert Rhys Williams (Monthly Review). This book, first published in 1921 and long out of print, is one of the great historical documents of our times. The author, a youngish Congregational minister from Boston with a Socialist background, got to Russia three months after the overthrow of the Czar, and witnessed, close up, most of the signal events of the Revolution and the subsequent civil war. He was in the Smolny Institute the night the Bolsheviks took over all power; he was with the mob that sacked the Winter Palace; and, with John Reed, he took an active part in propagandizing for what he and tens of thousands of progressives like him throughout the world felt was the break of a new day of freedom and justice. This gives a poignancy to the book now, but there is also much solid historical matter in it, such as an account of the activities of the Allied interventionists, as well as of the behavior of the White reactionaries, which can never be prettied up. Striking photographs. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE GERMAN ATOMIC BOMB, by David Irving (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Irving, a British writer, has produced a fascinating and meticulously documented account of the German attempt to manufacture an atomic bomb in the Second World War. It was the German chemists Hahn and Strassmann who in 1938 discovered the nuclear-fission process that releases the energy in an atomic explosion. Indeed, as Mr. Irving makes abundantly clear, the German scientists understood the theory of the atomic bomb in most of its details at least two years before our project got fully under way. The burden of Mr. Irving's book is an analysis of why and how this two-year lead was dissipated. There were several reasons: too much reliance on the authoritative pronouncements of the leading German physicists, who were often wrong; a lack of interest on the part of the Nazi government,

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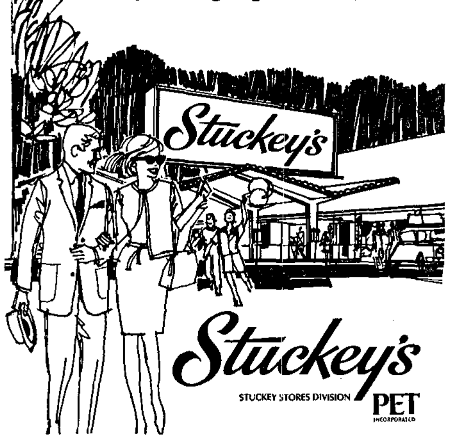

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which gave the project a very low priority on the ground that Germany was winning the war anyway; and a very successful program of sabotage, espionage, and aerial bombardment carried out by the Allies. Mr. Irving gives an enormously exciting account of the way in which the Norwegian underground managed to destroy a crucial supply of heavy water—an essential element in the type of nuclear reactor that the Germans were trying to construct—by sinking a ferryboat on which it was being transported to Germany. Two nights before the ferry was to leave, the famous Norwegian violinist Arvid Fladmoe gave a concert in the little town of Rjukan, where the heavy water was being made. As luck would have it, he went to dinner the next evening at the house of one of the Norwegian underground agents, who, when he learned that Fladmoe was going to leave on the ferry, suggested that he might enjoy spending the next day skiing in Rjukan. Poor Fladmoe ignored the hint but was able to save himself, and his violin, as the last of the German heavy water sank to the bottom of the Tinnsjö gorge.

THE DU BARRY INHERITANCE, by Marion Ward (Crowell). A short but densely detailed account of a historical trifle—the theft of the Comtesse du Barry's magnificent collection of jewels and jewelry from her château at Louveciennes in January, 1791; the prompt discovery of the thieves and the loot in London; and the subsequent legal struggle to reclaim her property that engaged Mme. du Barry until her death (on the guillotine) in 1793 and, after that, the attention of her many creditors and her many heirs for years to come. The detail is genealogical, commercial, and legal, and although it is largely essential to an understanding of the matter, it makes for rather tiresome reading. Photographs.

MODERN ENGLAND, by R. K. Webb (Dodd, Mead). A new history of England from the ascension of William and Mary to the present, with very informative appendices on the British monarchy, nobility, church, and law. Professor Webb's opinions are not startlingly original, but he has produced a solid work of scholarship and reference, written in an entertaining and readable style. He concludes that the seventeen-sixties and eighteen-sixties were ma-

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jor turning points in his story, and that the nineteen-sixties begin to look like another such point. Maps. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

LION IN THE GARDEN: INTERVIEWS WITH WILLIAM FAULKNER, 1926-1962, edited, and with an introduction and notes, by James B. Meriwether and Michael Millgate (Random House). Twenty-nine newspaper and magazine interviews (including one in French) and a long question-and-answer session with a conference of teachers and writers at Nagano, Japan, from which we learn, among many other things, that Faulkner had "a high-pitched voice," "a low deep voice," and "an unbelievably musical voice." Faulkner seems to have befuddled most of his interviewers. His technique was poise, courtesy, an unsmiling refusal to give a straight answer to any personal question ("I was born male and single at an early age in Mississippi"), and a real contempt for the institution of the interview ("I am a fiction writer and I am not responsible for any construction made on any interview I have ever given"). Whatever its origin, this contempt was clearly kept alive by the quality of the questions he was asked ("How do you feel about your books being read and discussed all over the world?") and by the Br'er Rabbit reproductions of his accent. All of this makes for a curious book but not by any means a trivial one, for something of Faulkner emerges, in spite of all his slipperiness, from even the most bumbling of the confrontations.

NOTE: "The Military Half," an account of U.S. operations in South Vietnam's Quang Ngai and Quang Tin Provinces, by Jonathan Schell, has been published by Knopf. All of the book originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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